

It's OK

will.i.am

We're goin' out to the club tonight
Let Fli Fat Funk Playa frost your ice
Got a Zima in the cup and I'm feelin' alright
Got it poppin' on the dance floor, do what you like
Gotta scoop me up one of these hotties
Come on here, baby, give me that body
You ain't never met a brother like Ronnie
Or had fun with a player like Commie

Ooh, girl I like the way you move
Let me whisper in your ear and get close to you
And tell you things to get your mind off dancing
I know you ain't came here just to be dancin'
Your booty lookin' like a big old fruit
Walk with me, talk with me, have a seat in a booth
You here with your girl? I came with my homey
I know a spot we can go to that's more cozy
Tell me why these people so damn nosey
Oh, I know why, cause you so fly
Brothers sayin' I wish I was that guy
Heads turnin' every time that you walk by
But enough of all the egos strokin'
I'm already pressin' you, I got you open
I love a women and he's here to get naughty
And gotta head to give but let me see you put it on me

It's okay (if you wanna leave here)
It's okay (we don't gotta be here)
It's okay (this show we thug up)
It's okay (that's what's up)
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I ain't the kid up in the club to be dancin'
Unless they got a break beat on, other than that, I'm relaxin'
I press a chick that's fly like Toni Braxton
That'll get me off of the wall, like Mike Jackson
One up on you grabbin' you up, without askin'
Spittin' game to you, wassup, ma with the action
Niggas lame to you wassup, ma, what's crackin'
Let's get the party started, after the party yells, after the party yells (after the party)
You ain't never met a player like Donnie, or a brother like Commie
Or Hans Solo, I'd a roll with the army
Got a room on the strip, meet me back in the lobby
You got me feelin aroused
I ain't tryin to sex you on the dance floor, cause that ain't my style
Triple Seven laid back, I ain't no youngster
Fire for ya fire if I don't, then why don't you

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Hey girl, you know you got it goin' on
Hey girl, you go girl
So cute, shakin' in your boots
Gettin' loose in the clubs 'til the club
Blowin' smoke out a stretch Escalade roof
Let's ride, just me and you
Whatcha wanna do? Holla at ya boy
Make you hotter than a fat kid in corduroys
I'm tellin' you ma, the real, I ain't an act
I work the back better than a chiropractor
Triple Seven, remember this image
It's all hunky dory, just don't catch feelings

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