

## Kool Keith "Can I Touch Ya Butt Girl?"

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[Kool Keith]  
Clayborne Family

[Chorus]  
Can I touch ya butt girl? Can I squeeze ya butt girl?  
Can I feel ya butt girl? Can I touch it?  
Can I touch ya butt girl? Can I squeeze ya butt girl?  
Can I feel ya butt girl?

[Kool Keith]  
Honey with the gloss white diamonds, frosty lips  
Movin with hypnotic sips  
Movin the packer, I'm in the ride, leanin to the side  
Turnin up the Bar-Kays  
Firecracker, the parking lot macker  
Maxi, Stacy, women sport the Stay Free  
Like Prince all the panties hit the floor in one room in  
Paisley  
With Naughty By Nature, stippin Stoli  
Peach on the rocks with Vinnie, Treach and KayGee  
Volume up, the club is open, nothin closin at 3  
V.I.P. comes reserved, with Ronnie B  
Are you blind out there, can Ronnie see?  
The power of the Miramax picture  
Hold up girl, wait a minute, players don't rush  
Hold the cards, please, I'ma get wit'cha  
Ladies ready for departure, show ID let me card ya  
I see the T-backs through your slacks  
I like it jiggly a little larger

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]  
In the club I enter the room  
In the ladies room where the flows {?} soon  
Heartbeats cold sweats, game and jets  
Let's 5000, let's jet  
No hon, I just came, I ain't done  
She owes me cash, she paid up one  
Next chick, nitpick, dip necks  
Lick we jacko man took his shit  
We in the club, you slip we serve

Back in the club gettin clipped nuttin heard  
Two-steppin, game lethal weapon  
Chicks I'm checkin every second  
Blood hit slide as you outsiders want what {?}  
No outsiders, we all riders  
We party hard, doin the club  
Gettin no love from sharin the bub

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]

Yo what'chu gonna do now (what?)  
It's all messed up now (tell 'em)  
The club rushed up, crunked up now  
Chickens all fucked up on Bacardi now  
The spot blown up, yo they wanna go nuts  
It can go now, yeah  
We out of control, we out of your mold  
We broke it, 10 years ago (10 years)  
We start to roll, I can go 50/50 (ooh)  
Aiyyo you out of your goal (that's right)  
You out of your reach, we comin now it's the beast  
(peace)  
Big and brolic, we pass the chronic (yeah)  
Freaks jump on it... YEAH!  
And from the back nigga, I pumped on it  
Top finesse  
East coast right back to West  
Snap your neck, EPMD style  
Aiyyo we stackin them checks  
We buy the bar out (yeah) beef cookout  
We bring the mob out (where we at)  
Tony Draper style, Suave House

[Outro]

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