

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
Liar
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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And I get my friends
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When dey ask u what's dat dance
U say dat's the hustle man

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

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

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