

Blakroc

"Coochie"

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Slide out your clothes and baby take off your shoes
That coochie got me so confused that I don't know what
to do
...and divine gotta a woman so fine
Gotta have it like a rabbit almost all of the time

Knew this hottie named Jeneane and she lived out in
Queens
And she had a body kinda like a horse if you know what
I mean
So I saddled up more bank for the buck 'cause she was
flirtin' my cash
I'm alright 'cause every night when I got to the crib was
hurtin' that ass
She used to tell me how much she loved me and how
much she need me
How she been waitin' to get home and rub me and hold
me and squeeze me
And after that she just popped that bubbly and touched
me and teased me
And when she was back she pushed and shoved me
and fucked me and feed
I gotta admit I was spoiled rotten dirty down to the core
And I'm insane almost to the point where I really don't
want it no more
But never bet I got back on track and I had to pull it
together
Because with out her my world so slip away I won't let
her
Tell her...

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I knew this girl named Anna she was from Alabama
She had some cooch that had me drivin' back and forth
from Atlanta
Anna was a full grown independent woman with a car

and a house on the hill
And no words can explain how the hell she be makin'
me feel
She knew just how to move them hips
she was like a gift with a little bitty bow on top
Ripped my presents open lights out but the show don't
stop
She got busy in the back of the custom four door drop
Freshly from the Fendi shades to the Polo socks
Give it to me like a song I wrote, aren't I dope?
On that note she was just my kind
A penny for my thoughts always on my mind
Explain why her name's over all my rhymes
That woman got me using up all my time
Crazy in the head all off my grind
Believe me or not I done lost my mind

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I knew this honey named Rene and she lived in BK
And I only hit it one time and now I call her everyday
I said I'm gettin' on her nerves 'cause I'm lost for words
Infatuated by her booty and her wonderful curves
I said, "Bitch, I'm Dirt McGirt fresh out and back on the
scene
And don't you ever in your life turn your back on the
king"
I got somethin' to prove I done got my groove back and
all in the news
But papa got a brand new weed bag and some new
blue suede shoes
I got another pep in my step, nigga a whole new glide
in my stride
Sixty thousand on my neck and a million dollar look in
my eye
And then she thought about it twice and said I can hit
again
And I been waitin' for this moment since I got out of the
pen
I tell her...

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