

# I

## Our Sunday Affairs

Man holla at ya dog Petey Petey hey y'all hey y'all  
Carolina bird dog, still got my shirt off  
Still reppin' for convicts in Sing-sing to Burgaw  
Still rockin' with T-T-Timbaland uh-uh uh-uh  
I got a different role, different stroll  
Impose, every nigga in here tryin' best to fuck with Petey hoes  
I got em by the boat load, dark skin to pink-toes  
Lil' bitty to big hoe, nineteen to forty-fo'  
I got some 1965 pantyhose  
Still in the plastic bag now tell me  
I ain't a Macaroni Jerome Jerome to Don Corleone  
Petey Petey the pussy beater I suck 'em, fuck 'em, send 'em home  
I gets my thug on, weekends, I get me club on, we in  
So many hotels boy I ought to buy my own  
Petey-ott, Petey swiss, Petey inn, Petey I, Petey I  
Man we did it again  
I, got them girls, got them thangs  
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said  
I, got them girls, got them thangs  
Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said  
I, got them girls, got them thangs  
Got them stunts uh, I said  
I, got them girls, got them thangs  
Got them guns, got them stunts uh  
P-p-pardon me dog, it's the gitchee from the gitchee bar  
It's really a tittie bar but I ain't got no license for it  
I got the what they want plenty H, plenty O  
Plenty guns, plenty bows motherfucker chew ya road  
You ain't never seen this before  
But when this shit drop, all she wrote  
International playa D-D-Deah you go  
All they want is that Timbaland and Petey Pablo  
Now watch me ball, da-dunna-dunna  
Rims spinnin', 20's on all the cars, da-dunna-dunna  
Every time we hit 'em they different broads, da-dunna-dunna  
Now y'all ain't ready  
I'm the jumping in the Jumping Jack Flash  
You don't hear the way ya disc jumpin' across the track  
Nigga I'm a jumpin' ass

Fist stomp I know you mad but ain't too much you can do 'bout that  
'Cause I'll make 'em stop the track tighten my belt and whoop y'all ass  
Y'all niggas gon' understand why niggas don't wanna drop shit this year

Five and five equals ten Petey Pab Timbaland is all it is

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Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them guns, got them stunts uh

I'm the quicker picker-upper crazy soda can crusher

River, rock path, mobile home country motherfucker

Rep the dirty like a car commercial you ain't heard it pitchin'

Like the smell in the pasture, I'm the Cacky-lacky shit

Tr-tr-trash talkin' som' bitch, trust me man I ain't the one to get mad at

Petey Pab got a bag of vats and a gat if it come to that

So nigga-nigga don't act like that, playin'

Get a nigga smacked like that, I'm sayin'

Get a nigga wig pushed back, damn Timbaland where ya at

In a 18-wheeler blowin' my horn-horn

Granddad in the field pickin' beans and corn-corn

Mama never saw that a star was born-born

Mama said star go mow that lawn-lawn

I said it's hot as hell a nigga need some lemonade

Bump it it's 2000 a nigga needs some Minute Maid

Go head and act up get cut with this switch blade

Nigga you better pay attention what the hook say

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them guns, got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them stunts uh, I said

I, got them girls, got them thangs

Got them guns, got them stunts, uh uh

KMI was a bullfrog

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