What you looking at me? Do I got something in my eyes? Do I got shit upon my face and then my hair catching fire? 'Cause you really really staring at my something that you like Jesus, form my number, or you could fly kites See I'm bout to get with it, I'm getting ratched and live it You think I'm cool and forget it You feeling froggy then ribbit Be like banana and split it, before your melon is splatted I bet you know what you see, all my girls, other Beat down, stop, wait Think about it, think about it, Work, work, run up, if you want some Need the drums... that's how you done Wait, I should think about it, never mind It's a waste, when this bitch hit the ground How these Louis Vuitons taste I'm sorry, the promoter, let's put these in the passes 'Cause that bitch kept on staring So I had to whop that ass, Beat down, beat down, beat down Beat down, beat down, beat down It's a party in your face, I'm about to dance on it 'Bout to dance on it, bout to dance on it It's a party in your face, I'm about to dance on it 'Bout to dance on it, bout to dance on it You win some, you loose some But, it's her day You win some, you loose some But, it's her day Beat down It's a party in your face, I'm about to dance on it 'Bout to dance on it, bout to dance on it It's a party in your face, I'm about to dance on it Bout to dance on it, bout to dance on it Stop, wait, think about it, Beat down, beat down, beat down Checking down ladies no take no lip Take no lip, take take no lip If you rap or you girls, pump your fist Pump pump your fist Now swing it into hold if your bang looking funny If she came with a man then take all his money It's the year of the women, go grab a cannon, she gonna get it Beat down, beat down, beat down Hey yo she gon' get it Beat down, beat down, beat down

Beat down, beat down, beat down

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