

# Options

Pitbull

Stephen Marley, let 'em know what time it is

We came here to party, we came here to dance  
You know that you're my girl, damn right I'm your man  
This night going too good, don't fall for the games  
Or the he said, she said dumb shit

I got a whole lot of names and a whole lot of numbers  
But I'll throw them away 'cause I think I might love you  
Could be the Mary Jane or the spell that I'm under  
But I know what this could be  
Tearing up my history for you

I got, I got, I got, I got options  
You the, you the, you the, you the top one  
So baby, baby, if it ain't a problem  
Can I get some of your love?  
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Been around the game, been around the fame  
Been around the money, been around some names  
But the chico's still the same, some things never change  
Here's a tip, show me your friends  
I'll show you your future, keep the change  
I've seen 'em come and go, I've seen 'em sell they souls  
You my number one draft pick, baby, let's pick and roll  
I always keep you up, up on a pedestal  
Misery loves company, baby, don't sweat these hoes

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They looking for the perfect man  
They looking for the perfect life  
They take some perfect pics  
They want some perfect dick  
But there ain't nothing perfect, girl  
No such thing as a perfect world  
These broads try hard to be  
Who they not and not who they are  
Baby, you sweating what? Baby, you sweating who?  
You talking 'bout such and such who tries to be you?

Man, you JFK, mami, you out your mind  
Misery loves company, I'll tell you one more time

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Baby, you know, you know we got a strong thing  
So stop thinking 'bout the wrong things  
You know, you know we got a strong thing  
So stop thinking 'bout the wrong things

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