

Shake It Down

J Dilla

Shake it down
Uh Yeah

(9x)
Look at you
Look at me

Come on Uh
You remind me of my range
Lamb skin seat covers
Brotha's get ya change
Get ya dame cause she want the niggas wit the frames
With the change
Nigga man sick with the bank
Shit been the same since 86' and Kane
Get ya main bitch itchin to give me brain
And they say that's why we hold fifths
See me four wheelin rollin over the whole building
Chrome killin em' twenty inches the whole Dill with it
I'm so ill wit it so Dill with it
I be Prada'd out
Without a doubt
Spot em' out wildin out
We wildin out
Lady's let me see you do it like
Uh
You look at me

(10x)
Look at you
Look at me

Uh Yeah Uh
This is for my bitches wit cars of they own

This is for my niggas with the bars of chrome
Ahh bitches nigga leave ya littles cars at home
Stay there Detroit niggas don't play fair son
Chickens be trickin to get they hair done
Yeah son, its nare one of these niggas spark shit
I'm on son Biz Mark shit like
Can you feel it
Cause nothing can save ya
Cause this is the season for stackin ya paper
My click is the reason you tuckin ya chain up
When you f*ckin wit this you f*ckin wit danger
You see me up in the range and I got a gang a niggas
That be runnin wit thangs and guns to bang ya
They be runnin wit thangs got guns to bang ya
Cause when you f*ckin wit this you f*ckin wit danger

(*When you see me do it I do it to do it*)
(*Look at you, Look at me*)
(*Do it*)
You doin it