

# 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  
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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  
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 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.  
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 & 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/>