

## Tank

### "Shake What Ya Got"

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[Master P]Hey ma [repeat 3X]  
Hey ma, you want a lil' or a lot

[Chorus: Master P - repeat 2X]Shake it for me shorty,  
work what you got  
I ain't gon' stop 'til I hit that spot  
Front to the back to the bottom to the top  
I ain't gon' stop 'til I hit that spot

[Verse One: Master P, C-Los]It's like cancer mayne, I  
roll massive mayne  
You see them thighs and that butt, she's a dancer  
mayne  
I keep it gully like I don't even see her  
Tell my boy in the cut man holla when you see her  
I'm bling blingin man, me and Ghetto Bill  
I put my number on a hundred dollar bill  
You want to party shorty, you need to call me shorty  
I talk country cause you know I'm from New Orleans  
shorty  
Let yourself go - you can get naughty shorty  
P. Miller shoes on that candy red Ferrari shorty  
Yeah I'm young but I spit it through my soul like I'm old  
One of the reason my pockets stay swoll when I roll  
Los hold the fo'fo, headin low, slow stroll  
Keep an attitude for women that's, oh so cold  
Yeah I see you actin up, this the way to back it up  
We them No Limit boys you know our paper stackin up

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]Don't stop ma, drop it like it's hot  
Get low with it, go with it, show me you a pro with it  
I'm usually not the type to jock  
But you sorta like the type that I would like to watch

Shake that, make that thang go to the flo'  
I'm not Omarion but I could make you say OH  
Let's go from the Willow to the Ward  
Don't hold nuttin back ma, let me get it all

[Verse Three: Tank]Let a thug get up in that, Tank tryin

to pin that  
Back it out, toss ya up, 360 spin that  
We in it to win that, body for the weekend  
You can bring your girlfriends I'ma bring the heaters  
Ready for heavy breathin, pumpin and sweatin  
We can do it all night, girl you 'bout that right?  
'Less you front on my people we ain't comin to fight  
We comin to toss money, now shake somethin for me

[Chorus]

[Verse Four] Look at shawty, she movin like a damn  
machine

Man she mean, she shakin like a tamborine

Booty bustin out her pants and seams

So that may be why her cheeks bounce like kids on  
trampolines

Yeahh - I'm just sayin how she walk she can

make you put Bucks on her like a Milwaukee fan

Now I'm layin backwards, stayin back now I'm payin  
stacks

Cause her ass bouncin like the ball when you playin  
jacks

Now I ain't sayin that I'm trickin at all

But if she fine like a waiter I'll be tippin a broad

She strippin it off, it's probably cause the stacks the  
man hold

The 'llacs to Land, Rolls, I'm a Black Soprano

In the back with tanned pros, now let's do a little math

Add me and subtract your pants slow

I wanna see you clown on the dance flo'

So shake like ya pros and bounce to the banjos

[Chorus]

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