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!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
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!

Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
Wheee!
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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