

I know what you came here to see
If you're a freak, then ya coming home with me
And I know what you came here to do
Now bust it open let me see you get low
It's going down for real
It's going down for real
It's going down for real

Your girl just kissed a girl
I do bi chicks
Shake for a shake
I'm throwing these Emirates in the sky
Spinning this As-salamu alaykum
Peace to M.O.N.E.Y
I love my beaches, south beaches
Surfboard and high tide
I could just roll up
Cause I'm swoll up
So that birthday cake get a cobra
Buggati for real, I'm cold bruh
That auto-biography rover
Got the key to my city it's over
It's no thots, only Anna Kournikova's
I said rackets, ratchets hold up
(I said rackets, ratchets hold up)

And they already know me
It's going down further than femurs
Girls get wetter than Katrina
Yeah my girl you never seen her
Cause my tints by limousines
My touch is the Midas
We de-plus your man to minus
My team blowing on that slam
Make you cough-cough that's Bronchitis
Put your hands up
It's a stick up, no more makeup
Get that ass on the floor
Ladies put your lipstick up
Double entendre, double entendre
While you're hating I get money
Then I double up tonkers

Lift it, drop it, shake it, pop it
Lift it, drop it, shake it, pop it
Lift it, drop it, shake it

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