

Shake That Thing

Gwyneth Paltrow

Finally Friday night, got to get feeling right
Low cut tank top, blue jeans skin tight
Nine o'clock dance hall, walking in, struttin' tall
Lookin' so good, boys scratchin' on the eight ball
Belly up to the bar, Cuervo, PBR
Flirting with the bartender, hey baby, no charge
Band's playing my song, gotta get my groove on
Ride Sally, ride Sally, ride it all night long
If you got it, flaunt it
Make the cowboys want it
You gotta shake that thing
(Shake that thing)
Shake that thing
(Shake that thing)
Closing time, two o'clock, party in the parking lot
Dancing on a flat bed, everybody's getting hot
Swiggin' on some Wildcat, bumpin' old school rap
Give that girl a brass pole, where'd she learn to do that?
If you got it, flaunt it
Make the cowboys want it
You gotta shake that thing
(Shake that thing)
Shake that thing
(Shake that thing) East, west, north, south
Let it all hang out
Move it up move it down, take that country into town
Shake that thing
If you got it, flaunt it
Make the cowboys want it
You gotta shake that thing
(Shake that thing)
Shake that thing
(Shake that thing) You gotta shake that thing
(Shake that thing)
Shake that thing

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