# Jackson Shake

## Arty Hill

Well I gotta hot number down in Jackson,
She gives me fever like I don?t know why
She?s got a dirty little shake and a flavor like cinnamon pie
She can stop traffic on Main Street,
She makes a freighter drop a mighty load
And when she?s walking away she?ll give you something you can take on the road

Chorus
She?s beating out the butter, it?s called the Jackson Shake
She?s got the pecan flutter, she?s got the morning cake
I?m always getting hungry for my baby, she?s like a bourbon and a ribeye steak
She?s got the whole thing workin, they call it the Jackson Shake

Well everything is burning down in Jackson
It?s hotter than a oven down there
It?s sweaty and it?s sticky and there ain?t a lot my baby can wear
I love to see her playing with her combo, shaking tambourine and working the crowd
And when she turns around to shake it, you hear the people shout it out loud

Repeat Chorus
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Lyrics submitted by Arty Hill.

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