

Jesse Jaymes

"Shake It (Like A White Girl)"

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Girls. Well they're hard to find.
But I saw this girl who was one of a kind.
A white girl who blew my mind.
She looked good up front. But better from behind.
Had a real nice body. She might've been snotty,
But so what? The chick was a hottie.
I cleared my throat and I ran up to get her.
Cause she had the look I want to know better.
She was wiggling. Giggling. Shaking. Jiggling.
Moving. Grooving. Dancing. Wriggling.
I said, 'How you doing. By any chance,
Could I have the honor of the next dance?'
She said, 'Oh, yes. Swing me to death.
Won't you get on the floor and rock me, Jess?'
I did a stutter-step like Earl the Pearl.
But I couldn't keep up.
(Why?)
'Cause she shook it like a white girl.

I was on a date. But yo, hold up! Wait!
I saw this blonde who was looking great.
I wanted to dis my girl and forget her,
Cause this freak looked ten times better.
Her body was great. Her legs were fantastic.
But when she danced, she moved like a spastic.
I didn't care, cause I was in love.
When my date saw me staring and pulled me out the
club.
My chick was freaking. Wouldn't let me speak and
I pled my case, said, 'I was only peeking!
C'mon honey, I wasn't being a flirt.
And besides, a couple looks ain't never hurt.'
But she yelled, 'Keep quiet! Don't even try it! '
I told her I loved her but, nah, she didn't buy it.
So I ran back to see the blonde with the curls.
She was way off beat, but...
She shook it like a white girl.

Work it baby
Move that body
Work it baby
Shake it on down

Shake it baby
Move that body
Work it baby
Shake it on down

In my high school classes, I shoulda worn glasses.
Cause this girl was making passes.
Not cause she wanted help on a test,
But, obviously, she wanted Jess.
Her name was Rita, a fly cheerleader.
I never seen a girl looking any sweeter.
I asked her out, and she said, 'Okay.'
So I took her to a party around the way.
The party was pumpin' and Rita was somethin'.
Showin' off her stomach and her bellybutton.
She asked me to dance and I said, 'For sure.'
Next thing you know, we was on the dance floor.
You shoulda seen my baby, shaking like crazy.
Movin her hips like the bionic lady.
On the dance floor she rocked my world.
Cause Rita knew how...
To shake it like a white girl.

Work it baby
Move that body
Work it baby
Shake it on down

Shake it baby
Move that body
Work it baby
Shake it like a white girl! Shake it! Shake it!

It was prom night. I was hip to the scene.
Cause I took the high school homecoming queen.
Picked her up in a white limousine,
And pulled up to the joint around 11:15.
My date was fly. Cute, but when I
Asked her to dance, she said she was shy.
She told me she's not the dancing type.
And she'd rather just sit around and talk all night.
Well, I grabbed her hand, and said 'Aw, man.
We got to groove cause this here's the jam.
Everyone's dancin', you got no excuse.
And besides, I wanna see you get loose.'
We started to sway, and it was okay,
But let's just say she got carried away!
She got up on the speakers, did a nasty twirl.
She had no rhythm, but...
She shook it like a white girl.

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Move that body
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Shake it on down

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