

# Open Wide

## FucThat

Yes sirree, no he didn't  
Yeah, they did, yeah, they did  
(Freaky, freaky)  
Who just stepped off in this game  
And foresizin' them white thangs  
And invited y'all to test me wherever they might hang?  
Didn't need no Hannibal to see Betty got nice brain  
Now they thankin', I'm disturbed, believe me I'm quite sane  
See we managed to find them flows, somehow, it's easy y'all  
Take the hardest Timmy beat massage it and make it soft  
Go 'head take it off, I won't tell yo' daddy, baby  
I always had game but I've been extra savvy lately  
You probably saw me at the corners in that candy Dodge Ram  
Folks who ain't heard the news say, "Look at Andy, God damn"  
That must be renowned fam 'cause I ain't even got a Dodge  
But still that same raggy, quite import in my garage  
I swear on every ounce of blood in my mama's veins  
That I walk these dogs across this country, twice to stop the pain  
So, I'm handin' Tim the leash and when I do I hope you cry  
Now, tell these sons of bitches get this gate open wide  
Here we come, so please, somebody tell them to get open wide  
Got three Bettys and I might go tell them that they open wide  
Got this thang out on the back, country rollin' is open wide  
It's what? Open wide, it's what? Open wide, whoa  
Here we come, so please, somebody tell them to get open wide  
Got three Bettys and I might go tell them that they open wide  
Got this thang out on the back, country rollin' is open wide  
It's what? Open wide, it's what? Open wide, whoa  
Now shit's, sorta changed, since I strolled, in this thang  
'Cause I froze, on your brain, like a nose, full of 'caine  
Now I, try me a few drugs just to, find me a new buzz  
But that, time gave me too much, thank God, I finally grew up  
How could, I bring this so raw? Pack up, sing your shit on law  
You mad? Well, then that's yo' loss, that's why, yo' bitch is on toss  
Drink up, if you really wanna run, y'all wild like Timmy on the drums  
They know, not to get me on the rum

Four-fifth, that is heavy when I'm done  
Y'all want me to bust? Y'all sure y'all want me to bust?

I'm in the zone to bust, goin' adjust to the home of the fuss  
Am I versatile? Probably the best y'all heard in a while  
Have mercy child, don't just shake it, twerk it with style  
Don't y'all love when I talk? How I sell it the way it was bought  
The way I was taught, really I fought this battle for naught  
And in conclusion, let me say that I'm on yo' side  
To hell with Bubba, now show your pride and open wide  
Here we come, so please, somebody tell them to get open wide  
Got three Bettys and I might go tell them that they open wide  
Got this thang out on the back, country rollin' is open wide  
It's what? Open wide, it's what? Open wide, whoa  
I was sippin' pro, Remi slow, did enough to breakin' the law  
Flavors froze, songs I chose 'til I get the crowd involved  
So, I do shows and I lift clothes and point the mic to y'all  
Which pistol, could get yo', eyes away from the bar?  
Problem solved, stir and call the food court in the mall  
And any chick, that I saw, I got her number and all  
Help me y'all, if her closet is too small  
For some domino drawers or a piece of her bra  
I would reckon that one of her damn digits is off  
I legitimately call and end up with a pizza that's large  
So, I'm sick of you broads and you neighborhood stars  
Don't care about your cars like Bubba, get out the yard  
Listen, damn it, Bubba pay attention to my hoes with extension  
Got my vogues on suspension, got my pushes in the kitchen  
Got my streets, on a mission, got my corners with they trickin'  
There's no fam in this business, came in too fast  
(Sorry)  
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Got three Bettys and I might go tell them that they open wide  
Got this thang out on the back, country rollin' is open wide  
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