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 alikeStarting 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 teamOpen 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 keysIt's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Can't nothing separate usYou're my backbone
You my rib, you my chick
You my backbone
You my rib, you my chickIt's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Cant nothing separate usYou my backbone
You my rib, you my chick
You my backbone
You my rib, you my chickYeah, 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 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 keys

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