

# 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 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 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

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