I

The Wyrm

Man holla at ya dog Petey Petey hey y'all hey y'all
Carolina bird dog, still got my shirt off
Still reppin' for convicts in Sing-sing to Burgaw
Still rockin' with T-T-Timbaland uh-uh uh-uh
I got a different role, different stroll
Impose, every nigga in here tryin' best to fuck with Petey hoes
I got em by the boat load, dark skin to pink-toes
Lil' bitty to big hoe, nineteen to forty-fo'
I got some 1965 pantyhose
Still in the plastic bag now tell me
I ain't a Macaroni Jerome Jerome to Don Corleone
Petey Petey the pussy beater I suck 'em, fuck 'em, send 'em home
I gets my thug on, weekends, I get me club on, we in
So many hotels boy I ought to buy my own
Petey-ott, Petey swiss, Petey inn, Petey I, Petey I
Man we did it again
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh
P-p-pardon me dog, it's the gitchie from the gitchie bar
It's really a tittie bar but I ain't got no license for it
I got the what they want plenty H, plenty O
Plenty guns, plenty bows motherfucker chew ya road
You ain't never seen this before
But when this shit drop, all she wrote
International playa D-D-Deah you go
All they want is that Timbaland and Petey Pablo
Now watch me ball, da-dunna-dunna
Rims spinnin', 20's on all the cars, da-dunna-dunna
Every time we hit 'em they different broads, da-dunna-dunna
Now y'all ain't ready
I'm the jumping in the Jumping Jack Flash
You don't hear the way ya disc jumpin' across the track
Nigga I'm a jumpin' ass

Fist stomp I know you mad but ain't too much you can do 'bout that
'Cause I'll make 'em stop the track tighten my belt and whoop y'all ass
Y'all niggas gon' understand why niggas don't wanna drop shit this year
Five and five equals ten Petey Pab Timbaland is all it is
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh
I'm the quicker picker-upper crazy soda can crusher
River, rock path, mobile home country motherfucker
Rep the dirty like a car commercial you ain't heard it pitchin'
Like the smell in the pasture, I'm the Cacky-lacky shit
Tr-tr-trash talkin' som' bitch, trust me man I ain't the one to get mad at
Petey Pab got a bag of vats and a gat if it come to that
So nigga-nigga don't act like that, playin'
Get a nigga smacked like that, I'm sayin'
Get a nigga wig pushed back, damn Timbaland where ya at
In a 18-wheeler blowin' my horn-horn
Granddad in the field pickin' beans and corn-corn
Mama never saw that a star was born-born
Mama said star go mow that lawn-lawn
I said it's hot as hell a nigga need some lemonade
Bump it it's 2000 a nigga needs some Minute Maid
Go head and act up get cut with this switch blade
Nigga you better pay attention what the hook say
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them stunts uh, I said
I, got them girls, got them thangs
Got them guns, got them stunts, uh uh
KMI was a bullfrog

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