

## Jan Kennith Magallano

### "Get Low"

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[Chorus:]

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans  
Boots with the fur  
The whole club was lookin at her  
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  
She turned around and gave that big booty a slap  
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  
Imma 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

[Chorus:]

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[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 ain't dealin 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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[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  
Tattoo 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  
Gal was fly just like my glock

[Chorus:]  
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C'mon

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