Saturday Night

Schoolly D

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It was Saturday night and I'm feelin kinda sporty
Went to a bar and caught me a 40
Got kinda a high and a...kinda drunk
So I kicked the ass of this little punk
Forgot my key and had to ring my bell
My momma came dressed, she said, "Who the hell?"
Wait momma, wait, it's me ya little son
Before I knew it my mom pulled a gun
"I know who you are, but who the hell is that?"
I turned around man, this bitch was fat
I really don't know, she got into the car
I musta picked her up when I left the bar
Ya know I'm horny homey man I wanted to chill
But you know how mothers are, she wanted to ill
So I said, "Hey baby is you on the pill?
'Cause, tonight I want to be your lover
Just one thing: I forgot to buy a rubber"
Wait a little while then we snuk upstairs
Step by step with a hint of fear
We got into my room, bitch started to scream
Momma busted in with a fucked up scene
Shirt ripped off, drawers down to my knees
Wait momma, wait momma, wait, wait, please!
Put back your gun, put down your brew
My mom fucked up the room
The bitch jumped up with no respect
I had to put the big, big bitch in check
I said, "Ya come a little closer and ya will get shot,
I'm sober anyway, I don't need no cock."Oh yeah, them wild Saturday NightsIt was Saturday Night and I was feelin kinda funny
Gold around my neck, pockets full of money
Went to the corner, man who did I see?

But the super bad bitch lookin back at me
I said, "Fly lady man, you got a big butt"
Bitch turned around, all she said was, "What?"
I said, "My name is Schoolly baby, I'm down with the Shores"
Before I knew it up came my boys
Noisy as hell and drunk as shit
Sayin, "Yo Schoolly Schooll, what time is it?"
Looked a little closer and I knew it was gag
What I thought was a girl was nothin but a fagEverybody rappin but they don't know how
Shoulda seen the boy rappin to the cow
He rapped so hard that the nigga saw smoke
He lit up his cheeba and they both took a toke
The cow got high and the boy got by
Just don't come in my face and ask me whyCheeba Cheeba ya'll
Yeah it's that cheeba cheeba makin 'em feel like that
Cheeba Cheeba ya'llSome call it Cheeba, some call it weed
It's the killer, it's the filler, it's the thing that you needLittle Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Smokin a J and scratchin' the itch
Along came a spider and sat down beside her
And said, "Yo, what's up with that, bitch?"
But then down the road came Mary and her lambs
Smokin' a Lacy in each and every hand
The poor little spider, he couldn't score any
They were 2 dollar bitches and he only had a pennyCheeba Cheeba ya'll
Yeah Cheeba Cheeba ya'llLet me tell ya a little tale about Peter the Pimp
Sucka MCed, tried to cop a limp
Rode around town in a couple of cars
Got gagged by the man tryin to stick up a bar
The judge said, "Boy, what was on your mind?"
He said, "I had some Cheeba Cheeba, cocaine and some wine."
The judge said, "Boy, relax and have a beer
You won't be doin shit for the next ten years."Cheeba Cheeba ya'll
Yeah, it's that Cheeba Cheeba
Cheeba CheebaSome call it Cheeba, some call it weed
It's the killer, it's the filler, it's the thing that you need
Cheeba Cheeba ya'll

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