

Pop It

LIZ

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I'm 'bout to cause bout some trouble
I hope you got the muscle
So lit, I might just double down down down
I'm 'bout to burst your bubble
I don't believe in subtle
We gonna burn this jungle down down down

We actin' a fool on this 1942
Mix that with Clase Azul
And we 'bout to make some moves
We deep in this groove
Spinning round in this room
We getting high as balloons
You know what we 'bout to do...

Pop it, lock it
Throw it up and drop it
We shinin' on the dance floor
Everybody watchin'
Pop it, lock it
Don't you ever stop it
Come and feel the burn
Yeah, baby I'm a rocket
Pop it
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Met this guy from Ibiza
Said he a supa freaka
Looks like a quarterback
I wonder if I'll play receiver
RSVP his PJ
He said he wants a three way
Get on the runway in my birthday suit
Cuz it's his bday

Sweat it out, yeah and work it out
Turn it up, yeah and turn me out
Sweat it out, yeah and work it out
Turn me out, oh yeah

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We here at the top
Yeah, we built an empire
And we're full of desire
Doing shots rapid fire
We don't ever stop
We about to go higher
Fast lane, switchin' gears
So we never get tired

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