

Chingy

"Shorty (Put It On The Floor)"

Visit "[Shorty \(Put It On The Floor\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

New York, Put it on the flo'.

New York, Put it on the flo'. (What!) (C'mon)

Cali, Put it on the flo'.

Cali, Put it on the flo'.

Miami, Put it on the flo'.

Miami, Put it on the flo'.

Atlanta, Put it on the flo'.

Atlanta, Put it on the flo'.

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

One time, the women start sniffin around, when we be
rippin' it down, we got 'em stickin' around.

The way they love to feel like I'm the king of the town.

The way my money stack steep and got 'em flippin'
around.

And got 'em makin' a sound.

Ayo, you looking delicious. Baby girl, I only use my
dough for coochie or chicken.

Listen, cooked food. Shorty fatten my tummy. You can
go in and have my slice, don't touch my money.

Even though you looking good and it was nice to meet
ya, you be lucky if you even get a slice of pizza from
me.

Before you ever try to touch my money clip, I'll put you
on the corner walking up and down the money strip.

Now looka here, honey dip betta find another dummy quick. Homie tryna stunt, betta jump inside a money whip.

I see where you can get and keep it over there, you betta try your luck cause you ain't getting nothing over here.

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)

Move it to the left (Shorty)

If you ain't got your own paper, I don't suggest you hold your breath (Shorty)

Keep it right (Shorty)

You betta keep it tight (Shorty)

You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you ain't getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)

[Verse 2: Chingy]

Ma, let me see you twist it like a centipede.

I keep a sack of that, plus some Hennessey.

Since I got rich, I keep a lot of enemies.

But trick when it's like that, it's cause I been a G.

Look at the way women tend to grin at me.

I like the way she shake it with a lot of energy.

Magnums, alcoholic freaks the remedy.

I'm the young Donald Trump, is y'all hearing me?

Girls on the side line, yeah they cheerin' me.

Ask her, can she drive a stick, now she steerin me.

Man, I'm sick. Know it ain't no curin' me.

C to the H to the I-N-G. Y

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)

Move it to the left (Shorty)

If you ain't got your own paper, I don't suggest you
hold your breath (Shorty)

Keep it right (Shorty)

You betta keep it tight (Shorty)

You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you ain't
getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)

[Verse 3: Fat Joe]

Put that ass up on the flo', make it clap when you see
cats pass for the door.

I ain't tryna act gassed at all, chicks attack like he's Joe
Crack the boss.

Played it back, cause I be so paranoid.

I got a wife, but baby please don't back it off.

She understood that, said, "What's good,
Crack?"

Got me screaming with a hood, with a hood rat.

Mami, I ain't gotta pop the ?

But the rocks got a gleam, so hard to miss 'em.

So I, cut the chase, took her out the place.

Put her in a bed, put a smile on her face.

She don't know Joe Crack, the Daun

Never spend no type of real cheese on a broad.

All I keep is a 100 G's, limit credit card.

Could you believe, we could spend it all.

New York, Put it on the flo'.

New York, Put it on the flo.'

Jersey, Put it on the flo'.

Jersey, Put it on the flo'.

V.A. Put it on the flo'.

V.A. Put it on the flo'.

Chi-town, Put it on the flo'.

Chi-town, Put it on the flo'.

[Verse 4: Nick Cannon]

Shorty, you gon' work for this little bit of change.

Side order of pimpin', little bit of game.

What ya know, gon' hurt, just a little bit of pain.

When I rip your skirt, from your little bity frame.

Whole lot drinkin', whole lot of cash.

Dirty ol' Nick with a whole lot of **

Fly Guy, Antonio Vaugus.

Porshe's we ain't even parkin.

Valet, alligator air forces.

Waves in my head have them chicks getting nauseas.

Let 'em cause the fame, my dough, your world.

So shake it like a n-n-n-nasty girl.

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)

Move it to the left (shorty)

If you ain't got your own paper, I don't suggest you
hold your breath (Shorty)

Keep it right (Shorty)

You betta keep it tight (Shorty)

You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you ain't
getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)[2x]

BK, Put it on the flo'.

BK, Put it on the flo'.

BX, Put it on the flo'.

BX, Put it on the flo'.

St. Louis, Put it on the flo'.

St. Louis, Put it on the flo'.

Philly, Put it on the flo'.

Philly, Put it on the flo'.

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

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