

Shake

Jay Webb

She'll pass up the wine to shoot that whiskey (oh yeah)
And it won't take no time 'fore she gets tipsy
On a dirt road Friday night, she'll bring the memories
In the bonfire light, she's damn sure made us plenty

Kick your boots off, let your hair down
Sip a cold beer 'til the morning
Turn the truck bed to a dance floor
When your wild side starts showin'

Bad lil' thing with a whole lotta drama
Cut off jeans, go on if you're gonna
Shake that thing that you got from your mama
(Shake that thing that you got from your mama)

Well, they don't make her kind out in the city (damn right)
I said, girl, don't you get tired of gettin' shitty?
She raid her mama raised her right but she likes tempting
All the boys who ride in the jacked up Ford's and Chevy's (oh y
eah)

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