

# Oh Shit

## The Pharcyde

Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer,  
Oh, how I tossed that ass up  
Like a mission in the woods, woody woodpecker would if he could,  
But I didn't want to pass it up  
To the next man had my Walkman bumping on  
The fifty yard line and my adrenaline pumping  
Like a kill thriller driller tiller out with the miller brew  
Filler up, took it 'til the damn Dutch puked  
Luke Skywalker ain't a sweet talker so I got ill  
With my light saber that came in one fancy flavor  
My strange behavior led to an outburst  
The night felt good but the day got worse  
I thought I was alone slim trade the stowaway  
With a brown-eyed bombshell that was dope enough to pay  
I looked over my shoulder and my cover was peeled  
By my whole school saying "ooh" and I'm busted for real

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit

What to say the least  
I'm so slick that they need to call me grease  
'cause I slips and I slides when I rides on the beast  
Imani and your mom sitting in a tree,  
K-I-s-s-I-n-g  
Yo first comes the tongue  
And then come the she my homey's m-o-m what (m-I-e)  
Yo, and to think from day one in my eyes I show fear 'cause  
I stepped into his house his  
Mom's grinning ear to ear  
Giggling and winks for weeks  
I would encounter from this female  
She's sizing me up for the kill  
Oh what the hell is what I said to myself so that I wouldn't worry  
I'm sitting on the couch and wish Greg would please hurry up  
She offered me a cup of ripple broke out the titty  
Squeezed her nipple said suck it if you like but please don't bite it  
I had an urge to say fuck it but I knew I had to fight it  
Before I could say alakazam kumbik muaha  
I took this old bitch in a doggie style

Greg walked in the room that nigga cold had a fit  
But all this numb skull could say was oh shit!

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh sh-  
Son-of-a bitch, son-of-a bitch, come on!

One fine summertime Sunday evening  
Crenshaw Boulevard was in full swing  
Perfect example of how looks can be deceiving  
Rolled up to what I thought was a pretty young thing  
Rollin in a purple samuri Suzuki dookie braids was an aid to her sex appeal

Dude she was dope man real dope on the wheel  
Well anyway I went toot toot she said hey a beep beep  
The next day rolled down to the beach  
Tuesday me and my new Crenshaw cutie  
Cooling on the beach and now she's rubbing on my booty  
Suck suck sucking on my neck like Dracula  
But it wasn't all that spectacular (why?)  
'cause every time I tried to touch upon her tay-titty  
She would be like quit be  
Bitch was fronting but I didn't say nothing  
Then all of the sudden after someone pushed the button  
I got a funny feeling like something was real wrong  
Looked at her shoes and her feet was real long  
Then it hit me oh please god no  
Don't let this ho turn out to be a john doe  
He pulled a fast one on me yo  
I guess that's one of those things that make you go, shit!

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit  
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Hardson, Trevant Jermaine / Stewart, Derrick Lemel / Wilcox, Emandu Imani Rashan / Martinez,  
John

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>