

Ding Dong Song

69 Boyz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

95 South and them Boyz 69
Prepare for the stabbin' 'cause it's ding-a-ling time
It ain't no interruption, so please unplug the phone
And get ready for the stabbin' from the ding-a-ling song
(Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Who, da dat, da dat, da dat) Yeah, 69 Boyz in the house, believe dat
Backed up by the 95 South and it goes like this, c'mon Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat Yo, don't try to fake the funk on
Go on, give you ya milk-bone, the ding-dong
So mangy kitty-cat, get back, get back
Get back, get back, uhh 'Cause I'm servin' well-done ground beef
Backed up by a glass of Sweet T
And you know my theme song
Uh, that ding-a-long So just call me ball park
'Cause I pump when you click your jaw
And girl, I'm surprised you took it all 'Cause I run you like a track meet
I can't wait, so jump in the back seat
In your caddy or bikini
So get ready, for the [unverified] And you know the words, so sing along
And prepare for the ding-ding, ding-along Girl, you know you's a winner
Tell me what you want for dinner
How 'bout a six-pack of that
Ding-ding-dong, da-dat, da-dat Help us, help us, 68
Who do you appreciate?
The one that's singin' you a sweet song
Or the one that's feedin' you ding-dong? 'Cause I can't sing too well
But I can make that kitty-cat swell

So before I push up
Hold your breath and wish yourself good luck
This ain't I Dream of Jeannie
And I ain't got no teeny weenie
Just call me King Kong
Leader of the pack when it comes to ding-dong
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
95 South, get on the mic now
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Come on over for a game of ping pong
I'll serve 'cause girl, I like ya
Pass ya 'round and lemme spike ya
So let a nigga get on ya
Pretty baby, I'm gonna
Call ya up one night to ring-a-ling
Put in your order for a 3 piece ding-a-ling
Or an extra crispy Dom dinner
I'm in her, yo fellas, I got a winner
'Cause I pack you with Dom till you fall asleep
Call me Black, or Daddy Dog Sheep
Hey yo, fellas, you gots to keep her
'Cause a nigga like Black'll creep her
Hey yo, girl, you can't go wrong
With this ing-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
It's the Booty Man
C'mon, c'mon, it's weenie-time
95 South down with 69
Ain't nuttin' but plumbers, you're gettin' weak
'Cause I'm deep in ya stomach
And it ain't no shame
Hey girl, let's go to the ball game
If you're hungry, I'll feed ya
I got a menu, so let me read ya
Hot smoked sausages and some salty peanuts
And great, big ol' hot dogs that'll sho' 'nuff fill ya up, right
But yo, don't try to eat too much
'Cause you know you might get choked
But you can't play around with a ding-a-long sandwich
'Cause it ain't no joke
So when you come inside to fight tonight
Be ready for the ding-a-ling
And you can bring your glove if you want this love
So step inside the ring
I got left jabs and right jabs
And I'ma hit you below the belt
I talked to the surgeon general
He said ding-a-ling was good for your health, uh
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat
Ding-ding, dong-a, ding-ding, da-dong-dong
Huh, true dat, true dat, true dat

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>