

Beanie Sigel f/ Diddy, Ghostface Killah, Peedi Crakk "Shake it for Me"

Visit "[Shake it for Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Diddy] Pass another shot of that Patron Shorty
I'm goin, why chu goin with me After this, tonight I'm
goin home You wanna come, shorty come with me Now
I wanna see you get your hands up Shorty wanna shake
it for me Ladies if you with me, get your hands up
Shake it, shake it, shake it for me [Beanie Sigel] Lil
nasty bitch Cute face, slim waist, nice ass & tits It's a
damm shame that lil sweet thang ain't nothin but a
freak thang "In Love With A Stripper" like T-Pain Er'
weekday, up in the club like Lis' Raye Makin niggaz
make it rain like Lil Wayne Boy, mami tottsie rollin that
pole I ain't Peedi Peedi baby, I just know what I know
Call me Iceberg baby, Pimpin Ken on a stroll Got the
right one baby, wouldn't give you a cold No, but I could
give you the coat Pimps up, hoes down, bank roll all
froze Mack keep em looking pretty, but won't give em
no dough Uncle Diddy run the city, butch you ain't
know? Now let that thang bounce, drop slow And show
out your outsides, you know how it go, oh [Chorus]
[Peedi Crakk] I'm at my maximum, I'm fully loaded
Baby girl c'mon, roll with it Don't be askin them if I'm
gon bomb Like the atom or the a-tom, just order the
dom B Mack and them, you better know it Nab hoes,
after the show, she gon show it That hoe, I told you she
gon do it The loads is full, she let me smash in the
Buick I'm comin for clothes, these hoes, we gon
through it Pull out my gat, she though I was gon shoot
her Mr. P Crakk Cocaine, I got rulers My mind in the
gutter, and my heart in the sewer I kick a bitch to the
curb, I keep it movin Married to the game, I love my
money and my music Half Puerto Rican and black, they
think I'm Jewish I don't give em shit, and they keep
comin back to it [Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] Yeah,
yeah, yeah Now come and sit yo big ass down Right
here on daddy legs, now hush, take a sip of the brown
Lap dance on it, leave a white stain on my Levis This
the twat team, I'mma show you how we ride Through a
lasso over your hips, rustle your mean theighs You
bow-legged too? I'mma hit it from all sides Uh huh, we
brought the bar, you bought the bar Beans got the big
lighter out, waiting to spark Word up, dancefloors,

noise, asses shaking And she winding that body like
she got Jamaican Asains, sistas, blacks, bad
caucasians Get em all Goosed up, then I persuade
them To bounce to the c-r-i-b Shorty to young, sorry,
gotta chill in the lobby It's the penthouse, big couch,
get digged out You bring your lil male friends, I get
kicked out [Chorus]

Visit [Beanie Sigel f/ Diddy, Ghostface Killah, Peedi Crakk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.