

Low (feat. T-Pain) [Travis Barker Remix]

Flo Rida

Shawty had them Apple Bottom Jeans
Boots with the fur
The whole club was lookin' at her
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.
Them baggy sweat pants
& the Reeboks with the straps
She turned around & gave that big booty a slap
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.
I ain't never seen nuthin' that'll make me go
This crazy all night spendin' my dough
Had a million dollar vibe & a bottle to go
Them birthday cakes, they stole the show
So sexual, she was flexible
Professional, drinkin' X & O
Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I
Whoa
Did I think I seen shorty get Low
Ain't the same when it's up that close
Make it rain, I'm makin' it snow
Work the pole, I got the bank roll
I'm a say that I prefer them no clothes
I'm into that, I love women exposed
She threw it back at me, I gave her more
Cash ain't a problem, I know where it goes.
She had them...
Apple Bottom Jeans
Boots with the fur
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Next thing you know
Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.Hey
Shawty what I gotta do to get you home

My jeans full of gwap
And they ready for Shones
Cadillacs Maybachs for the sexy grown
Patrone on the rocks that'll make you moan.
1 stack, come on 2 stacks, come on
3 stacks, come on, now that's 3 grand
What you think I'm playin' baby girl
I'm the man, I'll bend the rubber bands. That's what I told her, her legs on my shoulder I knew it
was ova, that Henny & Cola
Got me like a Soldier
She ready for Rover, I couldn't control her
So lucky oo me, I was just like a clover
Shorty was hot like a toaster
Sorry but I had to fold her
Like a pornography poster She showed her... Apple Bottom Jeans
Boots with the fur
The whole club was lookin' at her
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.
Them baggy sweat pants
& the Reeboks with the straps
She turned around & gave that big booty a slap
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low. Whoa
Shawty
Yea she was worth the money
Lil' mama took my cash
& I ain't want it back
The way she bit that rag
Got her them paper stacks
Tatto above her crack I had to handle that.
I was on it, sexy woman, let me shonin' They be want it two in the mornin'
I'm zonin in them rosay bottles foamin'
She wouldn't stop, made it drop
Shorty did that pop & lock
Had to break her off that gwap
Gah it was fly just like my glock.
Apple Bottom Jeans
Boots with the fur
The whole club was lookin' at her
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know
Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.
Them baggy sweat pants
& the Reeboks with the straps
She turned around & gave that big booty a slap
She hit the Floor
Next thing you know

Shawty got Low Low Low Low Low Low Low Low.
Come on.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>