

## 69 Boyz

### "10 Chicken Wands and A Bottle of Dom"

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Intro:

Itsty-Bitsy!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey a chicken head

Bone legged, buckteeth butterfly!

Verse 1:

One for the money, two for the show

Three I want a real big booty to go

Check it, for the homies, five for the tricks

And everybody down at the Motel Six

I had seven girls and they all was tough

Then I got one more, and now eight is enough

You know at nine we hit the club and we'll have some  
fun

And get ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

Now the weekend's here, and it's time to have fun

Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

True, up in the club, got love, go ahead and show me

Holla at a dog baby, you know you know me

I know you like the sound of the booms so lay the room

I'm gonna break you off shortly in the hotel room

I got some tables to serve, uh

I got ears, you and your friends kick them turn nerds to  
the curve

And it ain't no thang, yo

Cause these wangs the funk, I'm gettin drunk off the  
pain, so

Brothers stop sweatin

I know you want some, but none is what you're gettin

So, stop standin on the wall, y'all

I got some greasy old fingers and a belly full of alcohol

But I'ma hit the floor and have fun

With ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

Chorus:

Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom

It ain't nothin but a party, let's have some fun

Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom  
Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom  
Ten chicken wangs and a bottle of dom  
Come over to the table if you want some

Verse 2:

Give me some of them chicken wangs with celery sticks  
and dip  
A glass of dom, and some hittin songs, and a cute girl  
on my hip, well come on now  
Give me some chicken wangs with celery sticks and dip  
A glass of dom, with some hittin songs, and a cute girl  
on my hip, well alright

My man was chillin with a girl he met last week  
But let him dance in the corner, he damn near sleep,  
peep  
Jay's little hoe was from Texas  
She was sweatin his gold, layin him back like he just  
got a Lexus  
My boy, be in black spinnin ends  
In the ends, in the corner with a set of fly ass twins  
And me I'm sittin fat  
Cause I'm the rottweiler and I'm lookin for a kitty cat  
And some high heel pumps and a Doolian-Burke  
Or a fly hairdoo and a teenie skirt  
Fellas lookin angrily  
But don't get mad at me, cause I'm in V.I.P., uh  
My boy, be on a cellular phone  
Hey, yo, wait to hang up cause these wangs are almost  
gone  
So, keep 'em comin, keep 'em comin hard  
Them buffalo wangs and a bottle of dom

Chorus

Verse 3:

Sixty-nine chillin in the V.I.P., instead of eatin our wangs  
away  
Watchin all the girls, with the sister curls steady makin  
their bootys sway  
Sixty-nine chillin in the V.I.P., instead of eatin our wangs  
away  
Watchin all the girls, with the sister curls steady makin  
their bootys sway  
Check it out now

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