## **Outta Control (feat. Pitbull)**

## **Baby Bash**

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ I don't need no love, all I need is the DJIt was midnight I got the booty call She said "I'm at the club" So I threw on my drawersI'm lookin' throwed in my 'fit Candy coat on my whip The po-po's all on my tip But man, I don't even tripSent me a dirty text So I text her back Scooped up the Stuey Boy 'Cause he had the purple sacks And now we gone with the wind It's on and poppin' again We rebel rockin' and rollin' This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta controlShe got me outta control She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor She know the DJ, he's on Serato He date them models, he crack them bottlesEverybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey Money, money, it's outta control She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta controlI'm double fistin' now, under a strobe light Its lookin' like a movie, but it's feelin' so tight Now I got one in the cage, and I got two on the stage I got a waitress on the under tryna' give me some face They played some Lil Wayne Mixed with some T-Pain They mashed a Journey record Now they dropped some ColdplayAnd now they playin' my song The girls, they showin' their thongs We rebel rockin' and rollin' This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta controlShe got me outta control She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor She know the DJ, he's on Serato He date them models, he crack them bottlesEverybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey Money, money, it's outta control She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir!I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ, DJOutta control, she he got me outta control She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor She know the DJ, he's on Serato He date them models, he crack them bottlesEverybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey Money, money, it's outta control She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir!Eh, eh, it's outta control Eh, eh, it's outta control Eh, eh, it's outta control It's outta control, control Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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