Pitbull, Go Girl

(What would the music be without sounds)
Pitbull:
Young Boss, Miss Trina, Pitbull
Let's show em' how we get down

I Party like a rockstar I Look like a movie star I Play like an all star I F**k like a pornstar Baby I'm a superstar Always posted at the bar Always wit' a couple broads Maybe I'm just dat dat raw Dawg check da resume I hit somethin' everyday Ask about me n' dey'll say That chicko run MIA Pitbull, young boss That's fire Go girl wear it out 'til your tired Just tryin' to pay tuition My corner is like HBO's wire So please don't play no games And baby don't say no names And we can do this one more again Next time you can bring your friends

So go get your friends And I get my friends And we can be friends Do dis every weekend

pre-hook: we can hit your place we can hit my place she's on my top 8 I bagged her off of myspace

Chorus:
Go girl x8
Shake dem dice and roll em' x 2
When dey ask u whats dat dance
U say dat's the hustle man

Young Boss:
Girl I wanna know your name
Girl who u be?
Don't care wif' who you came
As long as u leave wit' me
What chu sippin' on?
I'll buy you a drink
Get u in them shiny things
Yer grill be pink
I see those Jimmy Choos

Those Vera Wangs I luv the way u work Girl do your thing u see my stunna shades I'm like a star My click is full of ballas

We at the bar

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Trina:
Diamond princess
I make em' bust quick
Man I back it up
Like a Mack Truck
(heavy breathing)
Don't talk about it boy
Be about it boy
I got them girls boy
Turn out your girls boy
Just talking freak nig
I'm talking freaky shit
Cuz I'm a freaky bitch

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