

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Operator"

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Operator, get the police
(Operator, she so fine)
Operator, get the police
(Operator, she so fine)

Look at that girl
(She so fine)
Look at that girl
(Say it again)
Look at that girl
(Must be a crime)
Look at that girl
(Oww)

Yo, met this bitch by the name of Subie
She was a bad bitch, she had a big ol' booty
She got me setting up when I went to the projects
Bad ass bitch, she was the one to holla at

Had another bitch by the name of Pricilla
You know that bad bitch, she taste like vanilla
In my car, looking good like that
Getting money, making records, down with rap

Saying to myself, no one can defeat me
I got my dick out, c'mon bitch, beat me
Let that shit out, go down your throat
Nigga like me, never miss a note

If rain I got coats so I can't get soaked
Make a nigga know I take's that dough
Get high like supa fly, I'm the best
That's the shit, now I don't know why

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Bitch, please come live out your fantasies
Dollars and diamonds, like on my ice creams
1K jeans wit belt and white tee
I sling white balls give fiends a pipe dream

Well, in this scene in my British queen
The ignition's on the left but yes it's the right theme
Engine full of horses, chariots the king
The B's in the middle like it's tit tie fucking the wings

Pornographic, the voice so drastic
Without a reasonable doubt, I'm classic
Cake-aholic the same way that Dame Dash is
But I bakes my cakes, bag 'em up in plastic
(Uhh)

Halloween 'em up, trick yeah I treat 'em up
Lou' Vuitton a toe, watch how the hoes eat 'em up
Ma I said, I'm finger licking good, ah yes, we are
As if invisible juice, you niggaz can't see me

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If you ain't sweating there's something wrong, girl
(I am)
Say it louder
If you ain't sweating there's something wrong, girl
(I am)
Say it louder
If you ain't sweating there's something wrong, girl
(I am)
Say it louder
If you ain't sweating there's something wrong, girl

(I am)
Say it louder

She so fine, all she need now is a baller
Who better fit the bill? I myself, I'm a starter
In the game, you could tell by the charter
G4, Lear, or the Yacht in the harbor

Mama come to papa, don't it feel at home here?
All the comforts of it, you ain't got a care
Don't love me wit your heart, love me from a far
Now sit, look pretty like you came wit the car

Diamonds in the ear lobe, wrapped in the mink
Condo chillin', I be tickle pink
Not worrying bout the next bitch or what people think
If I say they don't exist, poof the extinct

Mama no, we don't need the drama
All we need is south beach, puffing on habanas
You just strike a match girl, do your man a honors
Next week Cali, we up in Las Palmas

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