Hips, Lips and Fingertips

Muck Sticky

Well let's get down to the dirty nitty gritty.
This funky long haired chronic junky bouncing through your city.
Suck your tittie with my mouth,yes im from the south.
Can you hear it in my voice does it make your nanny moist?
But i want to pound everytime you come around.
I tried to talk to you but you always turned me down.
I think that you would drown if there came a sudden shower.
Your nose is stuck up in the air just like the eiffle tower.
I serve a higher power baby listen to the sticky.
My message is subliminal i know its kinda tricky.
Pay me close attention then you might understand.
This message that im sending to you women cross the land.
Im your number one fan i got nookie on the brain.
I love that tang when its on my ding-a-ling.

Hips lips and fingertips.
Pass me the tray and ill do the twist.
M-U-C-K-S-T-I-C-K-Y i gots to fly bitch.

Im gonna quit my job cleaning greasy kitchens.
Grab the microphone and put your brain into submission.
ima get rowed out on your pretty little kitty.
Get busy with your mom and then ill grab her titty.
Make her scream with pleasure "I love you mervous"
Token that love shit makes me kinda nervous.
Cause im married to one woman and her name is mary jane.
Unless i can smoke you i aint buyin you a ring.
But it aint no thing we can bounce the bed springs.
Take you to the drive-in movies or hit to the bowling lane.
I really dont care i just want to catch a buzz.
Play some loud ass music and let willy fit your glove.
Hear the funky beats ringin? *bing* Thats my penis singin.
As im walking out the door you"ll hear my pockets jing-a-lingin.

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Muck Sticky! Is that that man that makes a nasty tapes.?
Yes mam it is plus my belly's out of shape.

Ive been drinking to much soda and eatin to much pizza.
Im burpin and im fartin while im sayin nice to meetcha.
Im a nasty little critter with a big fat anaconda.
You can catch me with your mama in the back seat of my honda.
Smoke more dope then peterponda bang more tang without a ring.
No i dont remember you im not my cling to fame.
Just thank the lord for this gift that ive been given.
Manufactured by god and its marijuana driven.
And im living for the music cause the music lives for me.
Having lots of fun? Doin what i please.
Takin time to appreciate the things that make this life so great.

Hips lips and fingertips.
Pass me the tray and ill do the twist.
M-U-C-K-S-T-I-C-K-Y i gots to fly bitch.

Lyrics submitted by Destiny.

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