

Low

Mr. Bout-It

[Chorus:] Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans [Jeans]

Boots with the fur [With the fur]

The whole club was lookin at her

She hit the flo [She hit the flo]

Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low low

Them baggy sweat pants

And the Reeboks with the straps [With the straps]

She turned around and gave that big booty a smack [Ayy]

She hit the flo [She hit the flo]

Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low low

[Verse 1:] I ain't never seen nuthin 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 ooo

Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I

Whoa

Did I think I seen shorty 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

Imma 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

She had them

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[Ayy] She hit the flo [She hit the flo]

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[Verse 2:]Hey

Shawty what I gotta do to get you home
My jeans full of gwap
And they ready for Shones
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 bend the 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 oo me, I was just like a clover
Shorty was hot like a toaster
Sorry but I had to fold her,
Like a pornography poster
She showed her

[Chorus:]Apple Bottom Jeans [Jeans]

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[Verse 3:]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
Shorty did that pop and lock,
Had to break her off that gwap
Gah it was fly just like my glock
[Chorus:]Apple Bottom Jeans [Jeans]
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Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low
C'mon

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