

# 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!  
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!

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

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

