

Give Them What They Ask For

Pitbull

Fuck that club (shit)
They want that thug (shit)
But I ain't no thug, bitch
And I ain't no gangsta, bitch
I'm a hustler, ho
And I got no problem
If you want it you can get it, boy I bust you

Anybody wanna test? Hi, who? Me
P-I to the motherfuckin' T
It's not my fault that your bitch chose me, now her and her girlfriend wanna do me
This is for those boys in those Chevys sittin' on them King James, them 2-3s
And if you got a problem with me, holla at my lawyer, bitch, sue me
I'm tired of the fuck-boy rap, fuck-boy this, fuck-boy that
Watch a couple movies and they put it in they rhyme, those wanna be fiddlers

I'm straight, you get shot 9 times
10 years in the game, since 99, I was speakin' my mind (Yes sir)
And then shit changed, if you got a problem, bitch cross that kinda line

[Chorus]

I'ma give em what they ask for
What they want, that street talk
I'ma give em what they ask for
What they want, that chopper talk
I'ma give em what they ask for
What they want, that dope talk
I'ma give em what they ask for,
That trap-boy jackboy shit

I'ma tell y'all boy, y'all boys got me fucked up (yeah, straight up)
Better duck when them things buck, I ain't nigga boy, nigga what, nigga who, who the fuck is you?
Talkin to me like you know me
Ain't your dog, ain't your buddy, ain't your homie
Nah brah not me, and if you spit it better live it, better in fact, better s how me
I'ma make em say UHHH, not even Master P could crack like this
And you ain't never seen a chico in the gang this raw since pawn that could rap like this (TS)
I hear them and they raps about the coke and the crack and the click to the clack, but to me it's chit chat
Blam! Motherfucker take that, now!

[Chorus]

I'ma spit it, flip it, rip it for them boys
Makin digits off the coke when they whip it
Ride a stick, double clip it
One mississippi, two mississippi, three mississippi, cock back, click it, bla m!
Poppin what you think is last, what you wanna do is get found in a trunk in a lake and stankin'
I took my money from the shoebox, now I bank it
Foolish, ain't it?

[Chorus]

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And I ain't no gangsta, bitch
I'm a hustler, ho
And I got no problem
If you want it you can get it 'fo I bust you