Shake What Ya Got

Master P

[Master P]
Hey ma [repeat 3X]
Hey ma, you want a lil' or a lot[Chorus: Master P - repeat 2X]
Shake it for me shorty, work what you got
I ain't gon' stop 'til I hit that spot
Front to the back to the bottom to the top
I ain't gon' stop 'til I hit that spot[Verse One: Master P, C-Los]
It's like cancer mayne, I roll massive mayne
You see them thighs and that butt, she's a dancer mayne
I keep it gully like I don't even see her
Tell my boy in the cut man holla when you see her
I'm bling blingin man, me and Ghetto Bill
I put my number on a hundred dollar bill
You want to party shorty, you need to call me shorty
I talk country cause you know I'm from New Orleans shorty
Let yourself go - you can get naughty shorty
P. Miller shoes on that candy red Ferrari shorty
Yeah I'm young but I spit it through my soul like I'm old
One of the reason my pockets stay swoll when I roll
Los hold the fo'fo, headin low, slow stroll
Keep an attitude for women that's, oh so cold
Yeah I see you actin up, this the way to back it up
We them No Limit boys you know our paper stackin up[Chorus][Verse Two]
Don't stop ma, drop it like it's hot
Get low with it, go with it, show me you a pro with it
I'm usually not the type to jock
But you sorta like the type that I would like to watch
Shake that, make that thang go to the flo'
I'm not Omarion but I could make you say OH
Let's go from the Willow to the Ward
Don't hold nuttin back ma, let me get it all[Verse Three: Tank]
Let a thug get up in that, Tank tryin to pin that
Back it out, toss ya up, 360 spin that
We in it to win that, body for the weekend
You can bring your girlfriends I'ma bring the heaters
Ready for heavy breathin, pumpin and sweatin
We can do it all night, girl you 'bout that right?
'Less you front on my people we ain't comin to fight
We comin to toss money, now shake somethin for me[Chorus][Verse Four]

Look at shawty, she movin like a damn machine
Man she mean, she shakin like a tamborine
Booty bustin out her pants and seams
So that may be why her cheeks bounce like kids on trampolines
Yeahh - I'm just sayin how she walk she can
make you put Bucks on her like a Milwaukee fan
Now I'm layin backwards, stayin back now I'm payin stacks
Cause her ass bouncin like the ball when you playin jacks
Now I ain't sayin that I'm trickin at all
But if she fine like a waiter I'll be tippin a broad
She strippin it off, it's probably cause the stacks the man hold
The 'llacs to Land, Rolls, I'm a Black Soprano
In the back with tanned pros, now let's do a little math
Add me and subtract your pants slow
I wanna see you clown on the dance flo'
So shake like ya pros and bounce to the banjos[Chorus]

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