

G.T.

"Ooohhhwee"

Visit "[Ooohhhwee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

To the beat y'all

[Master P]

Weebie! Holla at me (c'mon), I'm at the ball
I got like twelve bottles of bubbly (oh)

[Chorus One 2X: Weebie]

I like the way she shake it in the thong - OOOHHHWEE!
The way she make it twerk and grab the wall -
OOOHHHWEE!
Oh, baby you know whatchu doin - OOOHHHWEE!
No Limit got the steps bouncin and movin -
OOOHHHWEE!

[Master P]

I know a big girl, with a ironed skirt
Give her couple dollars, she'll make it work
I mean holla at me whoadie, you know our crew large
My fantasy's to have sex wit two broads
On a boat or a plane, some exotic cars
From a Bentley to a Lex, girl, bring the toys
On the dance floor, shawty started takin it off
Took her to the V.I.P., started breakin me off
Said she knew I was a baller by my iced out wrists
I told her "Wait, it don't stop, keep drinkin the Cris"
I'm a country boy just like the Dukes of Hazzard
See a fine chick, you know I'm gon' grab her
Annie May girl where you at?
This No Limit boy tryin to do that thang
I said "Rock the boat, don't let it sank"
It's time to go to war, I got the tank

[Chorus One]

[Master P] Say that then

[Weebie]

I could work, put ya body, c'mon back it up, back it up
You know Weebie and Master P, we gon' tank it up, tank
it up
Turn around to the ground, you know how it goes

Catch the flow, tippie-toe, come and wobble some mo'
Like you know how I do it so don't act surprised
For a fact gotchu dancin 'til you hurtin your thighs
Now won'tcha tune it up and wobble wit it
Act a fool and wobble wit it
Won'tcha make it hustle, ooh baby don't pull a muscle
Gotcha workin on the wall 'til you run outta breath
No Limit like I told ya so y'all give us respect
Now you could shake it like a dog, break my fuckin
balls
Do it how ya do it, lemme see ya take it off

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two: Weebie]

Now won'tcha rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock on
Rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock on, rock, rock
on, rock
Now won'tcha turn around and hustle wit it
Back it up and hustle wit it, test around and hustle wit it
Ooh baby, ooh baby

[Master P]

Mary had a big ol' butt, in them tight ass jeans it'd show
And every club that Mary was at them thugs were sure
to go
I mean she had bow-legs wit the curves just like a bottle
Project chick but pretty just like a model
When I'm rollin through the hood she on dubs
Don't mind gettin in and shakin her thang in the club
I mean, beat bopper she loved the tote shoppers
Call her head nurse then I'ma be the doctor
A real country mamma cook grits and eggs
And she won't leave the farm except to get paid
Candies on twat cause she love to ball
Find her at the mizzle on the dresser or the mall
Buyin, high heels on some leather boots
Or lookin for them ballers wit the crazy loot, WHAT?!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

[Master P over Chorus Two]

Where them No Limit boys at? Throw them 'bows
Them No Limit girls, get money and what?
Told y'all clowns ain't no stoppin us
Putcha "Gameface" on when ya catchin us

[Master P] (Weebie)

East side (OOOHHHWEE!), Mid West (OOOHHHWEE!)

West coast (OOHHHWEE!), Dirty South
(OOHHHWEE!)
The ghetto clique (OOHHHWEE!), No Limit!
(OOHHHWEE!)
Haters off, can't stop us, can't stop me (OOHHHWEE!)
Y'all, know, where we be (OOHHHWEE!)
Somebody tell valet to bring my Bentley
I'm about to kite wit a couple these poppers y'heard?
The party's not over, OOHHH-WEE-WEE!

Visit [G.T.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.