

Taste of Dis

Brooke Valentine

(Vamp:)

I'm gettin' off about six
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious
Hitting up a party without a care
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"(Verse 1:)
Tell me what sitting at home has done for you lately
Pick up your rump, shake a leg, bounce to the beat
Don't know why your posted up on your feet
'Cause it's so hot in here I know you can feel the heat

(Pre Hook:)

I'm feeling good
I'm looking good
I'm pedicured
I think I'm ready
We're the fliest chicks
Up in the spot
From coast to coast
We hold it down fa sho(Hook:)
My money, my hair, my nails fixed
My walk, my clothes, my limp
My girls, no man, don't need shit
And I can tell you want a taste of this You wanna taste of this
You wanna taste of this
I can tell you really wanna taste of this

(Bridge:)

(Better get on up)

I'ma make you dance
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands
I'm fin to make you dance
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants I know you wanna taste of this
I can read your mind

I can read your lips(Verse 2:)

The party so packed people standing out in the streets
The guys are checkin' me out
Even the girls are lookin'
I'm not getting off the floor till I feel the burn in me
Just might take a fella home

If he knows how to work that thang(Pre Hook:)

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I'm looking good
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My girls, no man, don't need shit
And I can tell you want a taste of this You wanna taste of this
You wanna taste of this
I can tell you really wanna taste of this(Bridge:)
(Better get on up)
I'ma make you dance
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands
I'm fin to make you dance
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants I know you wanna taste of this
I can read your mind
I can read your lips(Breakdown 1:)
DJ!
I want everybody on the floor
Dance till you can't take no more(Vamp:)
I'm gettin' off about six
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious
Hitting up a party without a care
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"(Breakdown 2:)
You gone step
Step wit me come on
You gone step
Step wit me come on
It's like left right left
It's like left right left
Now slide-slide-slide-slide
It's like left right left
It's like left right left
Now dip-dip-dip baby DIP! I know you wanna taste of this
I can read your mind
I can read your lips(Hook:)
My money, my hair, my nails fixed
My walk, my clothes, my limp
My girls, no man, don't need shit
And I can tell you want a taste of this U wanna taste of this
U wanna taste of this
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis(Pre Hook:)
I'm feeling good
I'm looking good
I'm pedicured
I think I'm ready
We're the fliest chicks
Up in the spot
From coast to coast

We hold it down fa sho'

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