

# Trina "Shake"

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Yep, G's up, ha, ha, I'm back  
(Trina, Trina, aww)  
That's right  
I done stepped my game up and sexed my frame up

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
(Lil' Scrappy)  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it  
(Shake it)

Titties sit right, ass sit better  
I'm mean in the thong, behind this wooden leather  
You can catch me, South Beach, in the drop top Carrera  
Or in the middle of somebody, dance floor, like  
whatever, drop

I keep it hood for you baby  
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for  
you, baby  
(What's good for me, babe?)  
Bottle of Henny for ya, me in a mini for ya  
Show you some love, that's if I got any for ya

I could make it from the dollars to the pennies for ya  
Back to back it, it up and then I bend it for ya  
But I don't come cheap  
So you gotta break Trina off, if you really want the right  
young freak

Pussy good, couple pumps, skeet, skeet  
But first I need that new Bentley  
It should be a crime being this fine  
And I get what I want, I let 'em see it from behind, oh

Want me to do my little dance for ya?

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Shake it, shake it

Hair stay fixed, nails stay fixed  
Keep niggaz hotter than project grits  
Paparazzi wanna know if I'm gay  
Well I'm the reason why Shaq came to M I A

Drop it like it's low, your old man would've fainted on  
me  
Maybe because the jeans look like they was painted on  
me  
And my shoe game, oh, so vicious  
I'm what your taste buds need 'cause I'm so delicious

Diamond Princess, how could you forget this?  
Slip-N-Slide Records and the hood be my witness  
I'm the baddest thing walkin' the block  
And you the saddest thing stalkin' the cop

I'm Miss three O five, butter pecan thighs  
Pretty brown eyes in the seven forty-five, you could  
keep up with me  
I'm the Diamond Mami, drinkin' from a gold bottle  
Grown women say, I'm they role model, swallow that

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Shake it, shake it

Now where my real bitches at, that be takin' it off  
And keep them playas straight, breakin' 'em off  
That's how you do that there  
And Trina won't lie to ya  
And sugarcoat it and it's fly to ya

It's like smokin' on a crib, lightin' up a dib  
Poppin' one and puttin' some of me up on your lips, on  
your lips  
And ain't no better high than me, baby  
Call me sunshine 'cause you could  
Touch the sky with me, baby

Purses and shoes by Louis, Gucci  
All from the pretty face and ghetto booty  
What you want, baby?  
For me and you to do a porn, baby  
Until you to beat it 'til the morn, baby

I'm extra sexual and intellectual  
Could do us both, just so professional  
And I could wobbly on it  
And take my phone calls like you can't bother me on it

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
Want me to do my little dance for ya?  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Okay, kay kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?

Make it clap like my hands for ya  
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Shake it, shake it

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it

Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Shake the shake with it  
Don't be fake with it

Okay, kay, kay, kay  
I keep it hood for you, baby  
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for  
you, baby, uh  
I keep it hood for you, baby  
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for  
you, baby  
Okay, kay, kay, kay

And ain't no better high than me, baby  
Call me sunshine 'cause you could  
Touch the sky with me, baby, come on  
And ain't no better high than me, baby  
Call me sunshine 'cause you could  
Touch the sky with me, baby

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