Petey Pablo

Ι

((Petey))Man holla at ya dog Petey Petey hey yall hey yall Carolina bird dog, still got my shirt off Still reppin' for convicts in Sing-sing to Burgaw Still rockin' with T-T-Timbaland uh-uh uh-uh I got a different role, different stroll Impose, every nigga in here tryin' best to fuck with Petey hoes I got em by the boat load, dark skin to pink-toes Li'l bitty to big hoe, nineteen to forty-fo' I got some 1965 pantyhose Still in the plastic bag now tell me I ain't a macaroni Jerome Jerome to Don Corleone Petey Petey the pussy beater I suck em, fuck em, send em home I gets my thug on, weekends I get me club on, we been So many hotels boy I ought to buy my own Petey-ott, Petey swiss, Petey inn, Petey I (Petey I) MAN WE DID IT AGAIN ((Chorus))IIIIIIIIII Got them girls Got them thangs Got them guns Got them stunts uh, I said IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII Got them girls Got them thangs Got them guns Got them stunts uh, I said IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII Got them girls Got them thangs Got them stunts uh, I said IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII Got them thangs Got them guns Got them stunts uh, ((Petey))P-P-Pardon me dog Its the gitchie from the gitchie bar Its really a tittie bar but I ain't got no license for it I got the what they want Plenty H, plenty O

Plenty guns, plenty bows Muthafucka chew ya road You ain't never seen this before But when this shit drop, all she wrote International playa (yay ah) D-D-Deah ya go All they want is that Timbaland and Petey Pablo Now watch me ball, da-dunna-dunna Rims spinnin', 20's on all the cars, da-dunna-dunna Every time we hit em they different broads, da-dunna-dunna Now yall ain't ready I'm the jumping in the Jumping Jack Flash You don't hear the way ya disc jumpin' across the track Nigga I'm a jumpin' ass Fist stomp I know you mad But ain't too much you can do bout that Cause I'll make em stop the track Tighten my belt and whoop y'all ass Y'all niggas gon' understand why niggas don't wanna drop shit this year Five and five equals ten Petey Pab Timbaland is all it is((Chorus))((Petey))I'm the quicker picker-upper Crazy soda can crusher River, rock path, mobile home Country muthafucka Rep the dirty like a car commercial You ain't heard it pitch Like the smell in the pasture, I'm the Cacky-lacky shit Tr-Tr-Trash talkin' som'bitch Trust me man I ain't the one to get mad at Petey Pab got a bag of vats And a gat if it come to that So nigga-nigga don't act like that, playin' Get a nigga smacked like that, I'm sayin' Get a nigga wig pushed back, DAMN Timbaland where ya at((Timbaland))In a 18-wheeler blowin' my horn-horn Granddad in the field pickin beans and corn-corn Mama never saw that a star was born-born Mama said star go mow that lawn-lawn I said its hot as hell a nigga need some lemonade Bump it its 2000 a nigga needs some Minute Maid Go head and act up get cut with this switch blade Nigga you better pay attention what the hook say Aah ((Chorus)) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/