

Shorty

Next

Shorties everywhere
Bounce, bounce
Uh huh, now bounce, bounce
Come on, uh huh
Come on shorty
Bounce, bounce
(Bounce for me)
That's right, come on

I met her at a naughty show
I'm thinking 'bout felacio
But, but you gotta hit me, oh
Didn't think she would though

Got home and had a voice mail
It's her, like butter for real
Left the number to her cell
Sayin' when I'll be free, give her a yell

Never knew you'd be the one for me
Never knew all the things you done, done for me
Who'd have known you'd have a son for me
Just gotta let you know

- Shorty
You can have my box number, cell number
Fax number, mamma number
Call me
I'll be right there
Always baby, cuz you want me
Phone me
I will never hurt you
Never leave you, I'll always want you
Shorty
You know you're like my homey
Cuz you're my shorty

She the type that go outside, house shoes
Weave undone, and still look good, son
Type to fight at the club
When a nigga' tryin' to mug
Cuz it's how she show her love
Type that go through your pants pockets when you sleep
Check your pager when it beep
Tryin' to catch you on the creep
She'll wash your clothes, cook your food
Watch the kids, love at the same time
I'm so glad she's mine

I knew you were the one for me
I know my playa days were done for me
Shorty girl, you're really something
And I just wanna let you know, oh

Shorty gotta let you know
How much you mean to me
I'll never let you go

Never, never, never
Shorty, shorty

You've always been down for me
(Always been down for me)
Always been down for me
So anything you'll ever need
(Anything you'll ever need)
Oh (Let me know)
Shorty (Shorty)
Shorty (Shorty)

- Come on now shorty
Bounce, bounce, bounce
If ya love your shorty
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Come on now shorties
Bounce, bounce, bounce
If ya love your shorties
Bounce, bounce

Shorty