

Bowtie

The Lower 48

[Chorus] Crocodile on my feet
Fox fur on my back
Bowtie 'round my neck
That's why they call me the gangsta mack
In the Cadillac! Yeah!
Nasty Noompsy Nightingale
Fresh in that tuxedo
Cumberbun with no suspenders
My torpedo, you libido
Need to chat (Chip, chop it up, shoot the breeze!)
I'm your are-o-l-a-I-d-s, release the squeeze or release the keys
To the shackles on her wrist, she can tackle some of this
Smack on smack on some of this Dick Tracy
Arrest her, book her, fingerprint your hooker
You took her to the club and now her body is full of liquor
Off that Butterscotch Schnapps and Bailey's Irish Cream
She's a damsel in distress impressed with stylish things
What ya mean? (Chip, chop it up, shoot the breeze!)
In the parking lot we primp, crooked booty to the scene where I's
[Chorus]
Oh, lord! How can it be so hard??
To put on a pair of panties much less a pair of jeans or the leotard
But I got to start by complimenting you on your physique
You unique, you best believe I'm gon' skeet once I speak
Spoke, spit, spatter, spat and I macked her just like that
But it takes years of perseverance and experience to get that cat!
So why don't I chase this Hennessy down with some of that
On your back, like a cheerleader missing the final stack!
As we strut skip the line through the glass window glance
We look fine, right on time
As we step in the place the nursery's crunk we've come to play
Everybody's watching 'cause them furs just hit the door
While the gator's creeping, crawling oh so wicked across that floor
To the V.I.P. where we proceed to give you what you need
Throw your hands up if you feel me!! Throw your hands up if you feel me!!
'Cause we well designed and fine as wine
Feel good to be fly, so don't you ask me why
I got the ladies in line, because they can't deny
So raise your hands to the sky 'cause we super fly

[Chorus]

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