

Overtime (feat. Stevie Stone)

Tech N9ne

Yeah so, since I was 10 tears older then her (heh-yeah)
She tried to give me that "Coming to America" spiel, y'knahmsayin like
"Some guys, put in an hour - some of 'em, even an hour and a half"
"But a man gotta put in overtime for me to get off" [laughing][Chorus]
Work it baby (work it baby)
I'ma give you extra, you deserve it baby (deserve it baby)
Put a star next to you cause your perfect baby (perfect baby) all the time
Clock out, clock in for overtime (overtime)If you think we 'bout to go to sleep - forget about it
You really doubt it, though we can make the synergys link
In the middle of the night I'm fixin to enter the pink
Never the one to be stingy I leave my dinner, she winks (geah)
Cause she think she got me and her percentage be Brinks
But I'ma stick it without a ticket in the tender she thinks
Suck me up and then I can become her energy drink (gyah!)
And that's what she gon' need (geah)
Punchin the clock, I'm not gonna be done on three
Baby you probably wanna kick it and get 'er done on E
But you ever have steamy sexual fun on weed?
So I told her N9ne!
No I don't look it but I'm the older kind
But that dont mean I'ma stick it and quit it, forget it
Because tonight I'ma 'bout to get it in overtime[Chorus]Said I - love your body, love your pace
Love it when you maneuver your body off my space
and weather the chase, and have your body off in a daze
Now could'cha feel the hormones, they off of the rage
Now check it - let me take a little dose of the page
I'm hittin for hours and hours, hours hours and days
All the positions I'm feelin real kinky today
I've waited to play my trombone have a parade (have a parade)
Kitty kitty kitty kitty c'mere
Well there's a couple little things I wanna say in ya ear
I'm shiftin gears, love it when I strike the wheel
Leave ya stoned in the bed I'ma freak for real!
Baby girl, I'ma freak for real
A little too much tongue got me head over heels
Wetter the chill, head shot ready to kill
Ready to deal, head watch, watch you will[Chorus]Baby, baby gave me a job and I love it
I know you'll be lovin the way you'll throb when you hug it
When I got the punani I thought the job really was it

Before the punani you take the job and you shove it
Feel like a nigga makin love when I does it
On the clock I'ma stop it, when it buzz I'ma plug it
Good enough for me to be your husband in public
You really be wantin to pack a stud in your luggageUhh! Pack a stud in your luggage
Break down baby Stone gon' love it
Finally bang her, make a nigga wan' love it
Make me wanna snatch it, C2 grub it
Huh! It's one of a kind
You and your girls, and I come on with the N9ne
Spread them legs and open wide
Give you that overtime[Chorus]

Songwriters

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