

# BUST DOWN

Joey Valence & Brae

(What? What?)

Bad girls make 'em say wow  
Come on, let's go, okay  
If you don't shut your mouth

Knock, knock, knock, knock bitch, who's at the door?  
Wanna see you sweat, gon' drip on the floor  
Wanna see you beyond the be on, no clothes from Shein  
Don't want the cyan, I don't want to see on ya  
Don't make 'em like this anymore  
Pitchfork don't like hits anymore  
I'm doing good, I just got one problem  
This DJ sucks, can you play some Gaga?  
Ah, what happened to the fun?  
Club ain't knockin', bitch, turn up the subs  
I made this whole track so you know it's gon' hit  
When I beat on them drums, bum-bum-bum-bum  
Uh, so turn me on, turn me on  
I made a million, mi-million  
I never changed up, never changed up  
Sydney Sweeney called me and I hanged up

Bust down, throw it around (Hey)  
I said bust down, throw it around (Hey)  
If you already up, then bust it down  
If you already-ready-ready-ready

Box logo with my Jumpman's on  
I got that sauce like Grey Poupon  
Crank that shit, then Superman (Hey)  
Get yo' ass up 'cause I wanna dance  
I walk that talk and I talk how I walk  
My earlobe shinin', glow in the dark, huh  
Bust down, pop and lock  
Fast rip outside in the parking lot  
Feel that bass in your chest go boom  
Eyes on me when I walk in the room  
Drop that, shake that, move that thing  
Booty so good, I gotta buy you a ring  
Yo, so turn me on, t-turn me on  
I made a million, m-million  
I'm half amazing and half Asian  
I'm so good, you could say I'm Am-Asian

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Chicka-chicka-check it out, uh  
Yeah, I'm classy with a mix of nasty, uh  
It could be me and you like Cassie  
Sassy, can't any nigga just have me  
He want it badly, goin' out sadly, uh  
Uh, pull through, bitch straight gaggy (Come on)  
Like James, I be all up in my baggy  
Chatty, every time I'm show them my fatty

Guess what? Black truck full of baddies, uh  
I'm in the club (I'm in the club), shake 'em down (It's goin' down)  
Throwin' ass around, make your booty sound, uh  
Bend it over (Uh), simmer down (Yes)  
Hands on your knees, go'n and touch the ground  
Like this, baby, don't stop, don't quit, uh  
Yellow chain, yellow gold, yellow piss  
Get a grip, baby girl, don't talk with my lips  
Where the chips?  
Can't make a sound, ain't sayin' nothing now, lil' bitch

Bust down, throw it around (Hey)  
I said bust down, throw it around (Hey)  
If you already up, then bust it down  
If you already-ready-ready-ready  
Oh (Hey)  
Oh (Hey)  
Oh (Hey)  
Oh (Hey)

Alright, now let's get into the hard shit