

Plies f/ T-Pain**"Shawty"**

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[Intro: Plies]

Ay, what's happenin homey?

This {?} Plies, man (shaw-tay)

Ay Pain, I want you tell 'em bout your shawty homie

(yeah, yeah, yeah, yeaaaaaah)

and I'ma tell em bout mine, dawg

[Chorus: T-Pain]

Now, even though I'm not yo man, you not my girl

I'ma call you my - shaaaaaaw-ty...

Cause I cain't stand to see you treated bad, I beat his
ass

for my - shaaaaaaw-ty...

And we ain't did nothin that we ain't sup'POSED to do

Cause you my - shaaaaaaw-ty... (oh-oh)

Baby girl you know I be home, keep me on the
ringtoooone

Shaaaaaaw-ty - sang it to me girl!

[Plies - Verse One]

Soon as I seen her, shieet, told her I'd pay for it

Lil' mama the baddest thing 'round here, she already
know it

I pointed at the donk and told her, "This s'posed to be
yours" (ha ha!)

Showed her a couple stacks and told her I'd let her
blow it

The hottest nigga in the city baby you can't ignore it

I showed her I was a real nigga n' she went for it

First time I caught her shit, she ain't even kno' how to
tho'it back

Now she a animal, I got her sex game right

I taught her how to talk to me while she take pipe

and opened her up and showed her what a real nigga
like

I told her, "I'on't usually do this, I'on't fuck on the first
night

cause after I beat ya baby, I'm liable to fuck up ya
whole life!"

I gotta train her, now she suck me with ice

I call her my lil' bust-it baby, cause she keep it tight

Whenever I tell her to bust, ain't gotta tell her twice
Whatever I wanna get off, she know how to get me
right

[Chorus]

[T-Pain - interlude]

Oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh (WH-OA-wh-oa, wh-oa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Shawwwwww-DEEEE-EEEE, yeah...
Oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh (WH-OA-wh-oa, wh-oa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
(Shaaaaaaw-ty, yeah)
SHAW-DEE, whoa, w-w-wh-oa, OH!

[Plies - Verse Two]

I love to show her off, cause all the dope boys want her
Know why dey wanna beat badly, look at all dat ass on
her!
Look how dat pussy sit up in them shorts, you gotta
want her
Love when she act like she bowlegged and bend the
co'ner
She proud to be fuckin me, cause I'm stuntin on 'em!
It feel good to be fuckin a real nigga, do'nuh?
Ain't called her in two days, gotta let her mind wonder
But when she miss me, she call to tell me to jump on
her
That's why I don't mind breakin 'er off, cause she ain't
with the drama
If you done ripped her before, you know how to cuff lil'
mama
You know she gotta be somethin, cause I done beat her
hunda
Babe snatchin, not now, I'm tellin ya, I promise!
I exposed her to real and now she hate lame
'member she used to run from me, now she like pain
She call me sometimes just to ask is it her thang
Ever since I ran up in shawty, she ain't been the same

[Chorus]

[T-Pain - interlude]

Oh-oh (whooooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (whooooooooooa)

Oh-oh, oh-oh (WH-OA-wh-oa, wh-oa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh (whoooooooooa)
Shawwwwww-DEEEE-EE-EE, yeah...
Oh-oh (whoooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (whoooooooooa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh (WH-OA-wh-oa, wh-oa)
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh (whoooooooooa)
(Shaaaaaaw-ty, yeah)
SHAW-DEE, whoa, w-w-wh-oa, OH!

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