

## Obie Trice "Some Teeth"

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Woo, damn  
There's a lot of bitches up in here tonight, boy  
I'm about to get drunk  
Let's hold down, sleep  
Where the bar at?

Okay, okie dokey Obie's here  
No more focus, hobo's got a career  
And I like your brassiere and there's a party in here  
And I'm ready to talk naughty in Veronica's ear

She erotic and it's hot, saw Heineken beer  
Put it to the side and invite here to 'Cheers'  
Pull up a chair, swear no drama  
Therefore player, you're workin' with a monster

I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place  
Shut blinds and drapes, grind to your face in a grimy  
state  
Concentrate, you will find that you're bound to get  
But we found what's fate

We can watch two incredible mates masturbate  
Why settle and wait, let's escalate to the nearest who  
bang  
To your rear is on the mirrors  
And they smearin' booty cheeks, c'mon

So this is my favorite song  
Now sing along when the DJ throws it on  
And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep  
And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

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Okay, holy moly derriere  
Look around the club booty everywhere  
She caught me starin'  
And my homies darin' me to approach Karen

She's model material but she got a venereal  
Tons of baby fathers', baby, bottles and cereal  
She holla, 'cause I got a lot of genedio  
The DJ's playin' Obie song on the steady-o

And she's impaired and she wants to be headin' home  
With the real thing not the dildo clone  
And I know I don't wanna be headin' home  
With some double D's full of silicon

Ten hoodrat chicks surround me outside  
Found me outside, clown me outside  
Till I flip out and they found me outside  
Cussin' at the bitches, screamin' "Off to they rides"

So this is my favorite song  
Now sing along when the DJ throws it on  
And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep  
And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

Okay rolie polies everywhere  
Gotta find a slim chick's atmosphere  
Obesity's glarin' and she got me fearin'  
She's gonna come over here and try to eat me literally

Like a box of Cherrios  
Carry cupcakes and chocolate Tootsie rolls  
I'm outta order, 'cause I gotta big girl disorder  
So better cover up that blubber or I'll split

And I ain't got time to play  
Let's investigate another place today  
Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape  
Dresses petite, no window drapes

Word to mother, they god damn Opera and beans  
Got ya Opera and jeans  
Seems to me a little lean cuisine  
Wouldn't hurt much, hot don't touch

So this is my favorite song  
Now sing along when the DJ throws it on  
And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep  
And wake up, hopefully she got some teeth

Haha, haha, ha  
You gotta have teach, baby  
It just wouldn't look right  
Look, me big lips

You no teeth, it wouldn't work  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Haha ha, yeah, I'm feelin' good  
Shady Record man, Obie Trice, c'mon

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