

# Who's That Girl?

Eve

Uh, uh  
Yo, yo, yo  
They wanna know

Who's that girl?  
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)  
Eve's that girl  
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)  
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Can I turn you on by my word's spell?  
Look into my eyes think I want you, can't tell  
Me I keep it sexy, daddy so I can't fail  
Keep it gangsta for the cowards so I give 'em hell  
Call me misfit, lips spit a gang of trash  
Wrist glist now cause I make a gang of cash  
Light glance, still street with the do-rag  
Slang, spit game, change speech, how they do that?  
Watch they mouths drop, watch the crowds pop up and act out  
Broads with the screw face, smash on and knock out  
Ain't changed game game around me, I run the game  
If I gotta keep it gritty so be it, I'm supposed to change  
Like simple, dizzy broads ain't messin' with my mental  
Natural born hustlin' bitch check what I've been through  
Got mine took it from you, and now you slot mine  
Exec to my own shit, dawg I ownin' dot coms'

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Yo, yo I can understand why you're scared of Eve  
Thought I did it one way, ain't prepared for me  
Huh, mad cause an image I don't care to be  
Realness, real shit, spit reality  
Attitude rude, that's the Philly in I  
Need me in the game, I'm the thrill in your life  
Breath of fresh air  
Little boys hang me on their wall, I grow 'em chest hair  
Why you listenin to other shit?  
You go the best here  
Come on try your luck shorty, I got the rest scared  
Bet you anything you aint ready and you get left there  
Ain't known for frontin' vouch for my behavior,  
Same way they get down I get down for this paper  
Sixteen lean from my pence so you can test her  
Still need to know who I am then cop the record  
Take it like a class on me and learn the lesson  
Bottom line my world, my way any questions

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Uh, yo power moves is made everyday by this thorough bitch  
I'mma get this bank anyway that I do this shit  
I was born to shine while most of y'all was borderline bullshit  
Know exactly what I want from me, you cats is clueless,  
Dispose the flow through my hands like water  
Heat starts growing from my son or my daughter  
Eve want her own cash, fuck what you bought her  
He spend, you owe, that's what mommy taught her  
All ball is played, won't starve today  
Song after song I write so I get paid  
Thought I wasn't followin' up with the second round  
Now bitch swallow it up while I shut it down  
Make em love me over again and over your name  
Betcha they get over your style and over your fame  
Why you lookin sad at me, I ain't the blame  
Back to plan B baby I can feel your pain

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