

# Whooo

## 4Lyn

Yo, I park my ride on the left side  
I'm feeling kind a-ight 'cause I know  
That my stupid ass is gonna get drunk tonight  
A quick view to the backyard  
My boys are all there  
So high 5's everywhere, a well known smell  
From the inside so who got the endo  
I wanna know 'cause my brain said so  
So I followed the fog until the heart of the party  
Chilli Palmer with a blunt and a glass of Bacardi  
Yo, it's all good but something is missing  
I don't know what it is and I have to go pissing  
But there's somebody knocking at the door  
And right about now I'm looking at a girl that I never saw before  
Right about now I start to stare  
Oh, fuck it, my eyes are ready see her bare and Kane says  
Ronnie Braz, what you're gonna do?  
I better go and relax and get myself another brew  
Whooo, hey, yo, this chick is the bomb, y'all  
Whooo  
Whooo, hey, yo, this chick is the bomb  
Whooo  
Somebody tell me what her name is  
Somebody tell me what the number of this dame is  
Does she got a man or is she creeping on a solo tip  
Yo, take a look at her hips, I try to lick my lips  
But my tongue seems to weigh a ton  
And I said to myself, you've got to talk to her Ron, yo  
It's easier said than done but I'm a do it  
It's a hard job I'm a go through it  
So come on, baby, we gotta talk  
It's too noisy in here so let's go outside for a walk  
My homies smiled as we passed  
And Kane said, "Did a nice job Mr. Braz"  
We're strictly headin' for my car  
And thank the holy Lord that my way ain't that far  
'Cause Mr. Braz goes on a mission  
And I will tell this girl what it's like to go fishing  
Ronnie and this chick on the way to knock boots  
Two wicked minds on their way to get loose  
One load of sperm is getting out of control  
Rock 'n' roll  
The bomb  
The bomb  
The bomb

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