

Skee-Lo F/ Funke % Trend

"Weak at the Knees"

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I make you weak at the knee-eee-eee-ees!!
Ah come along, ah we gonna jam
Ah come along, ah won't me hold your hand, yaiiiiie
Ah come along, it'll be so nice

[E.S.T.]

I won't beat around the bush but come right up front
Miss Thang, you know you got sumtim I want
It ain't your daddy's money, I got my own flunkies
It's to get you all alone doin that funky
To play footsie and tickle your soul
Cause I can get sweeter than a tootsie roll
So good to it that you wanna leave never
But feel what's real always and forever
You want me for all the things I do
Workin to the phone for crazy you
Girl you inspire, me to perspire
Lost in the force of Earth Wind & Fire
Turn off the lights click on a slow tape
And I'ma show ya, just why they call me great
In a snowstorm baby it'll be a hundred degrees
Bakin ya, makin ya weak at the knees

Chorus:

I make ya weak at the knees
I make you feel all right, yeaaaaaaah
I make ya weak at the knees
I make you feel all right, yaaowwww, so

[E.S.T.]

So don't tease me baby stop messin around
Make me get up so I can get on down
I wanna please you til it's almost unbearable
Fire and desire in me somethin terrible
I'm never done lazy
(I make you feel like you never had in your life,
baaaaabe)
I don't know if you ready or not
Or how you will react if you're put on the spot
But I go for broke cause I ain't no joke

In the mix doin tricks never missin a stroke
If you were Hollywood then I would strive for fame
Untamed as I make you call out my name
Cause I'm the host with the most
Your head might hurt, from it steady hittin the bedpost
Think you wanted rhyme but I'm down to drop
and go the whole nine yards you hear, "Baby don't stop!"
Tears for Fears, from beggin me please
Takin all you can stand til you're weak at the knees

Interlude:

Well I heard, that you were hard to satisfy momma
Well I heard, other men tried and weren't gettin none
Well I heard, that what they say about you's really true
But I heard, that you got a special rap from me too
Tell ya what momma

Chorus + (momma you hear me don't you hear me sing)

[E.S.T.]

You look tasty and baby I want a taste
So let the titties pour down upon my face
Back is arched and my muscles flex
I know you're all the way live, don't play Memorex
How could it be wrong, to love so right
Throughout the morning, evening, noon and night
Go for days in God's most precious creation
I ain't weak for freaks I'ma want temptation
Revealing, my Sexual Healing
And like Toyota, Oh What a Feeling
Out on the prowl won't make a peep
but get Knee Deep, now how's that for steep
Drench you more than the seven seas
I'm like a motor overheating pour your antifreeze
Comin at cha with three bachelor degrees
Certifying me for makin you weak at the knees

Chorus (with varations to moaning, then scatting afterwards)

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