

T-Pain, Low

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans [Jeans]
Boots with the fur [With the fur]
The whole club was lookin at her
She hit the flo [She hit the flo]
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low
Them baggy sweat pants
And the Reeboks with the straps [With the straps]
She turned around and gave that big booty a smack [Ayy]
She hit the flo [She hit the flo]
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low
[Verse 1:]

I aint never seen nuthin thatll make me go,
this crazy all night spendin my dough
Had a million dollar vibe and a bottle to go
Dem birthday cakes, they stole the show
So sexual, she was flexible
Professional, drinkin X and ooo
Hold up wait a minute, do i see what I think I
Whoa

Did I think I seen shorty get low
Aint the same when its up that close
Make it rain, Im makin it snow
Work the pole, I got the bank roll
Imma say that I prefer them no clothes
Im into that, I love women exposed
She threw it back at me, I gave her more
Cash aint a problem, I know where it goes
She had them

[Chorus:]
Apple Bottom Jeans [Jeans]
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Next thing you know
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Them baggy sweat pants
And the Reeboks with the straps [With the straps]
She turned around and gave that big booty a smack
[Ayy]

She hit the flo [She hit the flo]
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low
[Verse 2:]

Hey
Shawty what I gotta do to get you home
My jeans full of gwap
And they ready for Shones
Cadillacs Maybachs for the sexy grown
Patrone on the rocks thatll make you moan
One stack (come on)
Two stacks (come on)
Three stacks (come on, now thats three grand)
What you think Im playin baby girl
Im the man, Ill bend the rubber bands
Thats what I told her, her legs on my shoulder
I knew it was ova, that Henny and Cola
Got me like a Soldier
She ready for Rover, I couldnt control her
So lucky oo me, I was just like a clover
Shorty was hot like a toaster
Sorry but I had to fold her,
Like a pornography poster

She showed her
[Chorus:]
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She hit the flo [She hit the flo]
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low
[Verse 3:]
Whoa
Shawty
Yea she was worth the money
Lil mama took my cash,
and I aint want it back,
The way she bit that rag,
got her them paper stacks,
Tattoo Above her crack,
I had to handle that,
I was on it, sexy woman, let me shownin
They be want it two in the mornin
Im zonin in them rosay bottles foam
She wouldnt stop, made it drop
Shorty did that pop and lock,
Had to break her off that gwap
Gah it was fly just like my glock
[Chorus:]
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