

Who's Booty

EPMD

Yo, at a hip-hop club was a girl I met
She was hot you can bet, her body dripped with sweat
I kicked it to her, and her name was kim
She said let's jet because she was ready for the jim
Browski I doubt thee e would front
So like a real stunt, I rolled the blunt
She was ready, I could see in her face
So we stepped, and went right to her place
It was fat, she had a dope crib
She offered food, like some barbecue ribs
I said "no thank you" not now honey
How about some drink, yes some gin rummy
After that, come here and sit down
And put on tenderoni by mister bobbi brown
We waste no time, it was time to do it
Put on some james brown so we can get into it
No kinky stuff, like ropes or handcuffs
But when you love me please don't be rough
I said "listen, I'll be gentle, I'll be very gentle
When I'm loving yooooouuu, when I'm loving yooooouuu
So I dipped, I abandoned ship
Threw in the anchor like on the boat tip
That's what I get for trying to be a lover
But never judge a book, by the damm cover
I'm not dissing, and I don't like fishing
But next time, I want to know who I'm kissing
You can call me gay or a tutti-frutti
But I won't touch it until I know who's booty Well I was maxin one day just minding my own
Talking to e-double on my car telephone
When I seen this fly girl clocking my means of transportation
The look in her eye was the look of infatuation
So I put my car in park, turned my system down
I said "excuse me, are you new in town"
She said "it's funny you asked I just got here today"
I said "yo, you need a lift because I'm going that way"
She said "my mother always told me not to ride with strangers
If I did, than my life would be in danger"
I said "yeah that's true, but I'm not you're everyday swinger"
To tell you the truth, I'm a well known singer"

Plus I was cold coolin
40 dog in lap
Rings on my fingers with my fisherman hat
She got in and said "yo I never done this before"
I had to play my cards right to get my foot in the door
I said yeah, my name is parish but they call me md
For the way I hold the mic, and slay mc's
She was lost and replied "you a medical doctor?"
I said "close but no cigar, I'm the microphone doctor
Who performs open surgery, on mc's who are willing
Except to try same them, I try to kill them"
She said "ooh that sounds exciting, please tell me more"
You mean how we pack concerts and clock 10 g's or more
We pulled up to her house and her moms wasn't home
And as we got to the door she sparked up the homegrown
I was with it, felling nice from old e
Ready to get busy, and wax a cold booty
We got to her room, it was time to max
Pulled out the jim hat and strapped the bozak
I hit the lights, and next was the sack
We started doing it, it was hard to produce
Because the booty was cold kickin like they call me bruce
I had to cover my nose, not to ruin the mood
Because I know I wasn't fishing but I smelled seafood
Smelled like shrimp or lobster, or tuna of the sea
And it wasn't worth catching the a-the I-the d-to the s-oh yes
The s is for safe sex
And as I glanced at the door, you that move was next
But she pulled me close, and said "let's get loose"
And out of nowhere I yelled "baby did you do"
She said no p, cause I'm not a swinger
I couldn't buy that as I smelled my forefinger
I was playing myself plus my style was cramped
I grabbed my keys and coat, and md broke camp
And as I walked to the door, the girl got moody
I looked her eye to eye and said "who's booty?"

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