

Whooo

4Lyn

Yo, I park my ride on the left side
I'm feeling kind a-ight 'cause I know
That my stupid ass is gonna get drunk tonight
A quick view to the backyard
My boys are all there
So high 5's everywhere, a well known smell
From the inside so who got the endo
I wanna know 'cause my brain said so
So I followed the fog until the heart of the party
Chilli Palmer with a blunt and a glass of Bacardi
Yo, it's all good but something is missing
I don't know what it is and I have to go pissing
But there's somebody knocking at the door
And right about now I'm looking at a girl that I never saw before
Right about now I start to stare
Oh, fuck it, my eyes are ready see her bare and Kane says
Ronnie Braz, what you're gonna do?
I better go and relax and get myself another brew
Whooo, hey, yo, this chick is the bomb, y'all
Whooo
Whooo, hey, yo, this chick is the bomb
Whooo
Somebody tell me what her name is
Somebody tell me what the number of this dame is
Does she got a man or is she creeping on a solo tip
Yo, take a look at her hips, I try to lick my lips
But my tongue seems to weigh a ton
And I said to myself, you've got to talk to her Ron, yo
It's easier said than done but I'm a do it
It's a hard job I'm a go through it
So come on, baby, we gotta talk
It's too noisy in here so let's go outside for a walk
My homies smiled as we passed
And Kane said, "Did a nice job Mr. Braz"
We're strictly headin' for my car
And thank the holy Lord that my way ain't that far
'Cause Mr. Braz goes on a mission
And I will tell this girl what it's like to go fishing
Ronnie and this chick on the way to knock boots
Two wicked minds on their way to get loose
One load of sperm is getting out of control
Rock 'n' roll
The bomb
The bomb

Songwriters

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