

Got Some Teeth

Obie Trice

WOO!

Damn ..

There's a lot of bitches up in here tonight boy

I'm about to get drunk

Let's hold down, sleep

Where the bar at?

Okay, okie dokey Obie's here

No more focus, old pro's got a career

And I like your brassiere and there's a party in here

And I'm ready to talk naughty in Veronica's ear

She erotic and it's hot, so a Heineken beer

Pull her to the side and invite here to "Cheers"

Pull up a chair, nigga swear no drama

Prepared for a player? You're workin with a MONSTER

I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place

Shut blinds and drapes, grind 'til your face in a grimy state

Concentrate, you will find that your bound to gape

But we found what's fate

We can watch two incredible mates masturbate

Why settle and wait

Let's Escalade to the nearest Super Eight

Til your rear is on the mirrors and they smearin booty cheeks

C'mon

So this is my favorite song

Now sing along when the DJ throws it on

And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep

And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

(2x)

Okay holy moly derriere

Look around the club booty everywhere

She caught me starin

And my homies darin me to approach Karen

She's model material, but she got a venereal

Tons of baby fathers', baby bottles and cereal

She holla cause I got a lot of dinerio

The DJ's playin Obie song on the stereo

And she's impaired and she wants to be headin home

With the real thing not the dildo clone

And I know I don't wanna be headin home

With some double D's full of silicone

Ten hoodrat chicks surround me outside

Found me outside, clowning me outside

'Til I popped the trunk and they found me outside

Bustin' at the bitches screamin "off to they rides!"

So this is my favorite song

Now sing along when the DJ throws it on

And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep

And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

Okay rolie polies everywhere

Gotta find a slim chick's atmosphere

Obesity's glarin and she got me fearin

She's gonna come over here and try to eat me literal

-ly, like a box of Cheerios
Carrot cupcakes and chocolate Tootsie rolls
I'm outta order cause I gotta big girl disorder
So better cover up that blubber or I'll split
And I ain't got time to play
Let's investigate another place to date
Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape
Dresses pettite, no window drapes

Word to mother, that god damn okra and beans
Got ya Oprah in jeans
Seems to me a little lean cuisine
Wouldn't hurt much, I don't touch

So this is my favorite song
Now sing along when the DJ throws it on
And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep
And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

Haha, haha, ha
You gotta have teeth baby
It just wouldn't look right
Look, me big lips ..
You no teeth, it wouldn't work
You know what I'm sayin
Haha ha, yeah
I'm feelin good
Shady Records man
Obie Trice
C'mon