

Pharcyde "Oh Shit"

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Little Sally Walker, sittin' in a saucer
Oh, how I tossed that ass up
Like a mission in the woods
Woody woodpecker would if he could

But I didn't want to pass it up
To the next man had my walkman bumpin' on
The fifty yard line and my adrenaline pumpin'
Like a kill thriller driller tiller out with the miller brew

Filler up, took it 'til the damn Dutch puked
([unverified])
Luke Skywalker ain't a sweet talker so I got ill
With my light saber that came in one fancy flavor
My strange behavior led to an outburst

The night felt good but the day got worse
I thought I was alone slim trade the stowaway
With a brown-eyed bombshell that was dope enough to
pay
I looked over my shoulder and my cover was peeled
By my whole school sayin', "Ooh" and I'm busted for
real

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit

What to say the least
I'm so slick that they need to call me grease
'Cuz I slips and I slides when I rides on the beast
Imani and your mom sittin' in a tree, K I S S I N G

Yo, first comes the tounge
And then come the she my homey's M O M, what?
(M I E)
Yo and to think from day one in my eyes I show fear
'Cuz I stepped into his house, his mom's grinnin' ear to
ear

Gigglin' and winks for weeks
I would encounter from this female
She's sizin' me up for the kill
Oh, what the hell is what I said to myself

So that I wouldn't worry, I'm sittin' on the couch
And wish Greg would please hurry up

She offered me a cup of ripple, broke out the titty
Squeezed her nipple, said, "Suck it if you like but please
don't bite it"
I had an urge to say fuck it but I knew I had to fight it

Before I could say alakazam
([unverified])
I took this old bitch in a doggie style
Greg walked in the room that nigga cold had a fit
But all this numbskull could say was, oh shit

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit
Son-of-a bitch, son-of-a bitch, come on

One fine summertime Sunday evening
Crenshaw Boulevard was in full swing
Perfect example of how looks can be deceiving
Rolled up to what I thought was a pretty young thing
Rollin' in a purple Samurai Suzuki dookie braids
Was an aid to her sex appeal

Dude she was dope man real dope on the wheel
Well, anyway I went toot, toot she said, "Hey, a beep,
beep"
The next day rolled down to the beach
Tuesday me and my new Crenshaw cutie
Coolin' on the beach and now she's rubbin' on my booty

Suck, suck, suckin' on my neck like dracula
But it wasn't all that spectacular
(Why?)
'Cuz everytime I tried to touch upon her tay-titty
She would be like quit B
Bitch was frontin' but I didn't say nothin'

Then all of the sudden after someone pushed the
button
I got a funny feeling like something was real wrong
Looked at her shoes and her feets was real long

Then it hit me, oh please God no
Don't let this ho turn out to be a John doe
He pulled a fast one on me, yo
I guess that's one of those things that make you go,
shit

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit

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