

Booty Drop

U-God

Yeah, come on, yup, rock the spot
Yup, yup, come on, yo
If the clubs on fire, let the panic room, burn baby burn
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Last call for alcohol, you know thugs don't dance
We play the back trap, holdin' up the wall
Ready to brawl, out, in the pitbull stance
I could see shorty's ass through her pants
She put me in a trance, I had to take a chance
Grabbed her by the hand, and spit the game plan
Then she said (Dammnnnnnnnnnn) but I'm not Fabolous
I'm more extravagant than Cardier glasses
The party of the year, and I'm bangin' out
Chain hangin' out, like my dick swingin' out of my boxers
Music off the rockers, your door now
Could bounce to the sounds of the D.J
Non stop constant hits, with no replay

It's easy as 1, 2, 3, move freely
You gotta preach a couple of goons to come speak to me
Now every weekend we roll Mobb Deep, to the clubs and cars and jeeps

Shake that ass (do you want me to fast or slow, pa)
Girl make your booty drop
Work them hips (do you want it like that, or like this, pa)
Girl make your booty drop
Grind from behind (do you want me to rush or take my time, pa)
Girl make your booty drop
Rock the spot (do you want me to give it all I got, pa)
Girl make your booty drop

Shake what your momma gave ya
I could kiss your dad, cuz I'm glad he made ya
When we do the nasty, we wake the neighbors
Lollypop condoms in exotic flavors
Hey, cuz, the beat goes on, back that ass up
That junk in the trunk makes me stack my cash up
Plus cats whiplash, the Benz, I crashed up
It's so bootylicious, it's hard to pass it up
That's what's up, ride the magic ooh love shaft
Champagne wishes with a candlelit bubble bath
Drippin' down your body, I could see it in sun splash
With a burnt grib I'mma squeeze and clutch that
He can't read, now feel it in your stomach touch
Creamy in the middle like an Oreo Doublestuff
Girl, in this world, I'm a squirrel that's trynna get a nut
She sexy, sexy, doin' the butt

Do you like it (I like it) Do you want it (I want it)
Do you need it (I need it) Well get on it (I'm on it)

I'm the trojan man with the platinum rod
If your milkshake brings all the boys to the yard
You got toys to massage your g-spot
Plus handcuffs lock me up like the police cops
Sweetheart, go, you can do it, put your back into it

You're rump shakin' to the beat, while I'm rappin' to it
Exclusive to get you wet, in the discotecque
Harder than the Thong Song that made Sisqo sweat
Official on the set, to all my g-string divas
Work that pole, girl, make me a believer
The speakers pop, call me Sir Mix-A-Lot
Now show me what you got, then drop it like it's hot

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