

# Overtime (ft. Stevie Stone)

## Tech N9ne

Yeah so, since I was 10 tears older then her (heh-yeah)  
She tried to give me that "Coming to America" spiel, y'knahmsayin like  
"Some guys, put in an hour - some of 'em, even an hour and a half"  
"But a man gotta put in overtime for me to get off" [laughing][Chorus]  
Work it baby (work it baby)  
I'ma give you extra, you deserve it baby (deserve it baby)  
Put a star next to you cause your perfect baby (perfect baby) all the time  
Clock out, clock in for overtime (overtime)If you think we 'bout to go to sleep - forget about it  
You really doubt it, though we can make the synergys link  
In the middle of the night I'm fixin to enter the pink  
Never the one to be stingy I leave my dinner, she winks (geah)  
Cause she think she got me and her percentage be Brinks  
But I'ma stick it without a ticket in the tender she thinks  
Suck me up and then I can become her energy drink (gyah!)  
And that's what she gon' need (geah)  
Punchin the clock, I'm not gonna be done on three  
Baby you probably wanna kick it and get 'er done on E  
But you ever have steamy sexual fun on weed?  
So I told her N9ne!  
No I don't look it but I'm the older kind  
But that dont mean I'ma stick it and quit it, forget it  
Because tonight I'ma 'bout to get it in overtime[Chorus]Said I - love your body, love your pace  
Love it when you maneuver your body off my space  
and weather the chase, and have your body off in a daze  
Now could'cha feel the hormones, they off of the rage  
Now check it - let me take a little dose of the page  
I'm hittin for hours and hours, hours hours and days  
All the positions I'm feelin real kinky today  
I've waited to play my trombone have a parade (have a parade)  
Kitty kitty kitty kitty c'mere  
Well there's a couple little things I wanna say in ya ear  
I'm shiftin gears, love it when I strike the wheel  
Leave ya stoned in the bed I'ma freak for real!  
Baby girl, I'ma freak for real  
A little too much tongue got me head over heels  
Wetter the chill, head shot ready to kill  
Ready to deal, head watch, watch you will[Chorus]Baby, baby gave me a job and I love it  
I know you'll be lovin the way you'll throb when you hug it  
When I got the punani I thought the job really was it

Before the punani you take the job and you shove it  
Feel like a nigga makin love when I does it  
On the clock I'ma stop it, when it buzz I'ma plug it  
Good enough for me to be your husband in public  
You really be wantin to pack a stud in your luggageUhh! Pack a stud in your luggage  
Break down baby Stone gon' love it  
Finally bang her, make a nigga wan' love it  
Make me wanna snatch it, C2 grub it  
Huh! It's one of a kind  
You and your girls, and I come on with the N9ne  
Spread them legs and open wide  
Give you that overtime[Chorus]

Songwriters

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