

Gary Byrd

"Splashin Over Monica"

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Allright everybody, shut it.
Uhh...things have gotten pear-shaped,
let's get it sorted. My name's Tony Bones.
I'd like to apologize to the nation for uhh
splashin on Monica's Dress.

Yo yo, hold on, wait a second. You with the jheri curls,
get out my way. Yo yo this is Mr. Live,
88 whats a name (?). I bust all over the
Gap dress, nah mean? This cat is fradulent.

No no, I claim the stain. I claim the stain...
Nah Nah, that was me. Crazy bust off.
The DNA gonna show it.

Why you go and do that, Mr President?
It was me that ran through that, splashin over Monica.

Fradulent confession, Mr. President
I was all up in your residence the White House
I was militant like Mumia deliverin messages
see that Gap dress clingin tightly to her breasteses
She was after this, your secretary,
but I wasn't respecting this, its legendary...
Told her my name was Vernon Jordan,
"I can hook you up with Revlon," she bought this
She's givin me head in oval offices!
I can't believe Lewinsky is on the knees,
who busts in the door your wife and Chelsea.
I couldn't lie though, your wife is a bimbo
Chelsea's ugly, and Monica's a nympho
We took it the Oval Office
where they signed the 5th amendment,
Preceded to bend it, like I was demented
Up in a mile a minute, I splashed and left a stain
went for the cheek, and got all on her dress
I lost my aim, Bubba
Another fact that's gonna be a teaser,
Monica left the dress in her momma's deep freezer
Monica's a skeeza.
Why do Live have to be the double lard pleeza?

Turkey on the roll, and I can smack that beeva
From here to Geneva
Monica Lewinsky took every centimeter.
Shes a Pita eata,
the bomb like the taco bell, chicken fajita
Believe a brother Bill, Kenneth Star
gonna take the DNA and find out that's
it blacker than the whole NBA

So I'm sorry for the stain Mr. President.
I know its causin you pain, splashin over Monica

Why'd you go and do that, Mr. President?
It was me that ran through that, I wasn't hesitant
Now one night @ SOB's I was out lookin for cheese
and I came upon this honey mo-mo lewinsky.
She's 5'8, couple of pounds overweight,
so I wondered was it glandular or truly what she ate?
Maybe a family trait,
she needed fries with her shake
And to be honest, I would say,
she'd get it on a good day
But since I'm a brotha who stays in control of his boner
I had more reservations than (what?) Arizona
Three drinks later she was damn near Pam Grier,
maybe my imagination or the Black and Tan beer
Well anyway, we're in her black Mitsubishi, on the
way back out to DC with Secret Service and
Tellin me, she wants to get touched like she's ET.
I say "Don't worry Mo, I got more hard drive than a PC."
To the oval office to get one of Bill's Philly's,
where she used to smoke illy with Kathleen Willy.
And some shots of Clarence Thomas when he had
locks,
Reagan on rocks, she had Edgar Hoover's old frocks,
we did it once upon the kitchen, and once upon the
floor,
and once upon the ceiling with the
Then it splashed galore, she forgave me for
the stain I left up on her and the White house decor.
So sorry for the stain, Mr. President
I know its causin you pain, splashin over Monica.
I claim the stain, Mr President, I tried to
be benevolent but then I had to represent like skeet

(imitates Clinton)
"Shit Girrl!"

