

Scrung Out

Pharrell Williams

I got your bitch skrung owt, she keep callin'
She see that four wheel, she see that on me
Fresh Caesar, no fitted
I'm all about my digits she's so on my dickdick
Fam-Lay keep it poppin' in the streets
Yellow juice take a sip have a seat
And I'ma bang her, 'til her tongue out
I got you singin', now say it with me
Got your bitch skrung owt
I got your bitch skrung owt
I got your bitch skrung owt
I got your bitch skrung owt
You better get her mane

Oh shit, they done did it mane
Fam-Lay came through in that kitty thing
And your girl tryna get it mane
If you in love with ya girl better get her mane
I'm a pimp nigga peep how I play
Ain't got a limp nigga I ain't gotta say it
But I'm the coolest you can put your soul on it
New jewels old money with the mould on it
Hang in the beach house ass cheeks out
You know what I be about 'bout to freak out
Uh, and I'ma put it on her like I own her
The sad part about it I don't even wanna

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It ain't much y'all can do with me, got the crew with me
New sneaks and my shorts cost two fifty
Ain't no such thing as too picky
Got an eighth of that dro and an ounce of that blue with me
Try to tell me that she ain't kinky
Got my new wrist watch with a mean pinky
And my pocket full of green Twinkies
She either lying or she blind as Ray Charles claims she ain't seen me
She said she doesn't lay with just any nigga
But she wanna lay with this Virginia nigga
Got your bitch gone while you sit home
When she in the shower you tryna switch phones

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