

Low (feat T-Pain)

Flo Rida

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)
Boots with the fur (with the fur)
The whole club was lookin' at her
She hit the floor (she hit the floor)
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low
Them baggy sweat pants and the Reebok's with the straps (the straps)
She turned around and gave that big booty a smack (a smack)
She hit the floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low I ain't never seen nothin' 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 O
Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I whoa
Did I think I seen shawty 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
I'ma 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 Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)
Boots with the fur (with the fur)
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She hit the floor (she hit the floor)
Next thing you know
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She turned around and gave that big booty a smack (a smack)
She hit the floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got low low low low low low low low Hey
Shawty what I gotta do to get you home
My jeans full of gwap and they ready for stones
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 ain't dealin' 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 oh me, I was just like a clover
 shawty was hot like a toaster
 Sorry but I had to fold her, like a pornography poster she showed her Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans
 (jeans)
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 She hit the floor
 Next thing you know
 Shawty got low low low low low low low low 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
 shawty did that pop and lock, had to break her off that gwap
 Gal was fly just like my glock Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans (jeans)
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 She hit the floor
 Next thing you know
 Shawty got low low low low low low low low C'mon

Songwriters

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