

Big Fat Funky Booty

Spin Doctors

My baby's nice, she's so polite
Said, "Please" when she ask me stay the night
She's around the house and she love me so real
She pickin' up a little bit of my rising, rising dough

Good lordy, God, my gosh, almighty
Her booty fine and it's trimmed so tidy
Horseradish, mama, just a smidgen
Spend a whole lotta time peekin' into
Your big old kitchen fridge

Gotta love it, that's my duty
She gotta big, fat, funky booty
Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big, fat, funky booty

Waoh, sweet sugar plum
I'm crippled, blind, a little deaf and dumb
It's wonderful, could I get a little more?
'Cause it's about as wide as my big old garage door when

We're in bed and it's late at night, oh
She put her arms around me and she hold me tight
And I say, "No baby, no baby, no"
But I sure could use a lil' bit of your booty though

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Gotta love it, it's my duty
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Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big, fat, funky booty, yeah

Gotta love it