## **Richard Cheese**

Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm Let me talk to 'em Let me talk to 'em (let it rain) Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm Let me talk to 'em C'mon

Shawty had them apple bottom jeans (jeans) Boots with the fur (with the fur) The whole club was looking 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 (with the straps) She turned around and gave that big booty a smack (hey) She hit the floor (she hit the floor) Next thing you know Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low

I ain't never seen something that'll make me go This crazy all night, spending my dough Had the million dollar vibe and a body to go Them birthday cakes, they stole the show

So sexual, she was flexible Professional, drinking X&O Hold up, wait a minute Do I see what I think? Whoa

Did her thing seen shawty get low Ain't the same when it's up that close Make it rain I'm making it snow Work the pole I gotta bank roll

I'm gonna say that I prefer the no clothes I'm into that, I love women exposed She threw it back at me I gave her mo' Cash ain't a problem, I know where it go

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Hey shawty, what I gotta do to get you home My jeans filled with guap and they're ready for showing

## Low

Cadillacs laid back for the sexy grown Patrón 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 playing baby girl I'm the man I'm dealing rubber bands

That's when I threw her legs on my shoulders, I knew it was over That Heny and cola got me like a soldier She ready for rover, I couldn't control her So lucky on me, I was just like clover

Shawty was hot like a toaster Sorry but I had to fold her Like a pornography poster She showed her

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Whoa shawty, yeah she was worth the money Little mama took my cash And I ain't want it back The way she bent that back Got all them paper stacks Tattoo above her crack I had to handle that

I was zoned in sexy woman Let me show it, make me want it Two in the morning, I'm zoned in Them rosé bottles foaming

She wouldn't stop, made it drop Shawty dipped that pop and lock Had to break her off that guap Gal was fine, just like my Glock

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