

# Jungle

Pitbull

Mr. Worldwide!

Abraham Mateo, E-40, Stereotypes that's the show  
I want all the ladies out there  
Go ahead and uh, shake what your mama gave ya  
(One, two, three, oh)  
Talk to 'em like

Ooh, girl I want you to shake, shake, shake, shake, shake  
What your mama gave ya (uh huh)  
Come on ooh, sexy thang  
Don't be scared to act like an animal  
It's in your nature (uh huh)  
C'mon

You know I eat it from the roota to the toota  
Let me do ya, let me school ya  
He may be smooth but I'm smootha  
I'm slick Pit ruler, let a slip dick through ya  
Hit the Virgin Mary from the back  
And had her screaming ha "Hallelujah"  
The devil's hot but I'm hotter  
Yeah these boys rap, but they say, a whole lotta nada  
Me I'm building schools, from Miami to Nevada  
Now baby bend over and show me that got it  
Off in the Exumas, actin' a fool  
Where the water so clear, bitch look like a pool  
Woody who, woody what, who's fucking you  
That would be me, P-I-T

Now if you came with ya man, leave 'em over there  
Now if you came with ya man, leave 'em over there  
Yeah, it's a jungle out here (watch out)  
Yeah, it's a jungle out here (watch out)  
Now if you came with ya man, leave 'em over there  
Now if you came with ya man, leave 'em over there  
Yeah it's a jungle out here and we're bout to get it started  
Like one, two, three!

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What your mama gave ya (uh huh)  
Come on ooh, sexy thang  
Don't be scared to act like an animal  
It's in your nature (uh huh)  
C'mon

Now we can keep it in the club, or we can leave  
And if you wanna go home, then come with me  
Now we can keep it in the club, or we can leave  
And if you wanna go home, then come with me

Pushin' a mainly line, travel the planet solid as granite  
Tax a bitch like a W-9  
Move manage, get my mathematics right  
Havin' money, wearin' a hoodie when it's sunny  
Huddled up in a circle, smoking a mummy  
In a luxury scraper or something foreign  
Ya bitch chose me, she said you're boring

I put a bitch on restriction, make her sit on the porch  
Won't let her in 'till tomorrow, until the next morning, Mayne  
It's true that I'm chasing time can't be wastin' or delaying  
My pockets anticipating lump sums  
Patiently waiting for my high to come down  
And get back to earth  
So I can start all over like I rehearsed  
Pistol-packing power clatter higher than a cell tower  
In her outer space to wasted she owe me, we hella faded  
Underrated honey thicker than K. Michelle hella tail  
Bokey poking out, hella swell

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I see them boys hatin' 'cause they all wanna be me  
Naw homie you don't know me, but your girl does (ask her)  
I see them boys hatin' 'cause they all wanna be me  
Naw homie you don't know me, but your girl does (ask her)