

# Wheee!

## Digital Underground

Ridin' in a drop top 'Vette doing ninety  
Front seat fresh ho, no five, oh, behind me  
I know it is a fat house party, so yo bust the def left  
Rich baby's parents went away for the weekend  
Oh, there's plenty of freaks left  
And there's gonna be freakin', the house party's peakin'  
So I'm sneakin' upstairs with a fresh stunt  
Grabbed the rump, pushed the stunt in the closet  
Sparked the blunt, humped the rump  
Puffed the blunt, bust a nut, aah ooh wee  
Boss says, it's cool to come to work when you can make it  
Halle Berry lyin' in your bed butt-stankin' naked  
The deck is on me, here's some more condoms I think I wanna gee  
She said, my friend, it makes me wanna sing me, me, me, me, me  
Boss says, it's cool to come to work when you can make it  
Halle Berry sittin', in your bed butt-stankin' naked  
You know what I'm saying, ay, I just gotta scream  
Wheee!  
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Wheee!  
Ha ha ha, I chuckle to myself  
That's the way I feel, you wanna know the scoop?  
When you're getting up, you're on your way to school  
And then you find out, that it's a holiday  
Tank is on full, the sun is in the sky  
So you drop the top, it's time get out  
Kind of how it is when you kick eight bars  
And not rhyme once and still sound fly  
Wheee! Peekin' at the Smith girl, sneakin' out the back door  
Leapin' in the neighbor's pool naked  
Story uhm, ahh, err, I scream, I  
Join in skinny dip swimming, shakin' when the wind blows  
Swan dive, ha ha ha, errr, umm, ah, fuck it  
Wheee!

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Wheee!

Whoopsy daisy, as she busts my eyes close  
Excuse the pitch if I slip and my rhyme's slow  
But I got a feelin' ho is appealin'  
I'm sittin' underground but my head is to the ceiling  
Ooh, I got a freak on the way  
She wants to come I'mma make her stay  
Wheee! 'Cause the girl love's to gee  
Especially when it comes to Clee  
And when I bust a nut I'll say, whee, hee hee  
Um, yeah, Smooth's havin' fun 'cause he's got his flow on  
Call me a freak jack-in-the-box, yeah, I'll go on  
A tight skirt and a tail makin' crazy mail  
In living color, gumbo from my mother  
Roller coaster, toast, jam  
Martin Lawrence skins when I slam  
Spill a fat drink like a gobstopper  
When you see me in a club, you know I'll holla  
In comes three times when I nut  
Put my dick in her butt, walked on her cunt  
I sneeze, made her jump, let me tell it  
Put my finger in her ass, let her smell it  
Close the door, pretend I'm takin' a shit  
But I really got my toes pointed, hand on my dick  
I'm sick, I got the flu, but I'll still kiss you till you smell like  
Doodoo, my ass is soggy  
My drawers are wet, they're kinda foggy  
I can't see a thing, I feel like a big fat  
Bing, bong, ding, dong, I got camel humps on my back  
I got bald head butt corduroy calluses all on my hand  
I smell like, uh, the Bee Gees band  
Damn, that shit was wack  
I'm snugglin' in the arms of a fresh stunt  
Bosoms in my grill, peepin' Benny Hill with a fat blunt  
John Madden, football, a fat hit off the beadie  
Doggystyle behind the bed and still can see the TV  
Silly cartoons is getting watched like Juju  
(Si, inspector)

I think I see the blootch  
Boom, my mistake, it was 'de boom'  
Bust in on my man in the next room  
Wheee! Fuck you, Johnny  
The spoon-fed Apple Jacks in bed room  
Fresh freak with the ice cubes and a lot of headroom [unverified]  
A dope ho strip show with all the girls we know  
I won't kiss the feet if the girlie's got cheese toes  
Clee won't leave me alone, I'm five gees, gone  
Wheee! Clee

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