

I

Petey Pablo

((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))I I I I I I I I I I I I
Got them girls
Got them thangs
Got them guns
Got them stunts uh, I said
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I
Got them girls
Got them thangs
Got them guns
Got them stunts uh, I said
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I
Got them girls
Got them thangs
Got them stunts uh, I said
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I
Got them thangs
Got them guns
Got them stunts uh,
((Petey))P-P-Pardon me dog
Its the gitchee from the gitchee 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.

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