

## Shawna

### "Shake That Sh\*t"

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[Chorus - Ludacris & (Shawna)]

Maannn, these bitches is awfully nasty  
And these bitches keep walking past me  
Either way, I'm a pimp for today  
Put your bootie in the way and shake that shit!  
(Now these niggaz is bout they bank)  
(And these niggaz keep buying dranks)  
(Lips creep from my body on your lips)  
(Get it closer to the tip and shake that shit!)

[Verse 1 - Shawna]

S-H-A to the W double N-A  
Real bitch don't play  
Your eyes can't hide what your lips won't say  
You're acting like the Dukes of the Fifth won't spray  
It's okay, they gon learn  
Chi's most wanted bitch wait your turn!  
Sac full of yum I'm a make that burn  
Y'all can't smoke none anyway  
Wild ones, walk wit a bitch through wild slums  
Trying to figure out if they're scared of the hips or the chips  
Or they really can't talk to a bitch wit wild guns  
No games, hat to the side wit low frame  
Now I came in this industry killin em  
Now they all feeling me, sipping on Henny wit an O and  
a gram!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Shawna]

C-H-I to the C-A, G-O  
If you ain't been, don't go  
My city's so fast, you react so slow  
Your heart might stop and your blood won't flow  
(That ain't right) I stomp through the hood  
Wit a grand on my feet like that ain't tight  
Diamonds on my neck like that ain't bright  
I come through and shut down the Saturday Night!  
(Hell yeah) You can kiss that and  
(Feel there) bring it right back

Don't mess wit the frame if you don't know a thing  
Six years in the game, I'm still here  
Hold up! They mad cause the streets is sold up!  
I'm back on my feet, so watch for the cops, we'll never  
stop  
Just rep for ya block and throw it up!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Shawwna]

M-I-D to the W-E-S-T  
Better yet that's me  
Most of y'all chicks gotta impress me  
You say you got skills, put 'em up let's see  
Show and prove, I hate to really see  
What y'all goin through, put on any beat  
We could spit it in the street  
From the West to the East, or South to the house  
Just showing love, go home  
The body on the flo' is so grown  
What cha gon' do, when you call to ya label  
And ya gotta shed a tear, cause you hear ya career's  
Been post-poned, back up  
Smart mouth bitches, get slapped up  
Take it to the trap, get clapped up  
Put it in ya brain that the female game, been wrapped  
up

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - Shawwna]

Shorty said, shorty said  
Shorty said, shorty said  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Hold up, wait a minute  
Hold up, now wait a minute  
Shorty said, shorty said  
Shorty said, shorty said

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