

# Make That Ass Shake

Kurupt

I got a fucked up habit for dumping and blasting  
Just picking on my niggas rolling around in the classroom  
Just making shit happen, tired of tripping  
It's time to start living  
Start enjoying the rhythm  
Forget, what I gave them, the joy in the rhythm  
I gave them what I give them, the joy in the rhythm  
I'm forced to come doing five fours  
You're trying to take anything my life's value t'wards  
Trying to beat Caesar in Rome? I roam  
It's my dominion, nigga, what I call home!

You can live how you want to live, I don't give a fuck  
Nigga, bang how you want to bang, on who and when, what nigga  
And all you broads, I wanna see you shake something  
I want do something, rub you leg, your back, your stomach  
She looked me in my face, then she told me to my face  
There ain't nothing that she can't do to make her ass shake  
More than a handful'll make that ass shake  
Pussy popping back and forth, look at that ass shake

Fine, seductive, bad than a motherfucka  
Just the kind of girl I like to cuddle in this motherfucka  
She said anything got pleased in this motherfucka  
I have to admit she said treasured in this motherfucka  
I know all she wants to do is get paid  
That pussy popped all up and down on me  
Make it pop, make it pop, make it pop!  
Take it off, take it off, take it off!  
Shake it up, shake it up, shake it up!  
Shake 'em off, shake 'em off, shake 'em off!  
I put on [?] and she let me grab her titties  
Bitch, don't you know I run this city?  
You better ask these niggas all about me  
And anything you think about me  
And all you niggas, is this what you call war?  
Is this the future I'm looking t'wards?

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All I know is life's a bitch  
Let me hit you with some G shit  
Look, busters won't leave me alone  
I'm being attacked by imitations, man, like [?] and clones  
I ain't out to get you  
Want to party? I'ma party with you  
Which one of these flips you want to party with you?  
But if you want to play, we could play it homie  
Kick back and let the toy speak and say it for me  
I've been a fool before, I know the feeling

Getting in the game, nigga? I know the feeling  
But them k's and the bananas that's pilling  
Make us go bananas, blood pressure to the ceiling  
I've got a funny feeling  
Money to the ceiling  
Make a nigga like feeling impenetrable  
I feel a strange awe, if I hit the store  
I might have to chip, one, two, three or four  
Niggas, in the front door, nigga on the floor  
Niggas [?] and hit the register drawer

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