

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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