

# All That Ass

Todrick Hall

Come on babe, I'm about to put it down  
And all that ass  
Go ahead and lock the door, you're about to work it out  
And all that ass  
Won't you lead me to your whoopee spot?  
Oh it don't make no sense all of that ass you got  
'Cause I done called it too that you see booty flu  
With all that ass

Oh baby all that ass

(Whip whip)  
Whip your hair in those stiletto heels  
And all that ass  
I'm about to dress you up in hundred dollar bills  
And all that ass  
Driving me crazy baby don't you pump the brakes  
You better call the cops, I'm about to steal the cakes  
On all the evidence they got my fingerprints  
On all that ass

Oh baby all that ass

Yo, yo, you so badonk-a-donk-a-licious  
That booty's so ridiculous  
Make it clap, clap, while I tap, tap  
Then snap a couple pictures  
Oh-oh Toddy in trouble  
I think my heart done got all lost up in the bubble  
Yup, yup, baby can you make that fatty jiggle  
Turn around and make that wagon wiggle  
Slipping funs all in the buns  
Y'all about to make old Toddy giggle  
Hee hee hee  
Make it dirty, I make it rain green  
Thirty under thirty, Forbes magazine  
Come to the back of my car c-car-car  
Baby voulez-vous coucher avec moi m-moi-moi  
That booty is a beast and I like the way your back arcs  
If you want a piece, it ain't even got no stretch marks

No stretch marks, no stretch marks  
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Come on baby, won't you grind on me?  
And all that ass  
I'll use my telephone and call a friend or three  
And all that ass  
Come on baby what you waiting for?  
Make it clap, clap, tap, like they ain't [?]  
But baby twerk it hard, hope you take debit cards  
For all that ass  
Oh baby, all that ass  
Baby, all that ass

No stretch marks, no stretch marks

If you want a piece, it ain't even got no stretch marks