

Vibrate

Petey Pablo

C'mon

Yeah Yeah Yeah

Make that ass vibrate, make that ass vibrate

Make that ass vibrate, shake that shit till you

Start an earthquake I want them 3, to come up here wit me

So I can put em where they 'pose to be

One at the head, one in the middle

And one down by my feet, she keep ticklin' me

Neighbors bangin' on the wall cause we over here

Disturbin' the peace, baby be easy

Rockin the bed so hard we done kicked off

All tha sheets, don't worry we don't need em

A couple hours in the session we done been

Through bout four CDs (about four CDs)

Keith Sweat, Mary J, Brian McKnight, and Jodeci

(They love Jodeci)

By the way look think I need a couple can of energy drinks

(Yeah I'm gone need em)

'Cause these hoes go vibratin in they coochie [Chorus 1: 2x]

I like the way yo ass be vibratin...

I like the way yo ass be vibratin... [Chorus 2: 2x]

Make that ass vibrate, make that ass vibrate

Make that ass vibrate, shake that shit till you

Start an earthquake [Verse 2: Rasheeda]

Bend over and touch ya toes, blow smoke got ya hoes like you blowin dro

Slide down the pole, upside down do it fast or slow

Round here we professionals, get flexible, real sexual

Make a nigga want to eat it like a vegetable

When he see that ass rise like a buttered roll

Round here we gangstered out, this ain't no titty bar

We let it all hang out

Break bread till the song played out, show that nigga what a real bitch bout

These cats thank they pimpin like Don Juon

But they all played out like the thong song

Get ya money gul, show em what you really bout

Rasheeda reppin fo the ladies in the south [Both Choruses] [Verse 3: Petey]

I can fuck, any bitch in here, lay her on the pillow

Crawl up behind her and cram all of it in her

Ride her ass like a bicycle, hold right there

When I move you move, just like that
Just as show as yo ass is fat, there's some 26 inch rims on a Cadillac
Like spinners, sittin on a sixty-seven
At the car show bumpin Funk Master Flex
I ain't met a bitch yet (and yeah) that I couldn't have
All I gotta do is tell a hoe who I am
Pull up to the side and get away from them
Doom, Doom, Doom[Both Choruses][Chorus 2 - 2X]

Songwriters

CRAWFORD, SHONDRAE L/BARRETT, MOSES III/BUCKNER, RASHEEDA
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>