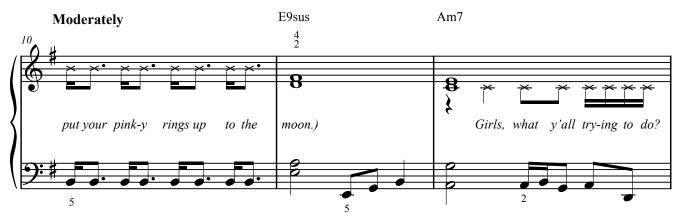
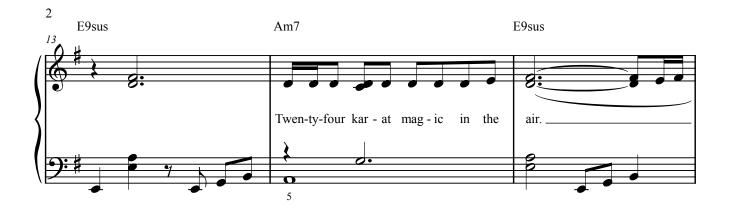
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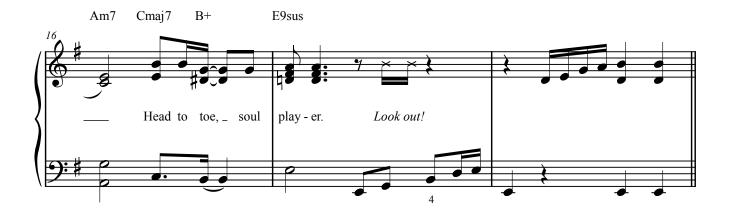
Words and Music by BRUNO MARS, PHILIP LAWRENCE Freely and CHRIS BROWN E9sus Bm7 3 2 2 1 6 0 То night. I just wan - na take. mf θ **0**0 Θ $\frac{1}{2}$ Cmaj9 Em/F# B7#5 E9sus 2 3 you high Throw your hands up in the _ sky. ___ er.

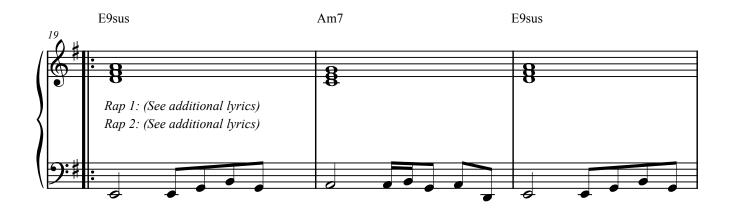


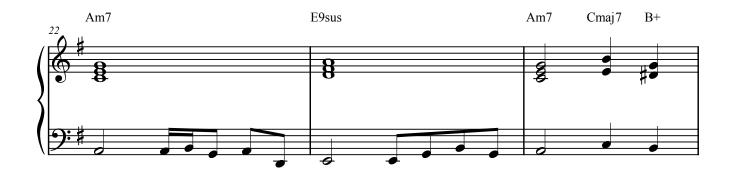
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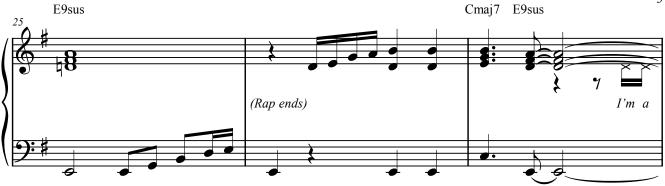


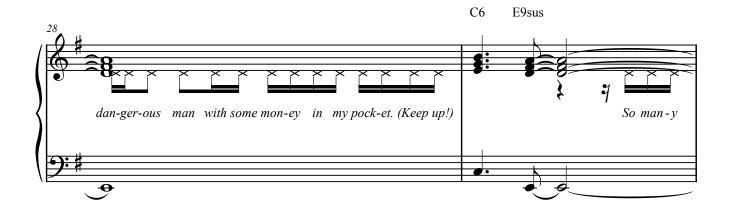




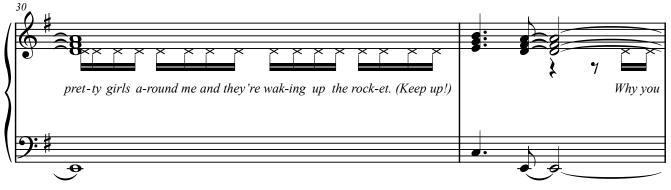


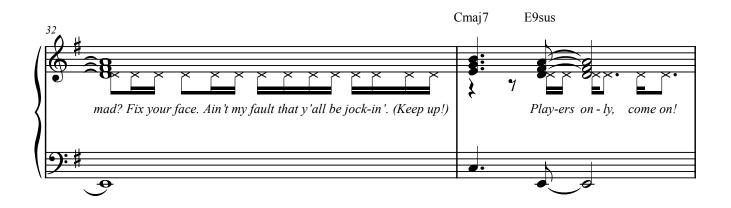


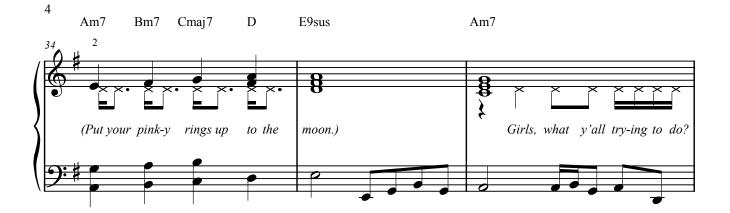


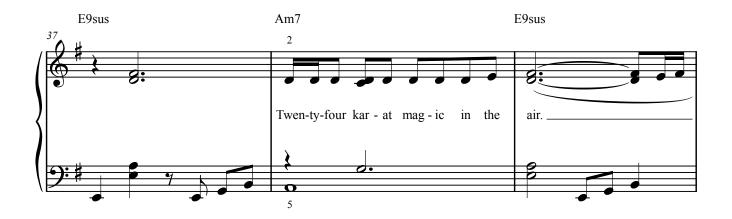


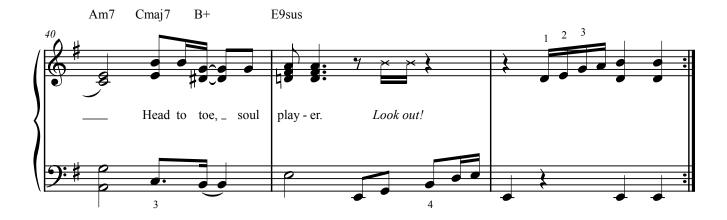


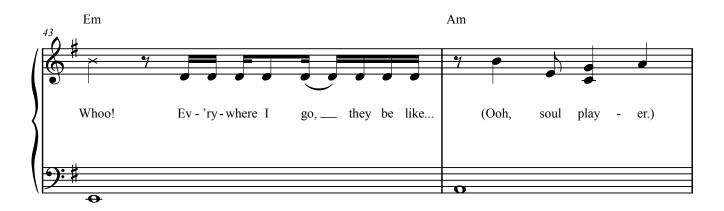


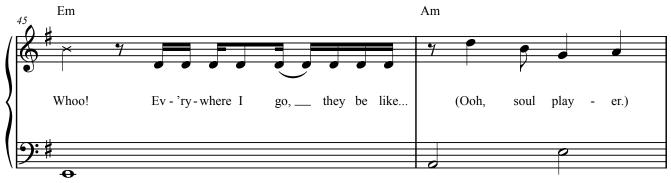


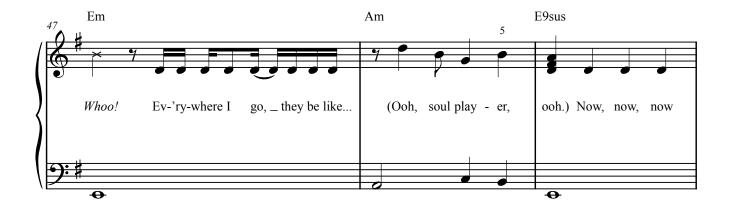


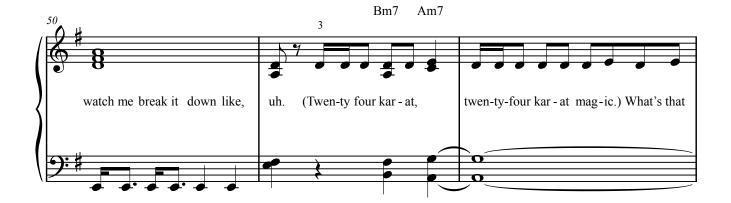


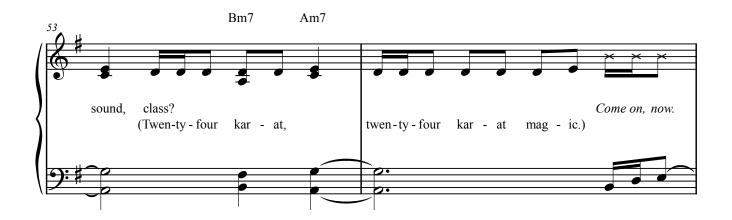




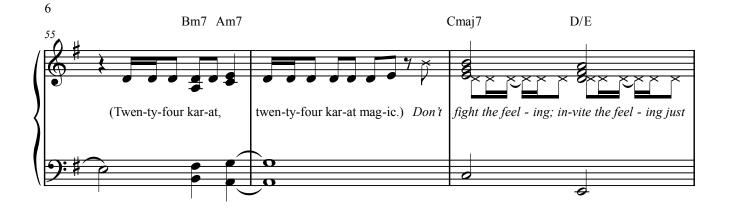


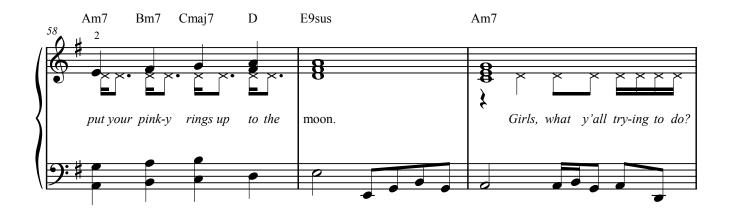


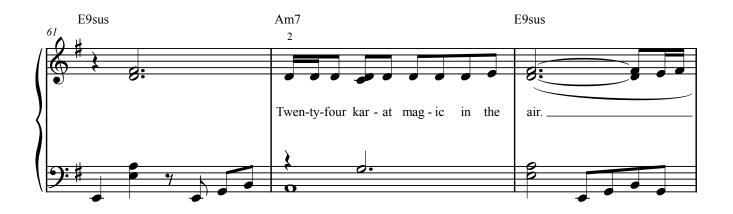


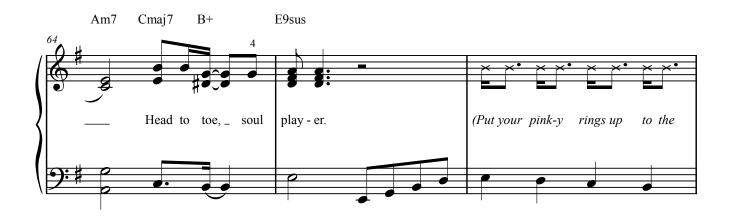


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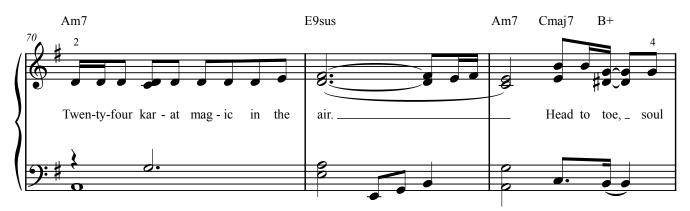


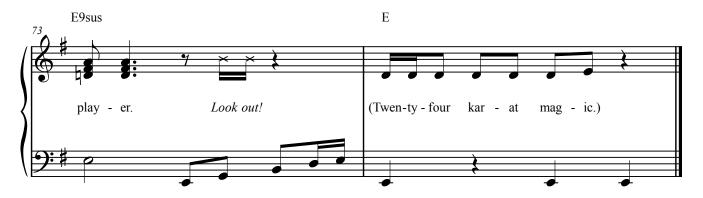












Additional Lyrics

- Rap 1: Pop, pop, it's show time (show time) show time (show time). Guess who's back again? Oh, they don't know? (Go on, tell 'em.) They don't know? (Go on, tell 'em.) I bet they know as soon as we walk in. (Showin' up) wearin' Cuban links, (yeah) designer minks (yeah). Inglewood's finest shoes (whoop, whoop). Don't look too hard; might hurt yourself. Known to give the color red the blues.
- Rap 2: Second verse for the hustlers, (hustlers) gangsters (gangsters). Bad bitches and your ugly-ass friends. Can I preach? (Uh-oh.) Can I preach? (Uh-oh.) I gotta show 'em how a pimp get it in. First, take your sip (sip) do your dip (dip). Spend your money like money ain't shit. (Ooh, ooh, we too fresh.) Got to blame it on Jesus (#blessed). They ain't ready for me.

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