

Lil mama feat. Chris Brown & T-Pain, Shawty Get

Hey [x3]
[Intro: Lil Mama]
The way we get loose
We move our shouldaz
Foward
Heads back
Get it in control
Like Janet Jack
Get it on da flo
Let em kno What's Happenin
[Verse 1: Lil Mama]
L.I.L You betta ask somebody
I been on my grind since butt-touch-potty
Ya'll don't really want it with the Yung God Toddla
With a flo so spec like technolotta
It's... so sick
How da clock go tick
Keep given ya'll hit like techmatic UH!
It's the reason why I spit it
How I spit
When I spit it's like mucus
Gotta get rid of it
These chicks don't pop like me
Uncompatible girl
No comparing me
And!
Ain't none of ya'll scarin me
Like don't cha wish ya girl was as bad as me YEAH!
With a flow so sick like Twista's
So sweet
It can be cold like a Mystic
Instincts come so smooth
Like what is it?
BK-H-DUB OURS LIKE A WIZARD
[Chorus: Chris Brown]
Shawty get loose!
Baby do what chu do
Lemme see ya let down your hurr
Shawty get loose!
Hit da dance flo and act like there's nobody else in hurr
Shawty get loose!
Krump!
Clown!
Break it on down
Baby do your thang
Shawty get loose!
P-h-a-t phat
Baby I ain't even kno u can break it down like dat
Dat, dat dat dat dat dat dat
Shawty got loose!
Dat dat dat dat dat dat datt
Shawty get loose!
[T-Pain:]
Nappy boy!
What it do(do)
Tell it to da paizzian
You already kno
Tell em' on the mizzian
Shawty keep messin with da lizzamz
I'm a have you loose on da flo
U gon be steppin with a kizzian
I mindboggle models
With a bottle a sumthin good
I take em to da hood

And have dey ass go where it's ain't
A hard rap artist
That hang with sangazz
So don't think that this thang is hard
Cause homie it ain't
I'm loose loose
U gotta be kiddin me
U tellin me dat shawty right here can take her hair down and do it like u u
If all of dis is true
U gotta show me what u do
Show me now do it
5 4 3 2 2
U kno pain came to change da game
All da way from da same thang
To suma dat new new
Impress me I want one person on dis flo to try to test me
Now go
[Chorus: Chris Brown]
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[Verse 2: Lil Mama]
In da crib, in da club, on da block
It don't matta
I switch stats
4 5 6 a do da data
How she do a di di di dat like dat
Got da hood on da back
And da pockets is fat
Still rollin rollin
Left right
Shot callin callin
Dats right
Got ma team on da market
For millions we bout to pop it
Lock drop and roll
Like a hip-hop rock show
U neva kno where my mind gon go
Na na not puerto rican
But I like mangoes
So smooth on da dance flo
When u see me comin'
I'm runnin it like a game show
U ain't kno?
Lil mama go
She be runnin and pumpin and hit u with da bus blow
(shezz hottttttt)
From gettin loose on da flo
And I cannot stop
What!
[Chorus: Chris Brown]

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