

# The-Dream f/ DJ Khaled, Fabolous, Juelz Santana, Ludacris, Rick Ross

## "Rockin That Shit"

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[The-Dream: Intro] (DJ Khaled) {Fabolous} Girl, I'm in love with you baby (This the remix!!!) {'ey Dream} And I want you to know {This for the girls rockin that shit right?} That I'm hooked to your body (Def Jam All Stars!!) {Okay} And I'm tryna be yours {Ice} (Radio Killa!!) [Ludacris] (DJ Khaled) {girl} Now she the definition of fine But I told her that her body looks better with mine, hey! (Radio Killa!!) Now she the definition of fine But I told her that her body looks better with mine {I know what you like baby} [Fabolous - Verse One] I like the way she rock, her hips, then rocks, and dips Told her we can take off like rock-et ships Straight jacket jeans, you look crazy in 'em The way you +Roc'in+ that, I thought they was Jay-Z denim Lemme drop a jewel on ya, put a rock in air Can I call you Nana 'cause you got that rockin chair It goes back, and forth, then forth, and back When I'm on, Patron, or off, the 'Nac Can't get off, the fact, I'm off, my mack Goldie probably wouldn't but I would trick, off for that And I'm sick wit the money I could cough, a stack I can sneeze, some Gs', so baby let's roll [Chorus: The-Dream] She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) (The way you rockin that up in this club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) (The way you rockin that up in this club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) There's nothing I can say, she rockin that shit like... (The way you rockin that up in this club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) (The way you rockin that up in this club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) There's nothing I can say, rockin that shit like... [Juelz Santana - Verse Two] Rockin that shit like whoa (Whoa) Look how shorty roll (Roll) She rockin that shit I'm like look at shorty go (Go) She rockin to the beat (Beat) She rockin it for me (Me) And all I can think about is rockin it to sleep (AYYYYYYYY!!!!!!) Her face is like a model body shape is like a bottle Girl I wanna hit that

more than I wanna hit the lotto (Yep) She revin me up I  
got my hand all on my throttle (Yep) I wanna get on top  
of her, zoom on the Yamaha Hittin corners switchin  
gears zoomin inside of her And if it taste how it looks,  
I'm a try to swallow her Call me Mr. shoe shine baby I'm  
a polish her And I'll leave ya spit clean I don't use no  
polisher Demolition man tell ya friends I demolish ya  
Plus I'm that nigga baby I'm a make ya popular So get  
another shot of that Ciroc in ya cause I'm 'gon be rockin  
ya Treat ya like the first lady I'll put my Barack in ya  
[Chorus: The-Dream] She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH  
OOOH OOOH OOOH) (The way you rockin that up in this  
club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH  
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OOOH) (The way you rockin that up in this club, I swear  
you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH)  
There's nothing I can say, she rockin that shit like...  
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you rockin that up in this club, I swear you gon' make  
a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) There's nothing I can  
say, rockin that shit like... [Rick Ross - Verse Three]  
Fresh as a black president - one Air Force Ones in my  
Air Force 1 (Obama!) Is it all a dream? (No) Sorry, my  
reality See me rockin that shit is complimentin my  
salary Complimentary ballots, total up the tally Spinnin  
like it's ballet and I touch the budget barely (BAWSE!)  
Seen that girl that holla - (AYE!) Told me that she from  
the (A!) So you know I had to (AYE!) Classify my gains  
[Chorus: The-Dream] She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH  
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club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH  
OOOH) She rockin that shit like... (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH  
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like... (\*OOOH OOOH OOOH OOOH) (The way you rockin  
that up in this club, I swear you gon' make a...) (\*OOOH  
OOOH OOOH OOOH) There is nothing I can say, rockin  
that shit like... [Ludacris - Verse Four] Now let me take  
you to a place far beyond in a whole 'nother galaxy  
Travel in your mind explore your sexuality Melt your  
imagination and mold it into reality Your hearts my art  
gallery girl Can you feel the pictures that I painted  
cause all of them are related Like a mother to a son but  
none of them overrated They know others due to one  
our destiny is to make it Got to thank you just for sharin  
your world It's so real and inspirational oh no reason

for thinkin I am incapable Of takin on the duty of makin  
you interchangeable The thought is sensational it's  
perfect bliss I'm ready to take the Milky Way to your  
Hershey's Kiss You know my tongue's got batteries in it  
The bedroom we lose calories in it, and start families in  
it And don't worry cause the situation is under control  
So let me dive in your heart and swim around in your  
soul LUDA!!!!!!!!!! [The-Dream: Outro] Taaaaake me  
I'm yooours, shawty As we rock to the left ('EY!) Rock  
to the right ('EY!) Lend me your body I'ma rock it all  
night Don't leaaaaave us on this flooooooor, shawty The  
door's to the left and parked on the right Tell my  
niggaa holla back, tell your girls goodnight The way  
you rockin that up in this club I swear you gon' make a  
nigga fall in love The way you rockin that up in this club  
I swear you gon' make a nigga fall in love, love

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