

R.Kelly

"Bobble"

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(First of all
If you ain't got no drink in your hand
You ain't got no shot in your hand and no money in
your pocket
Get the hell outta here!)

(Uh uh, hey hey hey hey)
Hey lil' mama
I see you mama
All on the floor
Doin' you mama
Got the dance down
Do it like a pro
Handle that patron
But you want a lil' mo'
The way you dancin on your girlfriend off in here
Got me wonderin' if you got a man off in here
The way you turn around and make a drop off in here
Make a playa' want to get his rocks off in here (Hold up)
Wait a damn minute
Bend it over now lemme put Kells in it
Shots at the bar, got my head so spinnin'(Whoa whoa
whoa spinnin')
Lookin' at you dance, like what I see
X at the club, roll with me
Put up to the cribs
I'm a tell you what shawty do fo me.

She makes it bobble, bobble (she makes it bobble)
She makes it bobble, bobble (she makes it bobble)
She makes it bobble, bobble (she makes it bobble)
She makes it bobble, bobble (she makes it bobble)
Shawtyyy (she makes it bobble)

She makes it bobble, I cannot lie
Look up fella' she's a cutie pie
Hollas in the club and I'll tell you why
Hips, ass, waist, thighs
She make me wanna holla, oohwee
Throw my hands like a smack, oohwee
I can see a little crack, oohwee

Shawty rockin' em Marciano jeans
And her man that toot is he
But he don't really wanna f*ck with me
Lil' boy know your history
Shatown better ask, I'm a G
And that's why she keep checkin' fo me
She keep callin' on me
She keep creepin' with me
Shawty know she messin' with great and ladies thought
you don't hate cause she

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