

# Low

## Flo Rida feat. T-Pain

[Intro - T-Pain]  
Mmmmmmmmm  
Let me talk to 'em  
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Let me talk to 'em  
C'mon! [Chorus (T-Pain):]  
Shawty had them apple bottom jeans (jeans)  
Boots with the fur (with the fur)  
The whole club was looking at her  
She hits the floor (she hits the floor)  
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 slap (hey)  
She hits the floor (she hits the floor)  
Next thing you know  
Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low [Flo-Rida]  
I ain't never seen something that'll make me go  
This crazy all night spending my doe  
Had the million dollar vibe and a body to go  
Them birthday cakes they stole the show  
So sexual  
She was flexible professional  
Drinking nexenol  
Hold up, wait a minute, do I see what I think? Whoa  
Did her thing seen shawty get low  
Ain't the same when it's up that close  
Make it rain I'm making it snow  
Work the pole I gotta bang bro  
I'm gonna say that I prefer the no clothes  
I'm in to that I love women exposed  
She threw it back at me I gave her mo  
Cash ain't a problem I know where it go [Chorus (T-Pain)] [Flo-Rida]  
Hey shawty what I gotta do to get you home  
My jeans filled with guap and they're ready for showing  
Cadillacs laid back for the sexy grown  
Patron 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 playing baby girl I'm the man

I'm dealing rubberbands

That's when I threw her legs on my shoulders

I knew it was over

That heny and Cola got me like a soldier

She ready for Rover, I couldn't control her

So lucky on me I was just like clover

Shawty was hot like a toaster

Sorry but I had to fold her

Like a pornography poster

She showed her[Chorus (T-Pain)][Flo-Rida]

Whoa shawty yeah she was worth the money

Little mama took my cash

And I ain't want it back

The way she bent that back

Got all them paper stacks

Tattoo above her crack

I had to handle that

I was zoned in sexy woman

Let me show it make me want it

Two in the morning I'm zoned in

Them rosee bottles foaming

She wouldn't stop

Made it drop

Shawty dipped that pop and lock

Had to break her off that guap

Gal fire just like my glock[Chorus (T-Pain)]

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