

# Give Her The Keys

## E-40 ft. T-PAIN

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, man  
It's magic, E40 and my partna T-Pain  
(Nappy Boy)Open up that garage, it's a big fat car  
With a big fat bow on top  
It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back  
Now, shawty, you know that's hotI'mma give her the keys  
And I'mma give her the keys  
Now shawty sang it to me  
And I'mma give her the keysFrom a bucket to a Benz  
A Benz to a Bentley  
Down with me from the start  
Got my back like a tank topWhen I used to be on the block  
She hide my rocks in her yacht  
Got a special place in my heart  
She knows how to play her partEvery time I look at you, darling  
I get a hard on  
You sexy without your make up on  
I wanna boneMove you out the hood  
I told you I would, I'm not phony  
We both from the same place  
Grew up on fried bolognaThey say the opposites attract  
But we gotta a lot in common  
Behind every boss player, a boss woman  
I'mma fiend when it come to our cookingYou do your thang  
Throw down like Paula Dean  
Neck bones and collard greensOpen up that garage, it's a big fat car  
With a big fat bow on top  
It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back  
Now, shawty, you know that's hotI'mma give her the keys  
And I'mma give her the keys  
Now shawty sang it to me  
And I'mma give her the keysBorn in the mud, raised in the trap  
Down ass broad, never been a sap  
If I ever need bail, went to jail and got popped  
You'll be Johnny on the spot, you'll come and get me outA loyalist, not just a friend to me  
We was meant to be, we got chemistry  
You like it when I lay this pipe  
Been around each other so long

They say we starting to look alike  
Starting to think alike, getting our money right  
Fuss, fight, then make love all night  
California king on a California queen  
My California dream, we make a good team  
Open up that garage, it's a big fat car  
With a big fat bow on top  
It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back  
Now, shawty, you know that's hot  
I'mma give her the keys  
And I'mma give her the keys  
Now shawty sang it to me  
And I'mma give her the keys  
It's the little things that count  
Any means much  
Can't nothing come between us  
Can't nothing separate us  
You're my backbone  
You my rib, you my chick  
You my backbone  
You my rib, you my chick  
It's the little things that count  
Any means much  
Can't nothing come between us  
Cant nothing separate us  
You my backbone  
You my rib, you my chick  
You my backbone  
You my rib, you my chick  
Yeah, man, it's a drought on loyal females, man  
The good ones is hard to find man  
So when you find a good one, man  
Hold on to that broad, man, you hear me?  
Open up that garage, it's a big fat car  
With a big fat bow on top  
It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back  
Now, shawty, you know that's hot  
I'mma give her the keys  
And I'mma give her the keys  
Now shawty sang it to me  
And I'mma give her the keys

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