

Ooooh Yeah

Mystikal

Oooh ooh yeah, ooh ooh ooh yeah yeah
Clap-clappin' that-clappin' that ass, clap-clappin' that-
clappin' ass, that ass
Wop-woppin' that-woppin' that ass, wop-woppin' that-
woppin' that ass, that ass
Oh oh oh oh yeah, oh oh oh oh yeah

Smokin' and fuckin' is some of my habit
Fo' the grilly hand had come take up for my daddy
A shot off in the kitchen jump but didn't get married
Still I'm lovin' takin' bowp keepin' them happy
I do what it takes with the pills and the paint
Just to keep my black ass off of minimum wage
I went from stu-stutter, to shake it like a dog
I might not eat yo' pussy but I bite you on yo' drawers
It ain't my fault but go 'head tho'
I can't return the favor but mo' head ho'
I'm tappin' at them tonsels at the back of yo' throat
Snap it on wet it up let it go in slow
Ooh stroke it suck or leave it alone
Mo' dick ain't nothin' but meat and the bone
You better not let your momma hear you sing that song
Eat it up sweat it up and lil' daddy gone, gone

Well look at you, you flirtin' with this pimpin' ain't yo'
I seen you pstin' winkin' at me when you grabbed yo' ankle
Ah she can't sang, but g-strings hangs
And it don't take no Ricky Martin to know that she bang
Wobble that ass, and show yo' tits
Fo' a bitch to be that fine don't make no sense
Them ho's hatin' but she gettin' the money nothin'
Bouncin' off her booty but fifty's and hundred's
Ooh, flip 'em the bird if you gettin yo' serv
and then hit this fuckin' dick and kick them ho's to the curb
Look at them hips, look at them thighs
It could make a grown man temperature rise
She stoppin' traffic and she do it on purpose
Got niggas jumpin' out their car to see them bop in the circle
She makin' me hot, I'm makin' you rich
Take this fuckin' money and back up on this

This for my bitches in the backseat of them cars
Know how to ride a dick, and pack the gards
After she had a daquiry that's when she called me
Talkin' hot comin' from the bachelorette party
But really what happened she probably won't tell me
Now she want her pussy tapped hard knock out I'll help her
I'm supposed to be the broad ain't that some shit
So I went ahead and drove her off, ain't that a bitch
She shakin' 'er leg and makin' the bread
Ah she good with her mouth so nigga look out
She servin' them heads you heard what I said
Around and 'round she knockin' 'em down
Wherever is crackin' then that's where she be

and guess what if that's what she like then that's alright with me
Because-a, she bring it to me, in the night and the day
She supposed to have a baby from me that's what they say