

2 Fine

T-Pain

Ooh (ooh), yeah
Yeah
Oh yeah (yeah)
Heeeyy (yeah)
Oh yeah (yeah)
Heeeyy
Oooh (woo)
Ay (woo, woo, woo)

Man I got a problem with my baby, right
She too fine everytime I see my baby like
Oooh (oh yeah)
Oooh (oh yeah)
Everytime my bitch comin' out the bathroom
Butt naked 'round the house
God that ass lookin'
Oooh (oh yeah)
Oooh (oh yeah)

Hey, have you ever seen an ass that'll make you
Put you dick up on the cake like a baker (God damn)
She gotta rock it now, shock it like a taser
And she my girl but I still wanna pay her like oooh
Tip her like a waiter 'cause ain't no other bitches servin' nothin' greater
Coulda, shoulda, woulda 'bout to get up in that cooter
Put her on a pedestal, she might just take your bitch to school and oooh

Baby let's get it on
Them other niggas had it but they did it wrong
I be on the same shit that Diddy on
She suck that dick good she gon' get a home (Oooh)
Put a whole fuckin' bag in her bag
She don't hit the club 'til she say she kill the bag
Now them lame niggas seeing what they coulda had
But that ain't my problem

But I got a problem with my baby, right
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Oooh

How did you know? Bitch how did you know?

How low, low can you go?
Just hold on for the show (Oooh)
Got that booty bouncin' on the floor
How low, low can you go?
Just hold on for the show
Oooh (it's lit), Oooh (it's lit)
Oooh (it's lit), Oooh (it's lit)
Oooh (it's lit), Oooh (it's lit)
Oooh (it's lit), Oooh (it's lit)

Ah, yeah
Shawty got a vibe, shawty got a vibe
My shawty gassed up
Kickin' off a Phantom
Coupe ain't got no roof, coupe ain't got no roof
Smoking and riding
My bitch like to ride it
Shawty too lit, keep a jay lit
She my favorite, yeah, yeah
We gon' blow the ounce
She gon' make it bounce
Sexin' on the couch (Yeah, yeah)
Hit it from the front, hit it from the side, hit it from the pipe (Yeah, yeah)
I've been in the cut, we been layed up, shawty bad as fuck

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I'm a prop that ass up on a table
And bust it open cause I can and I'm able
And when I'm done she gon' swear she disabled
She watch the footage like it's air and no cable, like
Oooh
Jose Cuervo

She wanna fuck on top of my paper
Yeah
You know I got her squirtin'
She tried to drop that pussy on me, tryin' to to hurt me like
Oooh baby
Get in there
I walked right up in heaven when I went in there
Put a plate up on that pussy, that's my dinner there
Thought I told you baby all I do is win in there
Oooh
Put a whole fuckin' bag in her bag
She don't hit the club 'til she say she kill the bag
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