

Low (Ft. Francisco, T-Pain Remix)

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)

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 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)
 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 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)
 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 C'mon

Songwriters

MONTAY HUMPHREY, KOREY ROBERSON, HOWARD SIMMONS, TRAMAR DILLARD, FAHEEM

NAJMPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>