Lil Mama, Shawty Get Loose

Greatness + Greatness = Great Greatness

Hey, Hey, Hey

Lil Mama- (Intro)

The way we get loose
We move our shoulders
Foward
Heads back
Get it in control
Like Janet Jack
Get it on da flo
Let 'em know What's Happenin'

Lil Mama- (Verse 1)

L.I.L You better ask somebody
I been on my grind since butt-touch-potty
Yall don't really want it wit the Yung God Toddla
Wit a flo so spec like technolotta
Its.. so sick
How da clock go tick
Keep given y'all hit like techmatic UH!!
Its the reason why I spit it
How I spit
When I spit its like mucus
Gotta get rid of it

These chicks dont pop like me
Uncompatible girl
No comparing me
And!
Ain't none of yall scarin' me
Like don't cha wish ya girl was as bad as me YEAH!!
Wit 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

Chris Brown (Chorus)

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 know you can break it down like dat dat, dat dat dat dat dat Shawty got loose!! Dat, dat dat dat dat dat datt Shawty get loose!!

T-pain- (verse 2)

Nappy boi!!!!
What it do(do)
tell it to da paizzian(paizzian)
you already know(know)
tell em' on the mizzian(mizzian)
shawty keep messin wit da lizzamz(lizzamz)
Imma have you loose on da flo
you gon be steppin wit a kizzian

I mindboggle models wit a bottle a sumthin' good I take em to da hood and have dey ass goin' insane

A hard rap artist that hang wit sangazz so don't think that this thang is hard cuz homie it aint Im loose (loose)

You gotta be kiddin' me
You tellin me dat shawty right here can take her hair down and do it like you(you)
If all of dis is true
You gotta show me what you do
show me now do it
5 4 3 2(2)
You know 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

Chris Brown (Chorus)

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Lil Mama (verse 2)

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(left) right(right)

shot callin(callin') dats(dat's) right(right) got ma team on da market for millions we bout to pop it lock drop and roll like a hip-hop rock show You neva know where my mind gon go na na not Puerto Rican but I like mangoes so smooth on da dance flo when you see me comin' I'm runnin' it like a game show You ain't know? Lil Mama go she be runnin and pumpin and hit you wit da bus blow (she's hhoooott) from gettin' loose on da flo and I cannot stop what!!

Chris brown (chorus)

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