

Dark Opera

"Shorty Right There"

Visit "[Shorty Right There](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Streetlife (Inspectah Deck)]

Yo, what's poppin' off out here son?

Yo, hold up, I think that's my baby mama on the phone

Damn, yo, hold on, yo hold on for a second

Yo, man, you see shorty right there (look at shorty right there)

Yo, I'mma call you back in a second, aight?

[Streetlife]

Yo, excuse me Miss Thang with your nose ring

The way your body swing, you make a nigga wanna sing

I can tell by the bling-bling, you like the finer things

And you highly motivated by what money brings

You got a dope fetish, attitude to go get it

A little athletic, no need for cosmetics

A little bowlegged, street smarts and good credit

You got the best part, that's why you actin' hard headed

It's a man's world, baby girl, don't forget it

But what's a thug without his ladybug, I must respect it

I know a woman's worth, ladies come first

I'm the Sun, you're the Earth, mother of the universe

I know what you like, you go for the street type

Who keep the g tight, and hit the G-spot right

I just might, call my wife

Tell her "Baby, I'm not comin' home tonight"

[Chorus: Streetlife (Inspectah Deck) {both}]

Damn (yo look at shorty right there) nah, look at shorty right there

{I need you in my life, girl, girl}

(Yo look at shorty right there) nah, look at shorty right there

(Look at shorty right there) damn

{In my life, my life}

[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, checkin' baby girl with the wavy curls

Precious lady pearl in the shady world

Please to meet you, your dress fit as if see through

Niggas treat you like royalty and dream to freak you
Diva in your own right, keep your home right
Bad bitch with the switch, let's trip the strobe lights
Tight with the Power-U, I'll devour you
Everything about you, make me scout you
No doubt, boo, make me fiend for a taste
Your hot like a fireplace, shows in your face
Now, come out the closet, baby girl, it's safe
Just a taste, of sex, lies and videotape
Let's skate, but late on the way, sound clever
Drinkin' brown leather, she down for whatever
We he call tomorrow, that's the question asked
Call it love at first sight, til the next one pass like

[Chorus]

[Streetlife]

Look at shorty right there, with the six-pack
Lookin' like a fruit snack with the shoe strapped to her
knee caps

[Inspectah Deck]

Look at shorty right there in the blue Range
With the two bangs, high in the eye, she's a true dame

[Streetlife]

Nah, look at shorty right there, with the mini skirt
With pink finky shirt, the way her body jerk make my
jimmy hurt

[Inspectah Deck]

Nah, shorty right there, the amazon
Six foot three, with the glasses on, built for a marathon

[Streetlife]

Look at shorty right there with the big hips (where?)
With the group of chicks, aiyo, lady who ya'll rollin' wit?

[Inspectah Deck]

Shorty right there, with the white dude
In the sky blue, knowin' she fly, friend is right too...
Look at shorty right there!

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