

Wheaties (Feat. Shawna)

Tech N9ne

Tech9, here in the mix
Here in the mix with your boyfriend, baby
Bobby Bang and his death time for the hot ninety nine
With Tech 9 featuring Shawna
'Bout to wear that ass out, ten ways to Sunday
So you better eat your wheaties My energy's pumping, it's finna be something to see
'Cause when I be drunk then it's sin to be humping with me
If women be crunk and authentic we jump in the B
In a minute we bump into the finish, T punching the V Like a prize fighter eyes light up when I glide by the
thighs
Try the size, why the cries? 'Cause I be the pied piper, wide or tighter
I'm like a pie-diver, prize swiper, rider all night to the hide hiker
I been away for a long while, sick of just being your phone-pal You might be needing your long towels
When I get to you, it's on now, wow
Better gas up when you with the king kong, gal
Get it, pivot, women, dig it, lick it, then I hit it
Girl, that's my grown style I'm really gonna be living in what you're giving
I'ma lower you like I'm Peppy Le Peau
Give me the goodies, I wanna know if you wanna get on top of me
No, I gotta be when I'm stepping to you Give it away to Nina, repeat it, I feel it up when I beat it
You never want me to leave but you gotta please me thorough
If you wanna piece of a gorilla, you want it with Tecca Nina
Better eat your wheaties, girl Baby, I hope you ate your wheaties
When you see me it won't be easy, yeah
Hope your intention ain't to tease me
You wanna please me, better eat your wheaties, girl I know you want me, baby, do I make you horny, baby?
I can tell by your eyes, you want me to ride you like a horsey, baby
Better back up off me, baby
Oh, you're not the type to be scurred If you feel this, we can do it real big
Maybe you can meet me in the back of the G4
We can do it in the 'Lac on the D-low
We can do it on the track for the people Seen you looking at the ass, we do it for the cash
I throw it like craps at the C-low, never had one like me, shorty
When I'm done, when the wife is shouting
Maybe thinking that she's like me but you see, it's just unlikely, shorty When I get him, I'ma get in the rhythm
And have him feeling like he never ever felt before
Get up in him and I fill him with venom
And have him chillin' and drilling me from the night to the morn' Baby, you gotta be taking over me, part of me,
pardon me

After he got me in the zone
Love it when he call me on the phone
He never been in love so much but see the body in a thong
He like to put the nookie in his face
And every time I get out of line, he like to put me in my place
He put me in the A, or should I say the 745
Gotta 45 chillin' in the safe
So whatcha wanna say? Your boy wanna see me
He trying to meet me 'cause I'm on TV
Better believe I want you
And I finna come through 'cause I ate my wheaties
Baby, I hope you ate your wheaties
When you see me it won't be easy, yeah
Hope your intention ain't to tease me
You wanna please me, better eat your wheaties, girl
Since I gotta super label and
I got a big amount to pay the hand
So can a nigga get a table dance?
You looking hotter than Zatarains
And I'm thinking of getting laid again
I don't give a damn about who that belong to
Don't keep the Nina waiting any longer
Want to be the lucky one to get up on you
C'mon, shake your booty, baby, do that conga
You don't wanna miss it 'cause I'ma hit it, terrific and I be so
Rugged, ya love it I'm, cock diesel
Me so, horny but don't be thinking I'm evil
Please your body 'cause baby, it's squisito
Don't get it twisted when you get with a nice cat
Give me what you want because they know when you like that
But get up in the sack, you won't be able to fight that
Brace on your neck and in your panties, an ice pack
Eat them wheaties and really you can get power
Come in and get at you every motherfucking hour
Give you a lot of it then we get up in the shower
Then hit Roscoe's on Sunset and Gower
I'ma leave for a minute but I'ma be back
You can videotape it, can't nobody see that?
Eat your wheaties 'cause everyday ya need that
So if'n you looking to see me, you better eat that
I'm comin' to get it, just so you know
Ain't no prison in the system that can hold a bro, no
And I'm gon' hit like I told you so
Don't be actin' like you forgot it, you're supposed to know, yo
Baby, I hope you ate your wheaties
When you see me it won't be easy, yeah
Hope your intention ain't to tease me
You wanna please me, better eat your wheaties, girl
Baby, I hope you ate your wheaties
When you see me it won't be easy, yeah
Hope your intention ain't to tease me
You wanna please me, better eat your wheaties, girl
Yeah, you better eat your wheaties, baby
And get a big ol' bowl of 'em too
The breakfast [Incomprehensible] and if you ain't got that
Get you some powerades and Gatorades [Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]

Songwriters

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