

# 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  
Come on 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) 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!" 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) 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 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 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) 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) 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, come on

Songwriters

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