

# 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 Carrera

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)

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)  
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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