

Get Low

Lloyd Banks

Uh, yeah

I like the way you do that, Shorty
Now can you do somethin' for me?

I like the way you movin', girl
Show me how you do that girl

I like the way you do that, Shorty
Now can you do somethin' for me?

I can't stand here and watch her dance

She got me comin' outta my pants

And I don't wanna miss my chance to jump on her

If I could get her outta here I would

I never seen a girl move that good
And there's something tellin' me I should

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Yeah, I'm in the 2006, brand new wagon

Lookin' for a diva to handle a dragon

And even if there's two of um, I'ma move in and bag um

Make sure I'm strapped, keep the Uzi and the magnum

Yeah, the gun talk, but I'm talkin' 'bout the condom

They followin' me home with my dog right behind um

Have you ever seen a ass clap on a stallion

Another bad bitch half black and Italian

I don't know if she likes me or my medallion

You think I give a fuck, I'm just tryna get a nut

I don't need no-one to build my self-esteem up

I'm fresh out the hood, but fuck it, it's all good

Why you can use me, 'cuz I'ma use you

For menage-a-twage, you know the usual

And if you do me maybe I'll do you

A favour and walk you outside, rightt

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Naa, I ain't ever ate pussy before

But I'm close to the edge if she pushin' me, Lord

Her body language is that a nigga stiff as a sword
So she can't be a angel, this bitch is a fraud
Head prolly took a nigga on a trip to the morgue
Pussy good enough to drive out the Michigan Ford
As soon as I hit the door she's squeezin' my arm
Hoppin' all on a nigga like Christina Milian
It might take a couple rounds to make me get to calm
But when she does go to sleep she might need a alarm
'Cuz I'm gone, she wanna be with a don
But I'm stuck so I'ma keep it about me on a song
Ain't nothin' wrong with a lil' bumpin' and grindin'
Especially if they got somethin' behind um
I'm high as hell, pussy drunk when I climb in
How a nigga unfortunate I'm in
I can't stand here and watch her dance
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And I don't wanna miss my chance to jump on her
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Shorty, looks like she's datin' a fashion designer
Damn, she musta got that from her momma
You know me somewhere in the back with the llama
Keeps one of the cats with the drama, I'ma
Get a lil' closer to her, ma look so sweet
She remind me of a lot of broads, ain't Monique
But a bird nigga tryna holla, they all speak
Do you write up her phone number down, they won't keep
Lemme get her, I have her burnin' haze all week
Givin' me wop to the music, mine plays on beat
Yeah, I'm so street, I'm so cheap
I'm so fly, but you already know that I
Dunn been all around the world, they don't know that guy
But lil' man gon' talk to, I oppose that I
He just mad that he ain't got the kinda clothes I buy
All ride in the UFO I drive
I can't stand here and watch her dance
She got me comin' outta my pants
And I don't wanna miss my chance to jump on her
If I could get her outta here I would
I never seen a girl move that good
And there's something tellin' me I should
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