

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, Hobo'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, saw Heineken beer
Put her to the side and invite here to, "Cheers"
Pull up a chair, nigga swear no drama
Prepare for a player your workin' with a monster
I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place
Shut blinds and drapes, grind to your face in a grimy state
Concentrate, you will find that you're bound to get
But we found what's fate
We can watch two incredible mates masturbate
Why settle and wait
Let's escalate to the nearest Super 8
To your rear is on the mirrors and they smearin' booty cheeks
C'mon
And 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 And 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, 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 denerio
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, clown me outside

'Til I popped da trunk and they found me outside
 Cussin' at the bitches screamin', "Off to they rides!"
 And 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 And 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 polie 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 literally
 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 today
 Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape
 Dresses petite, no window drapes Word to mother, they goddamn okra and beans
 Got ya Oprah in jeans
 Seems to me a little lean cuisine
 Wouldn't hurt much, hot don't touch And 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 And 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 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'
 I'm feelin' good
 Shady Records man
 Obie Trice
 C'mon

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>