Oh snap!  
Oh snap!  
Oh snap!  
(Are you ready for this?)  
Oh snap!  
  
Oh! It's me, Fergie  
The pimp, Polow!  
Fergie Ferg, what's up baby?  
Come on!  
  
When I come to the club, step aside  
(Oh snap!)  
Part the seas, don't be havin? me in the line  
(Oh snap!)  
V.I.P. ?cause you know I gotta shine  
(Oh snap!)  
I'm Fergie Ferg and me love you long time  
(Oh snap!)  
  
All my girls get down on the floor  
(Oh snap!)  
Back to back, drop it down real low  
(Oh snap!)  
I'm such a lady but I'm dancing like a \*\*  
(Oh snap!)  
?Cause you know I don't give a \*\*\*\*, so here we go!  
(Oh snap!)  
  
How come every time you come around  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like  
  
How come every time you come around  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like  
  
Drinks start pourin? and my speech start slurrin?  
Everybody start lookin? real good  
(Oh snap!)  
  
That Grey Goose got your girl feelin? loose  
Now I?m wishin? that I didn't wear these shoes  
It's like e?ry time I get up on the dude  
Paparazzi put my business in the news  
  
And I'm like, ?Get up out my face!  
(Oh snap!)  
?Fore I turn around and spray your \*\*\* with mace!?  
(Oh snap!)  
My lips make you want to have a taste  
(Oh snap!)  
You got that? I got the bass  
(Ooh!)  
  
How come every time you come around  
[From: http://www.elyrics.net/read/f/fergie-lyrics/london-bridge-lyrics.html ]  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like  
  
How come every time you come around  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like  
  
La, da da da da, doo doo doo doo  
Me like a bullet type, you know they comin' right  
Fergie like em' long time, my girls support, right?  
  
La, da da da da, doo doo doo doo  
Me like a bullet type, you know they comin' right  
Fergie like em' long time, my girls support, right?  
  
Another ATL Cali collabo  
Fergie and Polow  
  
When I come to the club, step aside  
(Oh snap!)  
Part the seas, don't be havin? me in the line  
(Oh snap!)  
V.I.P. ?cause you know I gotta shine  
(Oh snap!)  
I'm Fergie Ferg and me love you long time  
(Oh snap!)  
  
All my girls get down on the floor  
(Oh snap!)  
Back to back, drop it down real low  
(Oh snap!)  
I'm such a lady but I'm dancing like a \*\*  
(Oh snap!)  
?Cause you know I don't give a \*\*\*\*, so here we go!  
(Oh snap!)  
  
How come every time you come around  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like  
  
How come every time you come around  
My London London Bridge wanna go down like  
London London London, wanna go down like  
London London London, we goin? down like

**Glamorous**

We flying the first class  
Up in the sky  
Poppin' champagne  
Livin' the life  
In the fast lane  
And I won’t change  
By the Glamorous, oh the flossy flossy  
  
*[chorus:]*  
The glamorous,  
The glamorous, glamorous (the glamorous life)  
By the Glamorous, oh the flossy flossy  
  
*[Verse:]*  
Wear them gold and diamonds rings  
All them things don't mean a thing  
Chaperons and limousines  
Shopping for expensive things  
I be on the movie screens  
Magazines and bougie scenes  
I'm not clean, I'm not pristine  
I'm no queen, I'm no machine  
I still go to Taco Bell  
Drive through, raw as hell  
I don't care, I'm still real  
No matter how many records I sell  
After the show or after the Grammies  
I like to go cool out with the family  
Sippin', reminiscing on days when I had a Mustang  
And now I'm in...  
  
*[B-section then chorus]*  
  
*[Ludacris:]*  
I'm talking Champagne wishes, caviar dreams  
You deserve nothing but all the finer things  
Now this whole world has no clue what to do with us  
I've got enough money in the bank for the two of us  
Plus I gotta keep enough lettuce  
To support your shoe fetish  
Lifestyles so rich and famous  
Robin Leach will get jealous  
Half a million for the stones  
Taking trips from here to Rome  
So If you ain't got no money take your broke ass home  
G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S, yeah G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S  
  
*[B-section + chorus x2]*  
  
*[Verse:]*  
I got problems up to here  
I've got people in my ear  
Telling me these crazy things  
That I don't want to know (fuck y'all)  
I've got money in the bank  
And I'd really like to thank  
All the fans, I'd like to thank  
Thank you really though  
Cause I remember yesterday  
When I dreamt about the days  
When I'd rock on MTV, that be really dope  
Damn, It's been a long road  
And the industry is cold  
I'm glad my daddy told me so, he let his daughter know.