

Twerk It (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign, Wiz Khalifa, Wale)

Project Pat

Bend it over for daddy
Gon' look back at it
Gon' wipe that
Oh you know I like it when you
Twerk it on it, twerk it on it
Girl twerk it on it, girl twerk it on it
Twerk it on it, girl twerk it on it
Oh twerk it on it, girl twerk it on it
Girl twerk it on it, twerk on it
Twerk it on it
I like the way that booby jump like a brawl
I like the way you walk that ass like a dog
I like the way you keepin' it on call
You like the way I spend that money at the mall
Corn bread ass, soft like [?]
Got my dick hard [?]
Only chase money, we ain't chasin' no kitten
But I work that mouth out, drop down gimme fifty
Sippin' black remy, riding in black Porsche's
[?] and Becky, black in white fortress
Tonight they be mine, tomorrow they yours
Loud in my blunt, kick hard like horses
You a good girl, hell nah
Scared of the hood girl, hell nah
Scared to get high girl, hell nah
On that bitch, scared to ride girl, hell nah
Scared of a fast car, hell nah
Like a Nascar, hell nah
You want a broke broke, hell nah
If you broke, what you doing hell for
I be be throwing hella money at these bitches
Makin' it rain, you niggas looking hella sunny little bitches
Rich niggas wearing, fuck niggas hate
Go and throw it on me, it'll go away
I said twerk it on that bitch
Working with a grip
I'm on yo magic carpet, put a turban on my head
Oh c'mere you pretty little chick
I'm a get inside and work, like a surgeon in this bitch
Dude she throw that thang in the boot

Now lemme take a look it in your pack
This is a googly moogly that thang is juicy
Suicide pullin' up, who is y'all on the bus
Super high got them inside the whole crowd rolling up
Who am I [?]
Like I'm part lamb party
Yo I'm outta here

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>