

Get Mad At It

Jackyl

Bad ass bitch sprawled out, doing double time
She's a machine yeah, she's turbo fine
She's a contender
I didn't come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
So get mad at it

You got to back it up, shake it in her face
You got to let her know to get mad at it
You got to back it up, slap it on the ass
You got to let her know to get mad at it
Get mad at it

Badass sugar, gonna shake it, then she's going south
She's my honey hush, now just you hush your mouth
Not a pretender
A hot Atlanta preach at the plaza on Peachtree's
Mad at it

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Badass mama looking back, mama wants some more
Let her roll, she'll rock you to the core
She's an all night bender
I'm getting madder by the minute, I'm screaming like a banshee
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