

This Is Your Song

Juvenile

You got the right one to give it tonight
Baby come on, this is your song
Go ahead and do what you do
Let em hate, you look good
See you're feeling yourself
And don't care about no one else
So when you hear that beat come on
This is your song

She said I'm the bomb so I blew up in her face
All I get is money like I grew up in a safe
Pull out a sheet of paper and I fill it with an eighth
Sky high baby like I landed in a cage
It's your favorite song, so go ahead and dance
You just acting bad cause you heard I'm rolling lance
Feeling out my people, used to see em in my jets
Had this time my nigga, you gon beam them to death
If your life sucks I can make it suck less
I am success and I'm blessed, what's next
Undress, say yes, I don't like to guess
Where you want it, stomach or the chest?

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Understand you got class but you know that's your song
Righ tnow you should be shaking ass, no relaxing
I ain't asking you to do the Michael Jackson
Fact is, I'm just really trying to break your back in and
that's it
It's your passion, you do this for free
You probably do these other niggas what you're doing to me
Stupid is as stupid us and stupid people agree
And if I'm stupid over you then you as stupid as me
And I ain't stupid, I'm pistol whipping paralyze cupid
You say you gon shake it up and you ain't scared to ride
through it then
You acting bad, what you trying to make a movie girl?
I got my camera, let me shoot it then
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