

# Sample Dat Ass ( feat. Murphy Lee)

## Chingy

Chingy and Murph durph

Uh[Chorus x2]

Ooo Ooo

Let me get a sample of that ass, Ooo Ooo

I ain't Mystikal but girl, shake it fast, (Don't stop, get it, get it)

Ooo ooo, you think I can come over and smash?

Ooo ooo, don't stop, get it get it (Do what you do)The club be packed, Hey, send me a bottle of that

It's hella ass, some with glitter and exotic tats

You know my stats, superfly, MAC

I'm in the back getting worked by this girl named Cognac, matta fact

I want to take her home, the reefer got me in the zone

Intentions to bone, we all alone, by ourself

This ain't a strip club, but she act like it

Ever seen her, bowling pins dawg, she stacked like it

Now I'm at the bar, chicks treating me like a star

In my face, asking questions, and can they ride in my car

I'm law, so authorities can't pin me for shit

Hey baby, see me and you, we can pack it up and split

Let's go, forget Motel 6, we can go to the Mariot

I see it in her eyes, man a girl getting very hot

I'm packing like a 357, so I keep magnums

Keep it real, cause you will never find out if you don't ask em, Is we tagging?[Chorus]If your ass is fat and you know it, clap your hands

Wearing those pants, I'll be damned if I'm iss my chance to advance

I'm in a tan, what's the name, I own some whatchamacallits

They keep spinning and spinning, hey man, What do you call it?

Got a 1-5 jersey, on the go with them wheels

Look at it wiggle wiggle, she say it's all in the heels

You a damn lie girl, I think it's all in the skills

And for real, I think you practicing on what pay the bills

You be confused man, I look picky as hell

Never trust a big butt, that smile like Ricky Bell

What the hell?, Murphy rather pay to get out of jail

Cause if she tell me to pay, somebody better pay my bail

Matta fact, I'ma pay myself, my own money

Mr. long money, even after I loan money

I own honey's mentals man, I'm in they mouth so much

God damn, I pay for dental plans, man[Chorus]Get it, get it girl, it's your world, I'm a squirrel, (squirrel)

Searching for a nut, so more than scissors I cut, (cut)

You can be a slut (slut), hoochie lady, or housewife, (wife)  
A real man gon' want to hit it, it's hanging out, right? (right)  
Ladies don't get offended, when he tell you that you're thick, (you are)  
And he wouldn't mind coming over about six  
If you like the smooth, let him, you don't dig em? Don't sweat 'em  
You want 'em? Play like your panties and t-shirt and let 'em wet 'em  
Hey yo, my ladies come in Dueces like  
Staley and McAllister  
Came up with the 'Tics, they help me not fall like banisters  
Sammy Sosa's got traded for Ken Griffey's  
And when we roll, the L's stay lit, like Missy  
Plus I stay busy, like kids, I call it biz  
And if it is what it is, I'm on your head like wigs  
I'm a rapping Taye Diggs, I give the women they groove back  
When it comes to the wood, I'm the best man to use that [Chorus]  
Chingy, Murph durph, uh uh  
Let me get a sample of that ass  
Murph durph and, Chingy, what they, say?, uh  
Let me get a sample of that ass, S-T-L  
St. Louis, north side

Songwriters

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MURPHY LEE

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