

Bun-b

"I Luv That"

Visit "[I Luv That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"I Luv That"

[Intro - Unknown Female]

I luv that shit - [3X]

[Verse 1 - Bun B]

It's goin down like it always do
I'm about to hit 'em front door, front row with the crew
I pull up to valet in the '09 'cedes ('09 'cedes)
And turn the heads of all the fly ladies (fly ladies) (I luv
that shit)
I lift the doors out (out), then lift the doors up (up)
Step out the car and the whole world slows up (up)
I show up like a certified pro
Lookin like slow motion when I heads to the door (to the
door)
I walk right past the line to the rope
Everybody fall back like I'm the motherfuckin po'
And it's not even a question if I fittin to bring the strap
in
They tried to pat me down but it ain't fittin to happen
Head to the bar, all eyes on B-da (on B-da)
From the haters and the fly mamacitas (mamacitas)
And trust me mayne when the club this thick
You ain't even got to ask - I luv this shit

[Chorus - Bun B (Unknown Female)]

The club is packed, the bottles is poppin {bottles is
poppin}
We make it rain when the models is boppin, mayne (I
luv that shit)
Ladies shakin they backs
And all the players and the pimps is catchin heart
attacks, come on (I luv that shit)
Aiiyo DJ turn it up (I luv that shit)
You got a beat, then let's burn it up {burn it up}
You know we do it B-I-G
So come and holla at a player in the V-I-P

[Verse 2 - Bun B]

UGK we in the house fo's
ho'

We about to crank this thang up and you already know
(already know) (I luv that shit)
We in the club lookin like new money
Put ya stunna shades on 'cause the ice too sunny (too
sunny)
Me and my partners posted up at the bar
And we about to buy it out, for the price of your car
(huh)
All the Ace of Spades, all the Rozay
All the syrup and white and Patron, okay? (okay?)
They sendin out ice buckets by the dozens (dozens)
I pass 'em out to my dogs and my cousins (cousins)
The whole club full of smoke and we buzzin (buzzin)
It's goin down in here mayne, you thought it wasn't?
Movin through the club like a conga line
See the baddest little bopper, legs long and fine
And she like "I love your ropes, are they solid gold or
hollow B?" '
I tell ya in the VIP, mommie follow me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bun B]

No party like a trill ass party, 'cause a trill ass party
don't stop (don't stop)
Mayne it ain't no shorty like a trill ass shorty, 'cause a
trill ass shorty gon' drop (gon' drop)
Go on drop it down low to the floor, make it pop (make
it pop)
I want to watch you wobble, show me what you got
(what you got)
Now go on work that (work that), and twerk that (twerk
that)
Now wiggle it around baby jerk that (jerk that)
Now toot it up (toot it up), and boot it up (boot it up)
I'm cocked and loaded and I'm a shoot it up (shoot it
up)
Now grind it (grind it), dirty wind it (wind it)
Now back it up, while I get behind it (behind it)
Now go ahead and do your thang girl (girl)
Let it loose, let it go, let it hang girl (girl)
And shake what your momma gave ya for daddy
(daddy)
And maybe you can ride shotgun in the Caddy, come
on

[Chorus 2X]

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

