Lloyd Banks, Get Low

(Intro) Uh.. Yeah.. I like the way you do that shorty (shorty) Now can you do somethin' for me (uh) I like the way you movin' girl Show me how you do that girl I like the way you do that shorty (uh) Now can you do somethin' for me

(Chorus)

I can't, stand here and watch her dance She got me comin' outta my pants And i dont wanna miss my chance, to jump on her If i could, get her outta here i would I never seen a girl move that good And there's something tellin' me i should Get Low!

(Verse)

Yeah..

I'm in the 2006, brand new wagon Lookin' for a diva to handle a dragon And even if there's two of um, i'ma move in and bag um Make sure i'm strapped, keep the Uz and the Magnum Yeah the gun talk, but i'm talkin' 'bout the condom They followin' me home with my dog right behind um Have you ever seen a ass clap on a stallion Another bad bitch half black and italian I dont know if she likes me or my medallion You think i give a fuck, i'm just tryna get a nut I dont need no-one to build my self-esteem up Im fresh out the hood, but fuck it its all good Why you can use me, cuz i'ma use you For menage-a-twage, you know the usual And if you do me maybe i'll do you A favour and walk you outside, rightt

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Naa, i aint ever aite pussy before But im close to the edge if she pushin' me Lord Her body language is that a nigga stiff as a sword So she cant be a angel this bitch is a fraud Head prolly took a nigga on a trip to the morgue Pussy good enough to drive out the Michigan Ford As soon as i hit the door she's squeezin' my arm Hoppin' all on a nigga like Christina Milian It might take a couple rounds to make me get to calm But when she does go to sleep she might need a alarm Cuz i'm gone, she wanna be with a don But i'm stuck so i'ma keep it about me on a song Aint nothin' wrong, with a lil' bumpin' and grindin' Especially if they got somethin' behind um Im high as hell, pussy drunk when i climb in How a nigga unfortunate i'm in

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Shorty looks like she's datin' a fashion designer Damn, she musta got that from her momma You know me somewhere in the back with the Llama Keeps one of the cats with the drama, i'ma Get a lil' closer to her, ma look so sweet She remind me of a lot of broads aint Monigue But a bird nigga tryna holla, they all speak Do you write up her phone number down, they wont keep Lemme get her, i have her burnin' Haze all week Givin' me wop to the music, mine plays on beat Yeah, i'm so street, i'm so cheap I'm so fly, but you already know that i Dunn been all around the world, they dont know that guy But lil' man gon' talk to, i oppose that i He just mad that he aint got the kinda clothes i buy All ride in the U.F.O i drive

(Chorus)

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