

3rd Bass "Oval Office - 3rd Bass"

Visit "[Oval Office - 3rd Bass](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This recording, is a collection of unintended
Indiscretions before microphone
Oh, who locked the door?
A hard man is good to find
Open the door
The principles of friction

This feeling's a function, so step to this
Ain't the average boys who do this
Door is opened, to office summoned
Yo Pete, I think you're in there man
(I'm coming)

Reception warm, not a handshake
My hands shook, barrier's about to break
She was seated, legs long and slammin'
Oval office opened, so let's begin

Push my point across, firmly
Core proposal
Prime Minister serve me, surely
(Surely, nyuk nyuk nyuk)
I serve you with motion and doors open wider, coast in

Secretary said
Put Serch on line two
Yo, put him on hold

Aiyyo Pete man, let me in man
I'm here to get retarded yo, so step off
(That towel was related to my husband)
Nah I'm not holdin' the door to come in
Yo, yo move your, move your elbow
(That towel was related to my husband)

Move your elbow, yo, you're not dickin' on me
Your boy look like the Great Pumpkin
(That towel was related to my husband)
You're frontin' like you play the Pumpkin
Move your elbow, because I'm in there
(That towel was related to my husband)

The meeting rotates
Mockneck or cactus?
They got my head boss
She attacked us

With a treaty for disarmament
We signed
Figured there's no harm in it
(Oh alright alright alright)
So I disarmed

And I poured the Scotch
And asked the Prime Minister, mind if I watch?
(Oh my goodness)
Yeah, I reckon
You keep minutes, I'll let you get second

Then the summit rose, I get vetoed
Presidential pardon, let me G yo
Lunch became filet of soul with tongue
The Oval Office work is never done, never done

Aiyyo I'm serious man, did you have sex?
Nah man
It was you that did it
(That towel was related to my husband)
Filet of sole on the Oval Office on a peanut butter leg
Yo
(That towel was related to my husband)
She got down to my knees and it spread

That towel was related to my husband
That towel was related to my husband

G'in, seein', have you playin' it like a diplomat
The Oval Office ain't nothin' but a boot magnet
Close to close, but Pete freaked it anyway
Serch said, "Prime, let's do the three, the hard way"

And knockin' like we're knockin', boots
The office flooded with the sex check suits
Deploy missiles of the MX variety
Spoken spasm of invasion inside of me

I release my rebels, the onslaught ceased
And in the Oval Office, finally peace
Motions carried out, played it like Presidents
What's the Oval Office?

Our permanent residence
Meeting of the mind, as well as the pelvis

Aiyyo Bush
We're audi like Elvis

Aiyyo Serch you're in there man
You're finally in there, for the first time man
(Victims of these classic boners)
Yo move that thick body of yours
Move that thick white body
(Victims of these classic boners)

Yes, yes, woodie, I've got the woody
I've got the woodie and I'm gonna get the head
(Victims of these classic boners)
I can feel it, you gotta understand see
(Victims of these classic boners)
Gotta understand the subject of the topic

There's too much butt-waxin', no
There's too much Vaseline usage
There's too much KY jelly
'Cause I've got the woodie

I have the woody man, I have
Yo let me tell you somethin' man, you're a girlie man
You're a flabber man, I am a muscle man
I think you are my auntie

'Cause I am the man who is in the Oval Office
You're just a girlie flabber man, you hamster man
I'm a great man
You're a flabber man

Uhh, aiyyo yo you know what I heard?
I heard Rob never got the wood
I heard Rob is frontin' like the Great Pumpin on the
woodie
And I heard Seth Lover? He got the wrong woodie

He needs the positive, woodie
Aiyyo I'm goin' home man
I'm goin' home to tell my mother
(Boots)
I'm goin' home to tell my mother about my first
experience

Visit [3rd Bass](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.