

Sum Mo

Trina

Woooooooooooo! C'mon, uhh
Clap! One, two, three and to the fo'
Girl drop ya body, break it down to the flo', whoa
(Cool and Dre, y'all did it again, uh)
Get naughty, go hisp' a lil' mo (wooooo, whattup Dre?)
Go, grab somebody shake ya ass some mo' (listen)
Grab somebody shake ya ass some mo' (I see you Cali)
Grab somebody shake ya ass some mo' (uh)
Grab somebody shake ya ass some mo' (uh)
Grab somebody shake ya ass some mo' (uh)

I don't know what you've been told
But I'm back bitches, yep I'm back niggaz
Yeah I'm hearin rumors that my house foreclosed
So I, pack a bag and build a crib with mo' - woo!
Mo' rooms with mo' space - you like dat?
Mo' shoes it's okay - go buy dat
I been settin trends befo' this rap shit
And I been gettin bread befo' "You don't know Nann bitch"
Uhh, now it's so fine, you know I'm
always into somethin sittin on some crispy chrome right
Twenty-fo's like a strobe light
Your girl Trina got a Ninja that can go the whole night
(vrooooooooooom) Uhh, you hear that sound?
That's the Bentley GT Coupe, stare that down
Doin a buck fifty, shift the gear back down
On my way to free{?}, I'm fin' to tear that down, now

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I know you like the way it's goin down tonight
The DJ's in the groove and shit it sounds so right
Hold up, it's amazin, so so contagious
I'm so, impatient, my body's on fire
So, stop your pacin, don't, keep me waitin
Homey grab my waist, set my body on fire
I don't need to drink just to get loose
All it takes a big WOO and guess who?
I'ma stay wit'cha
We can do it all night, I ain't playin wit'cha
Your girl got it bad, got to work it out
Put you on your back, it's a fact, yeah I could turn you out
Now - roll it up, we could burn it out
Get your stamina up, c'mon, lemme hear you count - woo!

Motherfuckers love the way I swing my ass up
And bitches hate to see me when I tip my glass up
But I don't give a fuck I'm up in V.I.P.
Drunk off V.S.O.P., you know how we stunt
Take the "Diamond Princess" for play play

I'll do you worser than they did that dumb bitch on "Dre Day"
Uhh, the West coast call me YAY-YAYYY
I'm from Miami, Dade where they sip the ye-ye
Uhh, Trina, best believe I
keep a rubber band full of hundreds in between I
hit the scene with a million dollar dream I
triple the scene, covers of the magazines fly
Overseas ride in the limousine, try
shittin on me I'll put yo' ass to sleep, try
findin a bitch that can go harder than me, why
Try cause ain't nobody hotter than me, NOW