

Master Ace

"Ooooh Weeee"

Visit "[Ooooh Weeee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Master P]

Weebie! Holla at me (c'mon)

I'm at the bar

I got like twelve bottles of bubbly (oh)

[Chorus One 2X: Weebie]

I like it when she shakes it in that thong - OOOHHHWEE!

The way she make it twurk and grab the wall -

OOOHHHWEE!

Oh, baby you know whatchu doin - OOOHHHWEE!

No Limit got the steps bouncin and movin -

OOOHHHWEE!

[Master P]

I know a big girl, with a ironed skirt

Give her couple dollars, she'll make it work

I mean holla at me whoadie, you know I'm too large

My fantasy's to have sex wit two broads

On a boat or a plane or exotic cars

From my Bentley to a Lexus, girl bring the toys

On the dancefloor shawty started takin it off

Took her to the V.I.P., started breakin me off

Said she knew I was a balla by my iced out wrists

I told her "Wait, it don't stop, keep bringin the Cris'"

I'ma country boy just like the Dukes of Hazard

See a fine chick, you know I'm gon' grab her

Ellie May girl where you at?

This No Limit boy tryin to do that dance

I said "Rock the boat, don't let it sank"

It's time to go to war, I got the tank

[Chorus One]

[Master P] Say that then

[Weebie]

I could work, put ya body, c'mon back it up, back it up

You know Weebie and Master P, we gon' tank it up, tank it up

Turn around to the ground, you know how it goes

Touch the floor, tippie-toe, come and wobble some mo'

Now you know how I do it so don't act surprised
For a fact gotchu dancin 'til you hurtin your thighs
Now won'tcha tune it up and wobble wit it
Act a fool and wobble wit it
Won'tcha make it hustle, ooh baby don't pull a muscle
Gotcha workin on the wall 'til you run outta breath
No Limit like I told ya so y'all give us respect
Now you could shake it like a dog, break my f***in
balls
Do it how ya do it, lemme see ya take it off

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two: Weebie]

Now won'tcha rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock on
Rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock
on, rock
Now won'tcha turn around and hustle wit it
Back it up and hustle wit it, touch the ground and hustle
wit it
Ooh baby ooh baby

[Master P]

Mary had a big ol' butt them tightest jeans 4 sho
And every club that Mary was at then thugs was sure to
go
That mean she had the bo-legged wit the curves just
like a bottle
Project chick but pretty just like a model
Find her rollin through the hood she loved thugs
Don't mind gettin paid for shakin her thang in the club
I mean, beat bopper she loved the tote shoppers
Call her head nurse then I'ma be the doctor
A real country mama cook grits and eggs
And she don't leave the farm except to get paid
Candice on twaps cause she love the ball
Find her at the nizzle on the dresses at the mall
Buyin, high heels or some leather boots
And lookin for them ballers wit the crazy loot, WHAT?!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

[Master P over Chorus Two]

Where them No Limit boys at? Throw them up
Them No Limit girls, get money or what?
Told y'all clownz ain't no stoppin us
Putcha gameface on when ya watchin us

[Master P] (Weebie)

East side (OOOHHHWEE!), Mid West (OOOHHHWEE!)
West coast (OOOHHHWEE!), Dirty South
(OOOHHHWEE!)
The ghetto ville (OOOHHHWEE!), No Limit!
(OOOHHHWEE!)
Haters off, can't stop us, can't stop me (OOOHHHWEE!)
Y'all, know, where we be (OOOHHHWEE!)
Somebody tell valet to bring my Bentley
I'm about to pop wit a couple these poppers y'heard?
The party's not over, OOOHHH-WEE-WEE!

Visit [Master Ace](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.