

# 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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