

Crocodile on my feet  
Fox fur on my back  
Bowtie `round my neck  
That's why they call me the gangsta mack  
In the Cadillac!! Yeah!! (2x)

Nasty Noompsy Knightingale  
Fresh in that tuxedo  
Cumberbun with no suspenders  
My torpedo, you libido  
Need to chat (Chip, chop it up, shoot the breeze!)  
I'm your r-o-l-a-i-d-s, release the squeeze or release the keys  
To the shackles on her wrist, she can tackle some of this  
Smack on smack on some of this dick tracy  
Arrest her, book her, fingerprint your hooker  
You took her to the club and now her body is full of liquor  
Off that Butterscotch Schnapps and Bailey's Irish Cream  
She's a damsel in distress impressed with stylish things  
Whatcha mean? (Chip, chop it up, shoot the breeze!)  
In the parking lot we primp, crooked booty to the scene where i's...

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Oh, lord! How can it be so hard??  
To put on a pair of panties much less a pair of jeans or the leotard  
But I got to start by complimenting you on your physique  
You unique, you best believe I'm gon' skeet once I speak  
Spoke, spit, spatter, spat and I macked her just like that  
But it takes years of perserverance and experience to get that cat!  
So why don't I chase this Hennessy down with some of that  
On your back, like a cheerleader missing the final stack!  
As we strut skip the line through the glass window glance  
We look fine, right on time  
As we step in the place the nursery's crunk we've come to play

Everybody's watching `cause them furs just hit the door  
While the gator's creeping, crawling oh so wicked across that floor  
To the V.I.P. where we proceed to give you what you need  
Throw your hands up if you feel me!! Throw your hands up if you feel me!!  
`Cause we well designed like the finest wine  
Feel good to be fly, so don't you ask me why  
I got the ladies in line, because they can't deny  
So raise your hands to the sky `cause we super fly

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