Get On Dis Motorcycle

Petey Pablo

AH!
[Females voices humming][Petey Pablo - talking]Y'all ready ..
Y'all ready ..
Y'all ready ..
[Verse 1 - Petey Pablo]One of the illest rhymers that ever came outta Carolina, put this whole shit on the map
Went back got two states, y'all crammed way to the back
and brought 'em up to the where the rest of 'em at (cause I can do that)
Granddaddy was real strong, daddy was in the Army
I was a bad motherfucker, slightly retarded
Mentally institutionalized, since the '85
Buildin tree houses (that the wind couldn't blow down)
Look at me now, holdin it down
Doin it well, I ain't triple platinum yet (but ain't gon' worry 'bout it)
I'm wearin the good damn crown, man I'm the president
And reppin both states (back here in Carolina)
Where the hell did you find 'em? (boy is an animal)
His flow is incredible, style is bananas
I just wanna go to the Grammy's and I don't care if I win
Just to say I've been god dammit (god dammit)
[Chorus - Petey Pablo - 2X]Get on dis motorcycle
Get on dis motorcycle
And that way you can ride wit a ... (y'all ready)
Get on dis motorcycle
Get on dis motorcycle
And get your hips on in the big ass truck (y'all ready)
[motorcycle engine][Verse 2 - Petey Pablo]On the hurl and dirt road, them big ass pot holes
Lay in a - old home, lay in a - screen doors
Car in the back yard, dog chain tied up
Ain't drove it in years, sittin on nothin

Spit crunk mosquito buckets, hot wood heaters
Hooked up Honda Accord, with house speakers
Bag, phone and beeper, corduroys and sneakers
Pit Spike Lee's and them shell toe Adidas
You don't know shit 'bout Petey (Petey)
Real definition of the greasy, grimy and gritty
You really fittin to sellin drugs for another nigga
Always lookin at me like your trigger finger itchin

I give ya my best witness, when you come to handle your business
You better be ready to get it, cause I don't be bullshittin
I'm up into plastic bottles cause if I keep on feelin the way I'm feelin
I'ma blow up in this motherfucker
[Chorus - 2X - w/ ad libs][Verse 3 - Bubba Sparxxx]Twenty-seven dollars to my name, headed up
85 pissy drunk, Petey still made me drive
Left off from LaGrange, passin through Squattenburg
On the way to High Point and my speech startin to slur
Better tell these sons of bitches, boy to move won't allow for me
To stop and say I'm sorry to this dude and this scout
It was just a little bump, shit you dented my Ferrari
Don't call the law, shit is rented, look I'm sorry
All we have done in the name of the south
Gave these ugly motherfuckers somethin to "Raise Up" about
But I'm still unfulfilled, since my daddy still drivin
That fuckin school bus, know that Bubba still strivin
I want me a label, want me a mansion
Timmy can't give it to me, Jimmy ain't spit it to me
Rest assure though, the day is approachin
When these old country boys ain't just playin, they coachin
[Petey Pablo - talking]Get on dis motorcycle ..
Y'all ready, get on dis motorcycle
[motorcycle engine], y'all ready
Get on dis motorcycle ..
Y'all ready
Get on dis motorcycle [motorcycle engine]
HEYYY!
[Chorus] - 2X

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