

## Paradisio

### "Ooh Nuthin'"

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(CHORUS)X 2

Whacha doin girl wit all dat (ooh nuttin)  
What's all that pokin from the back (ooh nuttin)  
Whacha got goin over there (ooh nuttin)  
What's all dat makem stop and stare (ooh nuttin)

You can call me gold mouth, that's what I said  
Hey baby you gon eat your CORNBREAD!  
Cuz it look like to me that cha did already  
Wit some nice butter rolls voodoo spaghetti  
Already got me hypnotized under a spell  
Walkin by lookin at da whale on dat tale  
Can't tell ye ain't fine wit dat big ole hump  
Girlfriend you got mega junk in dat trunk  
I beez on these big booty galz that our stouter  
Then the couchi hole, let her know I'ma bout her  
Damn meal chicken cause she kickin while I doubter  
I ain't being mean but her pockets on the droughta  
Sippin on dis lean got my dick on some ?  
You can get sprung off dis like some powder  
Oops wrong hole what she said in the shower  
Already hit the booty hole for an hour

CHORUS X 2

Ring around the rosie, pocket fulla posie  
Mind full of numbers make these bitches wonder  
Let's go smoke an ounce up, maybe tear da house up  
Gripp on her ass cause this lads got a big butt  
She can make ya touch ground, she can make ya  
bounce round  
She could pack it up make a killin in another town  
Shake junt staring, I don't mean no harmin  
Call me Mr. Whipple cause I wanna squeeze the  
Charmin  
Rubbbin on her back as I suck on her NIPPLE!  
Mane dis gal stacked but cheeks like a HIPPO!  
Jimmy crack corn Im gon bust on her LIPPO!  
Jimmy in my cup my nig take a SIPPO!  
Down by da benz so her cheese gonna FLIPPO!  
Left the hotel with a limp like a CRIPPLE!

Pretty like highs and her smile had a DIMPLE!  
Make her twat hot like a bust on a PIMPLE!

CHORUS X 2

You's a bad young thang baby where yo mane  
Making niggaz heads turn like G- D-  
I'm gon ask for ya name, youve been blessed fo sho  
Smellin better than a tight rolled optimo  
I'm gon have to know, how ya garden grow  
Also you can holla back after the show  
Got somethin poking out of that short ass dress  
You know just whacha doin gal, and you a mess  
With yourself, stackin wealth got me on hard  
If I getcha in the bed pussy gon' fart  
You da strait freak type, and I'm lovin dat  
G-string, all night, you can make it clap  
She can be one of those bisexuals  
That love to engage in manage trois  
Layin down wit a man, went behind the bar  
Catchin me with dope then she take the charge

CHORUS (fade)

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