

Flo-Rida ft T-Pain**"Low"**

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[Chorus:]

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans
Boots with the fur
The whole club was lookin at her
She hit the flo
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reeboks with the
straps
She turned around and gave that big booty a smack
She hit the flo
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low

[Verse 1:]

I ain't never seen nuthin that'll make me go, this crazy
all night spendin my dough
Had a million dollar vibe and a bottle to go
Dem birthday cakes, they stole the show
So sexual, she was flexible
Professional, drinkin X and ooo
Hold up wait a minute, do i see what I think I whoa
Did I think I seen shorty get low
Ain't the same when it's up that close
Make it rain, I'm makin it snow
Work the pole, I got the bank roll
Imma say that I prefer them no clothes
I'm into that, I love women exposed
She threw it back at me, I gave her more
Cash ain't a problem, I know where it goes

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Hey
Shawty what I gotta do to get you home
My jeans full of gwap and they ready for Shones
Cadillacs Maybachs for the sexy grown
Patrone on the rocks that'll make you moan
One stack (come on)
Two stacks (come on)
Three stacks (come on, now that's three grand)
What you think I'm playin baby girl
I'm the man, I'll bend the rubber bands
That's what I told her, her legs on my shoulder
I knew it was ova, that Henny and Cola got me like a
Soldier
She ready for Rover, I couldn't control her
So lucky oo me, I was just like a clover
Shorty was hot like a toaster
Sorry but I had to fold her, like a pornography poster
she showed her

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

Whoa shawty
Yea she was worth the money
Lil mama took my cash, and I ain't want it back
The way she bit that rag, got her them paper stacks
Tattoo of bubba cray, I had to handle that
I was on it, sexy woman, let me shownin
They be want it two in the mornin
I'm zonin in them rosay bottles foamin
She wouldn't stop, made it drop

Shorty did that pop and lock, had to break her off that
gwap
Gah it was fly just like my glock

[Chorus:]

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C'mon

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