

## Pu Wah Wah

Tech N9ne

816 boys!

She got that pu-wah-wah-wah drip, drip, drip  
She got that pu-wah-wah-wah drip, drip, drip  
She got that pu-wah-wah-wah drip, drip, drip  
It's a puddle on the ground, girl go on get a towel and  
Wipe it up (Wipe it up), now wipe it up (Now wipe it up)  
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It's a puddle on the ground, girl go on get a towel

Kali Baby

I'm Kaliko-ala, I like that pu-wah-wah  
She let me do what I want to her, then I'm through with her  
I never smooch with her, see I'm the gooch with her  
She got a fupa, it don't matter I'm still scooping her  
See, see, see, see, see baby like beats like, she's like  
Smellin' right, then tellin' what that peach like (HEY!)  
I take a sniff and sniff her up like snuffaluffagus  
A horny lil' devil's what she's up against  
She drippin' perfection, perfect sweat drippin' all over her  
Bodacious Bernadette is what I'm callin' her must sop her up  
I cough it up to get a proper slop with her  
Yeah, I'm confident but hopein it can pop with her, she popular  
I get her off that fluid, it be nuttin' to it  
Gotta have her still but a bad one, so I holler: "Oh, let do it!"  
Yo, Chewbacca got me too hot, I need cool water  
Or ya pu-wah-wah-wah-wah

Kutt Calhoun-na-na, I love when pu-wah-wah  
Make me speakin' baby talk  
Goo-goo-gah love you doin' that  
Thing you do with your lil' beaver got me pursuin' that  
Kitty, you call Sylvester  
But Tweety would call you puddy tat (Meow)  
Pussy cats all around me dog  
It's nature to look at that, woof at that  
Maybe later I'll place a bone in her nookie sack  
Perfect woman to mate with had a few  
And we took it back to the bedrock  
Yellin' YA-BA-DAB-A-DOO on the whoopie sack

Tech Nina-na I make the pu-wah-wah  
And I make that moolah-lah true dollar, so I'm due-ala  
What you wanna do, pah-pah, you brought the ca-ca to da-da  
Now that's just like a Chihuahua against Chewbacca (Na-na-na)  
She turned it up and now she let the rump go (Na-na-na)  
She pulled the lil' homie now I want more (Na-na-na)  
She made the pu-wah-wah and now she won't go  
Like the Homie AP say: "Shut the front door"

I'm Makzilla-la, I like that pu-wah-wah  
Yeah, I want your friend (My friend?)  
No, not you, ma-ma (What?)  
That one over there (Her?) yeah, over there (Oh)  
Yeah, that pretty lil' somethin' with the long hair  
I see your Christian Louboutin, so your shoe gain tight

This swag is atmosphere, so that means it out of sight  
Made my way through the crowd, yep, approach got near  
Posted at you at the bar and whispered in your ear:  
Hey, Ms. Lady (Radio edit) Got you from a crush  
She said, she ain't a groupie chick and I know you're a star  
Don't sweet talk me, if you plan on playin' around  
So I jumped on the ground AND I START SCREAM LOUD!  
Your body so bad like Jessica Biel  
No mirage booty pop saggy booty concealed  
She hot, yes, sir "American's Top Model"  
Don't need no water, got a big big bottle of that