

low (dirty)

Flo Rida

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)

Boots with the fur (with the fur)

The whole club was lookin' at her

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reebok's with the straps (the straps)

She turned around and gave that big booty a smack (a smack)

She hit the floor

Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low I ain't never seen nothin' that'll 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 O

Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I whoa

Did I think I seen shawty get low

Ain't the same when it's up that close

Make it rain, I'm makin' it snow

Work the pole, I got the bank roll

I'mma say that I prefer them no clothes

I'm into that, I love women exposed

She threw it back at me, I gave her more

Cash ain't a problem, I know where it goes Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)

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Shawty got low low low low low low Hey

Shawty what I gotta do to get you home

My jeans full of gwap and they ready for stones

Cadillacs Maybachs for the sexy grown

Patrone on the rocks that'll make you moan

One stack (come on)
Two stacks (come on)
Three stacks (come on, now that's three grand)
What you think I'm playin' baby girl
I'm the man, I'll ain't dealin' rubber bands
That's 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 couldn't control her
So lucky oh me, I was just like a clover
shawty was hot like a toaster

Sorry but I had to fold her, like a pornography poster she showed her Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)

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She hit the floor
Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low Whoa shawty
Yeah she was worth the money
Lil mama took my cash, and I ain't 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 shownnин'
They be want it two in the mornin'
I'm zonin' in them rosay bottles foamin'
She wouldn't stop, made it drop

shawty did that pop and lock, had to break her off that gwap

Gal was fly just like my glock Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)

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Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low C'mon

Songwriters

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