

Booties For Breakfast

MC Chris

For all the people in JC:

The sun's in the sky and the wind's in my hair,
And there's honeys in hot paints everywhere,
And they all've got a Tae-Bo dairyairst,
And try to look away all I can do is stare,

I'm quite aware their booties be shakin',
Strictly slim-fast, yo fuck that bacon,
My heart be achin',
My ... savin'
You know I'm salivatin' for the gyratin',

Girlfriend, whoever's waitin',
Your end's waiting for me,
I'm cool casual datin', but your booty's callin' me.

It's a kind of a strange sensation.

I feel real bad for slappin' that ass,
But you've got me harder than Chinese math,
And you're givin' me that backstage pass,
I'm gunna take the booty and just put it in a glass,
Round, shiny, hell of a hiney,
Stare at to it, I can't feel tiny,
Don't mean to feel wired, like a bitch on her rag,
But the booty's my maxi-pad.

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Some things are worth the wait.

And ya know:
Dumps like a truck, what, what,
Come say what, what, what,
Call me a butt, butt, butt,
I'm gunna say it again,
Now she had dumps like a truck, truck, truck,
Come say what, what, what,
Call me a butt, butt, butt,
I'm gunna say it again, now baby.

I see you haven't lost your touch.

I'm just a man with manly needs,
I drink lots of beer and smoke lots of weed,
I follow that ass like a bloodhound on speed, indeed!
Truly my friend, I'm sorry that's how I feel,
Every Achilles has a heal,
You got me more boney than Ally McBeal, for real!

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Here we go.

Maybe like, "One time I saw..."
Wait, play it again.
It's like, "One time I saw this booty..."