

## 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 (Dammmmmmmmmn) 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

Girl make your booty drop  
Girl make your booty drop  
Girl make your booty drop