

Do My Dance

Tyga

Fuck this pussy boy, fuck it!
Fuck it right boy!
(you know I love it when you)
Fuck it, fuck it right boy

Do my dance on your dick, Ooh you know you love this shit. [x4]
Do my dance on your chick, Ooh you know she love the dick. [x4]

(Uh)
Lamborghini, you don't even see me
Bad bitch, no bikini taking shots of Henny
Order calamari, say she want that fettucini
5 Star bitches, my bitches don't eat at Denny's
Run the city, you runnin' laps trying to get with me
I'm all in her red skin, like I play for Washington
I'm five eight, but six ten
My dick stand like Superman
Shoulder lean that bitch, shoulder lean that bitch
Mills cause I'm hot. Trigger finger keep that pussy wet
Bills in my fists, shawty she gon' dance on my dick
Mills cause I'm hot. Trigger finger keep that pussy wet
Bills in my fists, shawty she gon' dance on my dick

(2Chainz! Uh)
She got her booty cheeks on my Louie sheets
She can do it on a pole, but can she do it on me
Her flexing ass, let me see you flex that ass
I don't call I just text that ass about special bags
Python, all gold no ice on
Nothing but shaved pussy in my iPhone
And this right here a no fly zone
And you are not us, so don't try holmes
I buy cars, I buy homes
My antidote for my catapult. I'm up through there
Foreign shoes, these a new pair
Chains on, this two pair
Make your girl buy new hair
Wear that pussy out, like new gear
Hoe

Fuck yeah bitch, throw it back. Don't be scared of it. [x3]
Fuck yeah bitch, throw it back

(Yea)
Throw it back
(Fat bitch)
Throw it back
(Yea, yea)
Throw it back
(Dank bitch)
Don't be scared of it

Do my dance on your dick, Ooh you know you love this shit. [x3]
Do my dance on your chick, Ooh you know she love the dick

Fuck it right boy

Fuck it right boy
Fuck it, fuck it right boy
Fuck it right boy
Fuck it, fuck it right boy