

## **Flo-rida**

# **"Ack Like You Know"**

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(feat. T-Pain)

Chorus:

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (Jeans)  
Boots with the fur (With the fur)  
The whole club was lookin at her  
She hit the flo (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 (With the straps)  
She turned around and gave that big booty a smack  
(Ayy)  
She hit the flo (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  
I'm a 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

She had them

Chorus:

Apple Bottom Jeans (Jeans)  
Boots with the fur (With the fur)  
The whole club was lookin at her

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(Ayy)  
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Shawty got low low low low low low low low

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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Shawty got low low low low low low low low

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,  
Tatto above her crack,  
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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