

## Beanie Sigel "Shake It For Me"

Visit "[Shake It For Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

### "Shake It For Me"

(feat. Diddy, Ghostface Killah & Peedi Peedi)

*[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'm a show you how we ride  
Through a lasso over your hips, rustle your mean  
theighs  
You bow-legged too? I'm a 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 caucasions  
Get em all Goosed up, then I persuade them  
To bounce to the c-r-l-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](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.