

# 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 mamma 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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