Shake

Trina

Yep, G's up, ha, ha, I'm back
(Trina, Trina, aww)
That's right
I done stepped my game up and sexed my frame up
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
(Lil' Scrappy)
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
(Shake it)
Titties sit right, ass sit better
I'm mean in the thong, behind this wooden leather
You can catch me, South Beach, in the drop top Carerra
Or in the middle of somebody, dance floor, like whatever, drop
I keep it hood for you baby
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for you, baby
(What's good for me, babe?)
Bottle of Henny for ya, me in a mini for ya
Show you some love, that's if I got any for ya
I could make it from the dollars to the pennies for ya
Back to back it, it up and then I bend it for ya
But I don't come cheap
So you gotta break Trina off, if you really want the right young freak
Pussy good, couple pumps, skeet, skeet
But first I need that new Bentley
It should be a crime being this fine
And I get what I want, I let 'em see it from behind, oh
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay

Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Shake it, shake it
Hair stay fixed, nails stay fixed
Keep niggaz hotter than project grits
Paparazzi wanna know if I'm gay
Well I'm the reason why Shaq came to M I A
Drop it like it's low, your old man would've fainted on me
Maybe because the jeans look like they was painted on me
And my shoe game, oh, so vicious
I'm what your taste buds need 'cause I'm so delicious
Diamond Princess, how could you forget this?
Slip-N-Slide Records and the hood be my witness
I'm the baddest thing walkin' the block
And you the saddest thing stalkin' the cop
I'm Miss three O five, butter pecan thighs
Pretty brown eyes in the seven forty-five, you could keep up with me
I'm the Diamond Mami, drinkin' from a gold bottle
Grown women say, I'm they role model, swallow that
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Shake it, shake it
Now where my real bitches at, that be takin' it off
And keep them playas straight, breakin' 'em off
That's how you do that there
And Trina won't lie to ya
And sugarcoat it and it's fly to ya

It's like smokin' on a crib, lightin' up a dib
Poppin' one and puttin' some of me up on your lips, on your lips
And ain't no better high than me, baby
Call me sunshine 'cause you could
Touch the sky with me, baby
Purses and shoes by Louis, Gucci
All from the pretty face and ghetto booty
What you want, baby?
For me and you to do a porn, baby
Until you to beat it 'til the morn, baby
I'm extra sexual and intellectual
Could do us both, just so professional
And I could wobbly on it
And take my phone calls like you can't bother me on it
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay, kay, kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
Okay, kay kay
Want me to do my little dance for ya?
Make it clap like my hands for ya
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Shake it, shake it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Don't be fake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it
Shake the shake with it

Don't be fake with it
Okay, kay, kay, kay
I keep it hood for you, baby
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for you, baby, uh
I keep it hood for you, baby
'Cause on the down low, mama, know what's good for you, baby
Okay, kay, kay, kay
And ain't no better high than me, baby
Call me sunshine 'cause you could
Touch the sky with me, baby, come on
And ain't no better high than me, baby
Call me sunshine 'cause you could
Touch the sky with me, baby

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