

Hands To The Roof

Bionic Jive

I bang the whip in the parkin' lot
Step out sparklin' a medallion as I listen to the club hop
Step in the spot, head noddin', countin' big faces
Now I'm plottin' how to get the freaks out the silk laces

Ok, my formula right, two parts of the cognac
One part shine of the ice
Fake playa, cease you mouthpiece when I speak
Or you might find my name monogrammed between your girls sheets

Game stay tight, spending money ain't a thing
'Cause we recoup when the track let loose
Hey yo, what ya'll want, you better bow to the mack
The playa, club predator, etc

Keep pimpin' through the crowd, put your hands to the roof
Whoop, whoop, till your money is made
From my G's to the balas and balas up to the G's we on pimp
Playa, hustla type shit

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I'm pimpin' through the crowd, I'm off to the spot
Where the balas and G's congregate when they pop collars
Look baby girl, you know my money is made
Can I see your G-string in the back of the escalade?

Apologize when you know it's a playa
Baby, you can hate the game, but you know it don't change
See it's like this we keep it on lock
And got it made, as we step in wife beaters and French braids

Get with this, 'cause we immaculate
We bang hits, money stacking it
Pop that Cris, pour me a glass
To get her drunk and make her give me the ass, holla back

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Lets get the club up, show 'em how we came to get down
Lets get the club up, bounce ain't no standin' around
Lets get the club up, get 'em from wall to wall
Till my fellas get money, till the ladies drop drawers

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