

# Taste of Dis

## Brooke Valentine

(Vamp:)

I'm gettin' off about six  
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"(Verse 1:)  
Tell me what sitting at home has done for you lately  
Pick up your rump, shake a leg, bounce to the beat  
Don't know why your posted up on your feet  
'Cause it's so hot in here I know you can feel the heat

(Pre Hook:)

I'm feeling good  
I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured  
I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks  
Up in the spot  
From coast to coast  
We hold it down fa sho(Hook:)  
My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man, don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of this You wanna taste of this  
You wanna taste of this  
I can tell you really wanna taste of this

(Bridge:)

(Better get on up)

I'ma make you dance  
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands  
I'm fin to make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind

I can read your lips(Verse 2:)

The party so packed people standing out in the streets  
The guys are checkin' me out  
Even the girls are lookin'  
I'm not getting off the floor till I feel the burn in me  
Just might take a fella home

If he knows how to work that thang(Pre Hook:)

I'm feeling good  
I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured  
I think I'm ready

We're the fliest chicks  
Up in the spot  
From coast to coast  
We hold it down fa sho(Hook:)  
My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man, don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of this You wanna taste of this  
You wanna taste of this  
I can tell you really wanna taste of this(Bridge:)  
(Better get on up)  
I'ma make you dance  
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands  
I'm fin to make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind  
I can read your lips(Breakdown 1:)  
DJ!  
I want everybody on the floor  
Dance till you can't take no more(Vamp:)  
I'm gettin' off about six  
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"(Breakdown 2:)  
You gone step  
Step wit me come on  
You gone step  
Step wit me come on  
It's like left right left  
It's like left right left  
Now slide-slide-slide-slide  
It's like left right left  
It's like left right left  
Now dip-dip-dip baby DIP! I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind  
I can read your lips(Hook:)  
My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man, don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of this U wanna taste of this  
U wanna taste of this  
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis(Pre Hook:)  
I'm feeling good  
I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured  
I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks  
Up in the spot  
From coast to coast

We hold it down fa sho'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>