

T-Pain, Make That Sh*T Work (ft. Juicy J)

I lay the hammer down
I'ma build a whole house on that ass, I swear
Tell her its hammer time
Cause I'm from Tallahassee and you know we get nasty out here
Now when we swervin' in the 'Llac, you know we makin' it chirp
You almost made me spill this jack up on this ten dollar shirt
Shawty, tell me when you and your friend get out of work
Cause all these other bitches just pretending to twerk
I'ma about to unload on a bitch
Baby let me see you get low a lil bit
Dutty wine, dutty wine, keep rollin' on the hips
(Too fast, too fast) Take it slow on the dick

Now when I walk up in this bitch you know I'm making it work
How you fit all of that cake in that skirt?
Put a whippin' on that ass like I'm making dessert
Water guns, I be makin' it squirt, so holla at me bitch

Walk up in this bitch, you better make that shit work
I'm throwin' hundreds in your face, you better make that shit work
And when you hop up on a dick, you better make that shit work Make, make that shit work, make, r
Hop up on a dick, you better make that shit work
Make, make that shit work, make, make that shit work
Hop up on a dick, you better make that shit work
I'm throwin' hundreds in your face, you better make that shit work

Her booty unbelievably
Tryin' to describe it but my crew just don't believe me
And if she ain't workin' for the premium
I'ma stuck it on the side like a motherfuckin' TV
I'ma beast, I do this shit in reality nigga
If she fuck with me she fuck with bestiality nigga
I got her working, got her working, losing calories nigga
She don't fuck with you cause she knows that your swag ain't official
Hundred dollars at a time
Drop that pussy on a dime
Make it clap to the baseline
Boom bap wind chime, I ain't lying

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God damn shawty where you get that ass at?
Make a nigga hit it twice had to backtrack
Hit it three times, she in love with it
Shawty hike that ass up, let me come get it
You know I'ma aim, I'm aimin to please
Lame ass niggas can't hang with a G
Ass and them titties what your boy came to see
The club ain't got enough change for me
And you know I'm gone off a pill not that Tylenol
If the bitch ain't eatin' dick she might as well starve
Shoot movies in the bed, she gon' play her part
Cause when it come to givin' brain she gon' play it smart

We throwin' George Washington's, them fives and them tens
Twenties, fifties, color money Benjamins
Throw that bread tell her momma she gon' be your best friend
But that bitch ain't in love she just tryin' to get them M's

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