

# Low (feat. T-Pain) [Travis Barker Remix]

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 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 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'ma 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)  
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 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 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)  
 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 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 low low Whoa shawty  
 Yea 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 shownin'  
 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)  
 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 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 low low C'mon

Songwriters

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