

T.i. "Show It To Me"

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Aye, bend that ass over and let it move back
Come, kick it with me, I'll get your groove back
And give it to me, show it to me
Give it to me, show it to me
Give it to me, show it to me

Aye, bend that ass over and let it move back
Come, kick it with me, I can help you get your groove
back
Aye, give it to me, show it to me
Aye, give it to me, show it to me
Aye, give it to me, hey, whatcha doin'?
Give it to me, show it to me

And let it wiggle 'cause I like it when you do that
Come kick it with me, I can help you get your groove
back
Now give it to me, show it to me
Now give it to me, show it to me
Just give it to me, hey, whatcha doin'?
Just give it to me, show it to me

I got a whack dough flow, stacks on swole
Five different hoes in Cadillac four door
Niggas think they gonna attack, I got a mac on hold
I'll bust ya in your stomach, leave you back on the floor

You see T.I. and Nelly on it, know the track gon' blow
Man, you, niggas, barely pro, I don't even practice no
more
Aye, shawty, I was gettin' dough when you was rappin'
so, so
When you barely had flow I had crack for the low

You can stunt for the audience and act for the hoes
Let me ask you what you gon' do when we ain't actin'
no more?
Aye, when I finish with you, you ain't even gon' be
rappin' no more
Aye, "How he doin'? Where he at?", somethin' they ain't
askin' no more

Aye, picture me not bein' the main' attraction no more
That's all the talkin' I care to do to you back to the hoes
Baby, drop it, back it up 'til you can't back it no more
You show me you 'bout that action, I'll throw a stack on
the floor

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Come on in, lil' mama, sit down, pay attention
You don't want to get to school and take your ass to
detention
Stick my key in your ignition, I'm crankin' up your
engine
I'm pullin' your extensions, now we switchin' up
positions

Got an ill technique in makin' ya knees weak
A non-stop treat until your g-spot leak
To your G4 seat, we'll be back next week
So tell that lame ass nigga, you got places to be

So give me your participation, don't need no hesitation
Don't want to be mistaken, ma, I'm plannin' on relations
Yeah, you rollin' with the King and the One
Country niggas in the chevy passin' Grey Poupon

Man, we been gettin' dough since we was way too
young
The record sales, was the mob that'll make me a don
You see this is why I'm hot, and this is why he not
So, mama, climb on top and show me what you got,
aye

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Aye, give it to me, show it to me
Aye, give it to me, hey, whatcha doin'?
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There maybe independent ladies who could buy their
own Mercedes
I say, "That's the one, that's the one"
Country girls that represent, they're payin' they own
rent, holla
"That's the one, that's the one"

For the women constantly poppin' tags with the newest
Louis bags, yeah
That's the one, that's the one
To all the girls who in shape, slim waist, pretty face,
hey
That's the one, that's the one
Okay, now bend that ass over

That's the one, that's the one
That's the one, that's the one

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