

Give Her the Keys

E-40

Yeah (Ehhh!!)

Yeah (Ehhh!!)

Ahh Huh!!

Ahh Huh!!

Uuuugggghhh!!

Yeah Mane!!

It's Magic!!

E40 & my partna T-Pain

(Nappy Boy!!)

Open up that garage

It's a big fat car

With a big fat bow on top (on top)

It's a Bentley Coupe with the roof let back

Now shawty you know that's hot

Imma give her the keys

(Uuuggghh!!) Ooohh (Uuuggghh!!) Ooohh (Uuuggghh!!) Ooohh

Now shawty sang it to me

Oooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!!

And Imma give her the keys

Oooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!! Ooohh!!

Uuuugggghhh!!!!

From a bucket to a Benz

A Benz to a Bentley

Down with me from the start

Got my back like a tank top

When I used to be on the block

She hid my rocks in her yacht

Got a special place in my heart

She knows how to play her part

Every time I look at you darling

I get a hard on

You sexy without your make up on

I wanna bone

Move you out the hood

I told you I would

I'm not phony

We both from the same place

Grew up on fried bologna

They say the opposites attract

But we gotta a lot in common

Behind every boss player is a boss woman

Imam fiend when it come to our cooking

You do your thang

Throw down like Paula Dean

Neck bones & collard greens

Born in the mud, raised in the trap

Down ass broad, never been a sap

If I ever need bail, went to jail, got popped

You'll be Johnny on the spot

You'll come & get me out

A loyalist, not just a friend to me

We was meant to be

We got chemistry
You like when I lay this pipe
Been around each other so long
They say we starting to look a like
Starting to think a like
Getting our money right
Fuss, fight, then make love all night
California king on a California queen
My California dream
We make a good team

It's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Can't nothing separate us
You're my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
It's the little things that count
Any means much
Can't nothing come between us
Cant nothing separate us
You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick
You my backbone
You my rib
You my chick

Yeah mane!!
It's a drought on loyal females
The good ones is hard to find mane
So when you find a good one
Hold on to that broad
Mane you hear me

[CHORUS]