

**411****"Salt Shakers"**Visit "[Salt Shakers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{Chorus: repeat 2x}

They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your  
girl

They some salt shakers, they shakin' shakin' on your  
girl

They some hating ass hoes and they all up in your grill  
They be smiling in you're face, but they smile aint real

{Verse 1}

At first it was the hatin' and the muggin'

But now you actin' like you got some lovin'

I know that you a snake bitch sneaky

Stay close so I won't see your weakin'

Do you really think that we is cool

Youz a damn fool

I'm on that out to make this loop

I be watchin' you

And I can tell you out to get me

But hoe before I go you got to kill me

You wanna kick it cause you know it goin' down

I ain't a weak bitch smackin' bitches out a crowd

While you be, be talkin' shit behind my back hoe

(ooh-wee) I just can't wait to let my cover blow

I said that I don't fuck wit hoes anyway

You ain't got to be in my grill bein' fake

I hate it when a bitch think that I'm dumb

Keep on kissin' my ass you don't want none

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 2}

I be fuckin' wit a bitch, 'cause a bitch don't smoke

When we be ridin' I be askin' you to fire up that dope

I got no love for you hoe, just keepin' it real

I got no friends, mama told me that a friend will kill

I guess you don't believe bitch, shit you pull this thang

You try to imitate my style just to get you some wang

But did you know chat I really don't be givin' a fuck

A bitches hoe talkin' back and then you might get stuck

'cause you do not see that I see you

Full of animosity but

It's not hard for me to teach you  
How to be gone just like me bitch  
You wanna war, then I'ma load up my nine  
You wanna squash it, then my niggah it's fine  
I got to show a bitch that I'm about mine  
Can't let you slide hoe to many times (yeah)

{Repeat Chorus}

{Verse 3}

You hoes kills me  
Why in the fuck you do that shit  
Just stop the hating  
That's why I can't fuck wit a bitch and that is fucked up  
You better watch your every move or you'll get shot up  
Aint got a damn thang to prove, you want my niggah  
So then you tell him lies and shit that you had made up  
A low down bitch you told him everythang you thought  
of  
Can't drop no thought down on me bitch, we got some  
real love  
Colaboration wit a thug, so I trick you  
I know you know I can't be friends wit an ex-hoe  
Have conversations wit yo' wanch, so we can stay close  
We kick and talk, you tellin' me bout where you stay at  
And mane that's good, 'cause now I know just where to  
buck at  
I know you hate me but you actin' like it's all cool  
You wanna get me, I'm the one he's commin' home to  
You need to stay the fuck up outta of my grill  
'cause you ain't real this shit is gonna lead to a kill

{Repeat Chorus}

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.