

Booty in The Air

Das Racist

She got her booty in the air and her hands on the ground
She keep her booty in the air and shake it all around
She got her booty in the air like an airplane
She got her booty in the air, in the air, mayne
She got her booty in the air like her booty was a cloud
And when her booty clap, you know the booty clap loud

Booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Shake it all around!
Put your booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Shake it all around!
Put your booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Shake it all around!
Put your booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Booty in the air!
Shake it all around!

She got her booty in the air and her mind in the gutter
The way your body move, girl, you need you some butter
She said, she said, "Nobody got a booty like mine"
I said, "You're right, your booty's my lifeline"
In my life I try to live with decency
Right here, right now, I wish you were freakin' me
Freak with me frequently, sleep with me and freak some D
And you can see what livin' with a G can be like
You're right, your booty is my lifeline
Your booty is my high life-line

One, two, three, four
Inside of Brooklyn, we go hunting
This situation is a murderous thing
Outside of Brooklyn we go hunting
Back in Ethiopia
Inside of Brooklyn, we go hunting
This situation is a murderous thing
Outside of Brooklyn we go hunting
No, no, no, no
Me not a terrorist, me not a con man
Me only keep a weapon for protection
Never never take the life of an innocent one
She go, "Booyaka! Booyaka! Booyaka!"
Booyaka! Booyaka! Booyaka!
Now follow me, follow me, follow me, son

I like this girl and she like me too!
Me like this girl and she