

Money On the Floor (feat. E-40)

Too \$hort

I said hey lil momma, what's the deal?
Talk to me, girl I'ma keep it real
I've been on you since you walked thru tha door
Now drop it low like there's money on the floor
Like theres money on the floor
Now drop it low like theres Money on the floor!
Now drop it low like it's money on the floor
Pick it up girl, pick it up girl
Drop it low like there's money on the floor!
Pick it up girl, pick it up, girl
Drop it low like it's money on the floor!
All that sexy dancing, the hair and the dresses, it's so romantic
It's so sexual, wiggle that body girl let it go
It's got me intoxicated
Like drugs, it's got me faded
The visual is amazing
3-D digital entertainment
The women are beautiful here
And they come from everywhere
From all over the world
Come here, you see the most beautiful girls
They make you clap, throw that back
Bend over and show that crack
That booty is so damn fat
How you make it go like that?
I said hey lil momma, what's the deal?
Talk to me, girl I'ma keep it real
I've been on you since you walked thru tha door
Now drop it low like there's money on the floor
Like theres money on the floor
Now drop it low like theres Money on the floor!
Now drop it low like it's money on the floor
Pick it up girl, pick it up girl
Drop it low Like there's money on the floor!
Pick it up girl, pick it up, girl
Drop it low like it's money on the floor!E-40:
She a flirt, she look like pimp milk come out when she squirt
She don't believe in wearing panties under her skirt
No bra under her shirt
I like the way she twerk
This ya one right here, baby, this your motivation
Make your cheeks applaud like a standing ovation

Got my dick hard like incarceration
Let me buy you a drink, intoxication
Hello, and then squared by this hustler here
Main, main. give the chick a Chinese name, name
One goal! Play head games
But you want more, more!
Get it real within your world, it's mackin on Miami
Yeah they call me Earl
I rap and i rhyme but I used to sell that swirl
That white, white, white candycane and Mother of Pearl
Its right, right, right I said hey lil momma, what's the deal?
Talk to me, girl I'ma keep it real
I've been on you since you walked thru tha door
Now drop it low like there's money on the floor
Like theres money on the floor
Now drop it low like theres Money on the floor!
Now drop it low like it's money on the floor
Pick it up girl, pick it up girl
Drop it low Like there's money on the floor!
Pick it up girl, pick it up, girl
Drop it low like it's money on the floor I need to penetrate her
it up like a generator
And Make electricity
With that booty, she don't miss da beat
I don't wanna kiss the freak
That ass is just a magical mystery
I can't take that shit
Put her on top, she'll break that dick
Shopaholic, sellout, you got a badass shape, like Coco
She young but her body full of figure
You oughta see her momma, they could pass for sisters
For some strange reason, I gotta think
It's something about a bra and some white jeans
Make her feeling through her pants when she back it up
Thicker than the reese's peanut butter cup I said hey lil momma, what's the deal?
Talk to me, girl I'ma keep it real
I've been on you since you walked thru tha door
Now drop it low like there's money on the floor
Like theres money on the floor
Now drop it low like theres Money on the floor!
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Pick it up girl, pick it up girl
Drop it low Like there's money on the floor!
Pick it up girl, pick it up, girl!
Drop it low like it's money on the floor!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

