

# Beyoncé, I'm That Girl

Please, motherfuckers ain't stop—, please, motherfuckers  
Please, mother—, please, mother—, please, motherfuckers  
Bitch please, motherfuckers, please, mother—, please, mother—  
Please, motherfuckers, please, mother—, please, motherfu—  
Please, motherfuckers ain't stopping me  
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How the fuck you figure, how the fuck you figure

(How the fuck you figure I ain't a motherfucking pimp  
When all these niggas be jocking me?)  
I pull up in these clothes, look so good  
(Pimping till the end, make that cheese, nitty green)  
(Bitch please, motherfuckers ain't stopping me)  
'Cause I'm in that hoe  
(Playing all these boys like toys, I ain't going)  
You know, all these songs sound good  
(Never hoeing, see they niggas acting like they pimps)  
(Try to pimp me, niggas get broke for the end  
Now I gotta go cause I'm out this bitch)  
'Cause I'm on that hoe (hoe nigga— be so bad when I fall up in their place)  
Dead ass (be jealous ass hoe with the fake on front)  
(Clash about weed, blast a bitch, 9-4 in) dead ass  
(With that funky ass in the trunk) I'm dead ass  
(Coming on the scene with the Tommy Hilfiger  
Nigga self, what you got to make me rich?  
Never get the pussy cause it's off limits hoe  
Running game when you claiming that other bitch)

It's not the diamonds  
It's not the pearls  
I'm that girl (I'm that girl), it's just that  
I'm that girl (I'm that girl)  
It's not my man (ooh)  
It's not my stans (ooh)  
I'm that girl (I'm that girl), it's just that  
I'm that girl

From the top of the morning I shine  
Right through the blinds  
Touching everything in my plain view  
And everything next to me gets lit up too (ah)

You see it (ah-ah-ah-ah), yeah  
You see it when you look to me  
I didn't want this power (I ain't want)  
I didn't want this power (I didn't want it)

You know love is my weakness  
Don't need drugs for some freak shit  
I'm just high all the time, I'm out of my mind  
I'm tweaking (tweaking, tweaking)

Freaky on a weekend (yuh)  
I'm indecent (yuh), let it begin

I be pulling up in that '92 DeVille Cadillac  
With them boys (yuh) losing their mind (yuh)  
Be-be-be still (yuh), un-American (yuh) I don't need no friends (yuh)  
I been thugging for my un-American life lights in these deep (yuh) flawless skies (yuh)  
Off the deep end (yuh), such a heathen (yuh)  
Why they let me outside? (Yuh) I pour a leaf in (yuh)  
Bring that beat in (yuh) now I can breathe again (yuh)

I be beating down the block (yuh) knocking Basquiats off the wall (yuh)  
Oh (yuh), that's how I ball  
Cleanse me of my sins  
My un-American life

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