

# Work It Out

## Lil Jon

Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, turn me up  
Yo, turn me up, turn me up, up some more  
Up, up some more, up, up some more  
Yeah, up, up some more  
I walk in the club so dashin', in the latest BBC fashion  
The light from the strip club flashing  
Keep the sparkle in my ear rings dancing  
We're hundred G makers till they cremate us  
Skateboard P in the lime green gators  
White chinchilla, million dollar neck glitter  
Yeah, I got security, see that gorilla  
When you got money, it's hard to hide it  
Took my hand out my pocket and watched her eyes get  
Big, took a million to super size it  
All the bitches saying 'Hey" like my name was Issac  
Why you put me on blast like that?  
Shit, why you shaking wit an ass like that?  
Besides I wasn't really trying to smash like that  
I got a girl, bitch I ain't fast like that  
This Miami, time's wasting, bet that bass line keep you shaking  
Look, end of the night all my niggas is waiting  
Uh, uh, not me Ma, told ya I'm taken  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more  
(C'mon, skeezer)  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more  
(C'mon skeezer)  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, uh, some more  
(Hold it)  
Yeah, uh, uh, some more  
I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity  
Get on the floor if ya got that booty  
Shake what ya momma gave ya  
Shake what ya momma gave ya  
I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity  
Get on the floor if ya got that booty  
Shake what ya momma gave ya  
Shake what ya momma gave ya

Dance, too much booty in your pants  
Dance, too much booty in your pants  
I said dance, too much booty in your pants  
Dance, too much booty in your pants  
Well shake that ass, bitch  
And let me see what ya got  
Well shake that ass, bitch  
And let me see what ya got  
Hey, hey, hey, I said shake it, don't break it  
It took ya momma 9 months to make it  
I say shake it, don't break it  
It took ya momma 9 months to make it  
Well scrub the ground, scrub the ground  
Scrub the ground  
Hold it, okay  
Hey, she really likes to party  
She really likes to dance  
She really likes to dance, dance, dance  
I like a fine ass bitch, a down ass bitch  
A money getting bitch, I love that shit  
'Cause she danced in the club, and yes she gon' call  
If you got a little money, she taking her clothes off  
She dance like a muhfucking dance machine  
Taking her ass to the beat for me  
Nigga ain't spending more money than a lil' bit  
But I really love that shit, I love that shit  
Yeah, thick bitch, wit a drive to fuck  
Get her off in the truck and she bound to suck  
The ho love to bump, she don't like knee pads  
She scrub em up, her legs that is  
Fat puddy cat wit a head that's trill  
The type of bitch have a nigga not paying bills  
Fo' real by our goddamn selves  
Fuck thirty niggas and she don't need help  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more  
(C'mon skeezer)  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more  
(C'mon skeezer)  
(Stick that thang out)  
Uh, uh, some more  
(Hold it)  
Yeah, uh, uh, some more  
Hey, she really likes to party  
She really likes to dance  
She really likes to dance, dance, dance

(Dance, dance, dance, oh)  
I like the way you dance, girl  
Just bring that shit over  
And dance on a nigga like me  
Keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Well, keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Well, keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Keep shaking that thang, girl  
Keep popping that thang, girl  
Keep shaking that thang, girl

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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