

Trina f/ Lil Scrappy

"Shake"

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[Trina] [Lil Scrappy] (spoken)
Yep! (G's up) Ha, ha, I'm back!
(Trina, Trina, aww)
That's right
I done stepped my game up and sexed my frame up

[Hook]
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it (Lil Scrappy!)
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it (shake it!)

[Trina]
Titties sit right ass sit better
I'm mean in the thong behind this wooden leather
You can catch me South Beach in the drop top Carrera
In the middle of somebody dance floor like whatever,
drop!
I keep it hood for you baby
Cause on the down-low mama know what's good for
you baby
(What's good for me babe?)
Bottle of Henny for ya, me in a mini for ya
Show you some love, that's if I got any for ya
I could make it from the dollars to the pennies for ya
Back to back it it up and then I bend it for ya
But I don't come cheap
So you gotta break Trina off if you really want the right
young freak
Pussy good, couple pumps, skeet skeet
But first I need that new Bentley
It should be a crime being this fine
And I get what I want I let 'em see it from behind, oh!

[Chorus]
Want me to do my little dance for ya? (Ay, ay, ay, ay,
ay, ay, ay!)

Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Okay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya (Ay, ay, ay, ay!)
Okay, kay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya? (Ay, ay, ay, ay,
ay!)
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Okay, kay kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya? (Ay, ay, ay, ay!)
Make it clap like my hands for ya (Shake it, shake it!)

[Trina]

Hair stay fixed, nails stay fixed
Keep niggaz hotter than project grits
Paparazzi wanna know if I'm gay
Well I'm the reason why Shaq came to M-I-A [laughter]
Drop it like it's low your old man would of fainted on me
Maybe because the jeans look like they was hangin' on
me
And my shoe game oh so vicious
I'm what your taste buds need cause I'm so delicious
Diamond Princess, how could you forget this?
Slip-N-Slide Records and the hood be my witness
I'm the baddest thing walkin' the block
And you the saddest thing stalkin' the cop
I'm Miss 305, butter pecan thighs
Pretty brown eyes in the 745 you could keep up with me
I'm the Diamond Mami drinkin' from a gold bottle
Grown women say I'm they role model, swallow that!

[Chorus]

[Trina]

Now where my real bitches at that be takin' it off
And keep them playas straight breakin' 'em off
That's how you do that there
And Trina won't lie to ya
And sugarcoat it and it's fly to ya
It's like smokin' on a crib, lightin' up a dib
Poppin' one and puttin' some of me up on your lips, on
your lips
And I ain't no better high than me baby
Call me sunshine cause you can touch the sky with me
baby
Purses and shoes by Louie, Gucci
All from the pretty face and ghetto booty
What you want baby?
For me and you to do a porn baby
And tell you to beat it 'til the morn baby
I'm extra sexual and intellectual

Could do us both, just so professional
And I could wobbly on it
And take my phone calls like you can't bother me on it

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Lil Scrappy] [Trina]

Okay, kay, kay, kay

I keep it good for you baby

Cause on the down low mama know what's good for
you baby, unh

I keep it good for you baby

Cause on the down low mama know what's good for
you baby

Okay, kay, kay, kay

And ain't no better high than me baby

Call me sunshine cause you can touch the sky with me
baby, come on

And ain't no better high than me baby

Call me sunshine cause you can touch the sky with me
baby

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