

Leann Wolmack**"Make it Shake"**

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[Niccademus]

In your booty in the strip club
This Niccademus but to really you can get some love
She gangsta party like she Dogg and Pac
And learned to drop it like it's burnin' hot
Woke up a spring, givin' all that she got
I take another shot of Hennessy
Drinkin' the strip, give up a twenty just to talk in here
Don't playa-hate, baby it's all or nothin'
I'mma bang it by the end of the night
You don't believe it, ya wardrobe's tight
I smell the smoke, pass the weed nigga
Man, fuck security, ridin' thirty-deep nigga
With a bunch of killa weed
But that ain't nuthin' baby, don't be afraid
Me and you can sneak up and get in my escalade
And we can mash out and peel out *car peeling out*
Where'd you get that body from?
It's bangin the ceilin' as sick as when you give me some
Pull it open now, sugar, don't make me wait
You got my burnin' while you're twistin' the turn
Now make it shake!

[Chorus]

You's a fine little cutie now, make it shake!
Come on baby work your booty now, make it shake!
Gettin paid from the booty now, make it shake!
Pull your clothes off and do me now, make it shake!

You's a fine little cutie now, make it shake!
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[Niccademus]

There was nothin' but thugs that didn't know how to
treat her
Young lady, rubbin her nipples and it's driving me
crazy (Ohh)
I take another shot hear me go, let me get the shine on
Like Cali and Jigga, fiesta's all night long

She bad to the bone, I'm about to hit it
Maybe me and my homies, yo we can split it
Should have done me, nothin to me
So I'm ain't no eatin' like a cake baby
Get out on the floor, sayin shake baby
Just like a quake baby, tippin' over the Richter's Scale
Cali party, she was bad as hell
Swoopin' over before my niggas smell, but I ain't gonna
eat it yo
Gonna strap on the jimmy, you might just get it though
Don't be conceited ho, you with some riders told me
that it was sweet n low
And she was quiet fo' sho', Niccademus I was born
tonight
(Unintelligible) I'm out on the bay, now throw your legs
up!

[Chorus]

[Niccademus]

I'm not worried bout them bitches, throw your hands up
Workin' the pole, the made the hardest homies stand
up
Pretty ass clothes, with them high heels on
Sexy as ever, in a see-through thong
And makin' hella chetta all night long *all night long*
(robot voice)
Bought me a drink and fuck with dumb shit
Reached in my pocket, took my cd out my
(unintelligible)
It's Niccademus, you can't see us, we like to get em up
Every time we ride, stayin' high, till we die, bitch you're
that close
And smack them big bucks, buy out the bar
Oh your people ain't tell you that we some mother
fuckin' superstars
Drivin expensive cars, baby so shake it
We bought to cough up a few dollars to see you butt-
naked
Show me the tattoo by your private spot
Somebody, hurry up, call 911 she too hot
You got it all live, hear the resurrection nigga before
it's too late
Droppin' that paper just to makin it shake, now make it
shake!

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

