

# Shake That Ass

## Dr. Rude

Shake that ass ho, make that cash ho  
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My name ain't Michael, I got a pickle  
That you could suck ho for 'bout a nickel  
Diamonds that glisten, you'll come up missin'  
Fuck with these hitmen, bullets be spittin'  
Man, I'm a motherfucker out here wit myself  
Try to play tough guy, that's bad for yo health  
Hoes in the club man, shakin, and shakin,  
Tricks showin, love man, bring home the bacon  
Takin, ya game to the V.I.P.P. room  
Ho, suck a dick up just like a vacuum  
Boom from the bass and the song got ya jerkin,  
Man show ya gold teeth, these hoes be lookin,  
Rolled up a sucka, they'll put the charge too  
I'm quick to buck ya, bitch I don't admire you  
Either it's my way or hit the highway  
Project's the pastor, have glocks then we'll spray  
Shake that ass ho, make that cash ho  
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Hoes like to fuck ya then call ya baby  
Then drive ya crazy, ho you can save me  
Save all that bullshit, drama and actin'  
Preachin's for pulpits, quit dat lip flappin'  
Dog, I'm attackin', heads gon' be crackin'  
Steps outta line and you gets a pimp smackin'  
Who wear the pants bitch, who made these pants bitch  
You shake and dance bitch, I'm just your man bitch  
I like affection, not a infection  
Ho, you burn me bullets come yo direction  
If you sadistic, don't you step to this  
Freaky and pity, ho we can do this  
Man I grew to this, playa it's in me  
Up there is where these green leaves'll send me  
Keep to the game be yo conversation

Straight to the brain man that rules the nation

Shake that ass ho, pop, pop, dat pussy ho

Shake that ass ho, pop, pop, dat pussy ho

Shake that ass ho, pop, pop, dat pussy ho

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