Yeah, yeah

She said her name was Tangerine, damn the American dream She all about her fuckin cream, so shake it like a tambourine Shake it like a tambourine - she shake it like a tambourine? Shake it like a tambourine - she shake it like a tambourine She said her was Billie Jean, said she wanna show me things I pulled out a stack of green, shake it like a tambourine Shake it like a tambourine - shake it like a tambourine Shake it like a tambourine

Now, let's set it straight, B-I-G don't cuff or cake I, put her on a plate until she's no longer awake They just lay, fast asleep, when I hit 'em with the snake Put that venom up in 'em until I leave 'em with the shakes On display, she's a model but she only model shoes Not fake like a prosthetic leg or prostitute How she choose? She just whispers in my ear ("I'm with you") I'm the type of dude that sends your baby mama out for food And I also like her throat action, with a passion Love in her mou-outh, for dental satisfaction That means I hit the head like Greg Louganis then I'm splashin Ughhh, bust one back of the 'llac, stabbin (hootie hoo!) She know what's happenin, there's no reason to doubt it If you ask her how I got it she say ("How he had went about it was") And then you wake up from a bad dream, a nightmare Settle down cause she right there

Okay, midnight, fit like, four or five chicks in the drop '66 bumpin "Southernplayalistic" as we ridin through the city lights, Monday Magic City night Pass these around, momentarily they feelin like gettin right, good girls, got 'em gettin busy like big dykes, eatin so much pussy they forget pipe All got boyfriends, tell me they don't hit it right They come see me so they can come be freaks in the back seat, everything's fast like a track meet All I can see is titties, pussy lips and ass cheeks Actually, no exaggeration, no imaginin Real talk, my reality is yo' fantasy Keisha, Kim, Tamika, Shay, Alicia and Gloria Chasin this broad tryin to find euphoria Name notorious, dick game glorious Find me shawty when ya boyfriend borin ya

Shake it like some Texas Pete droppin on your collard greens
Make it hotter when she want a dollar, do you follow me?
Shake it like a tambourine - shake it like a tambourine
Shake it like a tambourine - shake it like a tambourine
Smellin like some tangerines, rollin like she on some beans
Garter belt full of greens, booty bustin out the seams
Shake it like a tambourine - she shake it like a tambourine
Shake it like a tambourine - watch her shake it like a tambourine

Once upon a rhyme I knew this girl and she was fine as everything outdo's, the kind of girl I describe her like-like Michael Jordan when he's froze in a pose of a Jumpman

Top flight security on these hoes man

She drop it low only for me to pick her up

When she's liquored up I'm leavin my fingerprints on her butt

A ten-hut, at attention as we stand for this woman

General Patton, boy stop, we think she cummin

Lovin the way that I'm dickin her down, Boi you bluffin

Nothin but a nigga like me be straight up royal flushin

But this ain't 'bout playin no cards dummy

Her give me open mouth sugar and she go hard for me

Even take a charge for me, if the coppers caught us ridin

to get a tray of fruit, and a pack of 1-point-5's and

I'm all the way on them papers, she all the way on my team

We burn it down like California trees in the breeze

Fire!

Shake shake it, shake shake it, shake shake it, shake shake it
Shake shake it, shake shake that ass
Shake shake it, shake shake it, shake shake it
Shake shake it, shake shake that
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work (and all my ladies go to)
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work (shake shake it, shake that a ss)