

# Outta Control (feat. Pitbull)

## Baby Bash

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ  
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ It was midnight  
I got the booty call  
She said "I'm at the club"  
So I threw on my drawers I'm lookin' throwed in my 'fit  
Candy coat on my whip  
The po-po's all on my tip  
But man, I don't even trip Sent me a dirty text  
So I text her back  
Scooped up the Stuey Boy  
'Cause he had the purple sacks  
And now we gone with the wind  
It's on and poppin' again  
We rebel rockin' and rollin'  
This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control  
She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor  
She know the DJ, he's on Serato  
He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money,  
money, money  
Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey  
Money, money, it's outta control  
She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control I'm double fistin' now, under a strobe light  
Its lookin' like a movie, but it's feelin' so tight  
Now I got one in the cage, and I got two on the stage  
I got a waitress on the under tryna' give me some face  
They played some Lil Wayne  
Mixed with some T-Pain  
They mashed a Journey record  
Now they dropped some Coldplay And now they playin' my song  
The girls, they showin' their thongs  
We rebel rockin' and rollin'  
This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control  
She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor  
She know the DJ, he's on Serato  
He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money,  
money, money  
Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey  
Money, money, it's outta control  
She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir! I don't need no love, all I need is the  
DJ  
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ  
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ  
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ, DJ Outta control, she he got me outta control  
She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor  
She know the DJ, he's on Serato  
He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money,  
money, money  
Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey  
Money, money, it's outta control  
She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir! Eh, eh, it's outta control  
Eh, eh, it's outta control  
Eh, eh, it's outta control  
Eh, eh, it's outta control  
It's outta control, control, control

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>