

Ciara "Goodies Ft. Petey Pablo"

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(Ciara)

My Goodies, My Goodies, My Goodies
Not my goodies!

(Verse 1: Petey Pablo)

I got a sick reputation for handlin broads
All I need is a few seconds more.
And it's a wrap
You can tell the lady to bring my lap
And I ain't comin back
So you can put a car right there.
I'm the truth
And ain't got nothin' to prove.
An you can ask anybody
Cuz they seen me do it.
Barracades, I run right through 'em
I'm used to 'em.
Throw all the dirt you want I'm used to it
Bone her back pickin' at a baskets of fruit.
(I love you boo)
Yeah freak and Petey love you too.
Ha Ha
You know how I do

(Hook: Ciara)

You may look at me and think that I'm
Just a young girl
But I'm not just a young girl.
Baby this is what I'm lookin' for:
I want a sexy, independent, gotta spend it type that's
gettin' his dough
I'm not bein too dramatic that's how i I gotta have it.

(Chorus: Ciara)

I bet you want the goddies
Bet you thought about it.
Got you all hot and bothered.
Mad 'cause I talk around it
If your lookin for the goodies
Keep on lookin' cuz they stay in the jar
Oh-oh Oh-oh Oh-oh Oh-oh yeah

(Verse 2: Ciara)

Just because you drive a Benz
I'm not goin home with you.
You won't get no nookie or the cookies
I'm no rookie.
If you ain't
Sexy independent
I ain't wit' it so you already know.
I'm not bein too dramatic that's the way I gotta have it
You may talk slick
Try hit
But I'm not dumb
I'm not bein too dramatic it's just how I gotta have it

(Chorus: Ciara)

I bet you want the goodies
Bet you thought about it
Got you all hot and bothered.
Mad 'cause I talk around it it.
If your lookin for the goodies
Keep on lookin' cuz they stay in the jar
Oh-oh Oh-oh Oh-oh Oh-oh

(Verse 3: Petey Pablo)

So damn hot but so young.
You ain't got milk in your tongue
Slow down lil one
And you ain't got it all
Hey shorty
You don't play the game
You think you bad but you ain't bad
I'll show you what bad is.
Bad is when you capable of beatin' the bag
I been workin' at it ever since I came to this planet
And I ain't quite there yet but I'm gettin' better at it.
Matter of fact,
Lemme tell it to you one mo' again
All I got to do is tell a girl who I am (Petey!)
Ain't one chick in here dat I can't have
Bada boom bada bam ba bam!

(Verse 4: Ciara)

You're insinuating that I'm hot
But these goodies boy are not
Just for any of the many men that's tryna get on top.
No you can't call me later
And I don't want your number.
I'm not changin' stories
Just respect the play I'm callin'.

(Chorus 2X)

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