

Got Some Teeth

Obie Trice

Woo, damn
There's a lot of bitches up in here tonight boy
I'm about to get drunk
Let's hold down
Where the bar at?
Okay, okie dokey Obie's here
No more focus, hobo's got a career
And I like your brassiere and there's a party in here
And I'm ready to talk naughty in Veronica's ear
She erotic and it's hot, saw a Heineken beer
Put it to the side and invite here to "Cheers"
Pull up a chair, nigga swear no drama
Prepare for a player, who workin' with a monster
I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place
Shut blinds and drapes, grind to your face in a grimy state
Concentrate, you will find that your bound to get
But we found what's fate
We can watch two incredible mates masturbate
Why settle and wait, let's Escalade to the nearest Super Eight
Until your rear is on the mirrors and they smearin' booty cheeks
C'mon
[Chorus: x2]And this is my favorite song
Now sing along, when the DJ throws it on
And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep
And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth (uh huh)
Okay holy moly derriere
Look around the club booty everywhere
And she caught me starin'
And my homies darin' me to approach Karen
She's model material, but she got a venereal
Tons of baby fathers', baby bottles and cereal
She holla 'cause I got a lot of DeNiro (DeNiro)
The DJ's playin' Obie's song on the stereo
And she's impaired and she wants to be headin' home
With the real thing not the dildo clone

And I know I don't want to be headin' home
With some double D's full of silicon
Ten hood rat chicks surround me outside

Found me outside, clown me outside
'Til I pop the trunk and they found me outside
Bustin' at the bitches screamin' "off to they rides!"
[Chorus] Okay rolie polies everywhere
Gotta find a slim chick's atmosphere
Obesity's glarin' and she got me fearin'
She's gonna come over here and try to eat me literally
Like a box of Cherrios
Carry cupcakes and chocolate Tootsie rolls
I'm outta order cause I gotta big girl disorder
So better cover up that blubber or I'll split
And I ain't got time to play
Let's investigate another place today
Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape
Dresses petite, no window drapes
Word to mother, they god damn Okra and beans
Got ya Oprah and jeans
Seems to me a little lean cuisine
Wouldn't hurt much, hot don't touch
[Chorus] Ha ha, ha ha, ha
You gotta have teeth baby
It just wouldn't look right
Look, me big lips
You no teeth, it wouldn't work
You know what I'm sayin'
Yeah
I'm feelin' good
Shady Records man
Obie Trice, c'mon

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