

Angelica Grimes

"Got Some Teeth"

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(*people talking in background*)

[Obie Trice - talking]

WOO!, damn

There's a lot of bitches up in here tonight boy

I'm about to get drunk

Let's hold down

Where the bar at?

(*crashing noise*)

[Verse 1]

Okay, okie dokey Obie's here

No more focus, hobo's got a career

And I like your brassiere and there's a party in here

And I'm ready to talk naughty in Veronica's ear

She erotic and it's hot, saw a Heineken beer

Put it to the side and invite here to "Cheers"

Pull up a chair, nigga swear no drama

Prepare for a player, who workin with a MONSTER

(*yelling*)

I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place

Shut blinds and drapes, grind to your face in a grimy state

Concentrate, you will find that your bound to get

But we found what's fate

We can watch two incredible mates masterbate

Why settle and wait, let's Escalade to the nearest Super

8

Until your rear is on the mirrors and they smearin booty cheeks

C'mon

[Chorus] - 2X

And this is my favorite song

Now sing along, when the DJ throws it on

And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep

And wake up, (*sound of water dropping*), hopefully she got some teeth (uh huh)

[Verse 2]

Okay holy moly derriere

Look around the club booty everywhere
And she caught me starin
And my homies darin me to approach Karen
She's model material, but she got a venereal
Tons of baby fathers', baby bottles and cereal
She holla cause I got a lot of dinerio [dinero]
The DJ's playin Obie's song on the stereo
And she's impaired and she wants to be headin home
With the real thing not the dildo clone
And I know I don't wanna be headin home
With some double D's full of silicon
Ten hoodrat chicks surround me outside
Found me outside, clown me outside
'Til I pop the trunk and they found me outside
Bustin at the bitches screamin "off to they rides!"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Okay rolie polies everywhere (*horse naying noise*)
Gotta find a slim chick's atmosphere
Obesity's glarin and she got me fearin
She's gonna come over here and try to eat me literal
(*crunching noise*)
-ly, like a box of Cherrios
Carry cupcakes and chocolate Tootsie rolls
I'm outta order cause I gotta big girl disorder
So better cover up that blubber or I'll split (*feet
running away noise*)
And I ain't got time to play
Let's investigate another place today
Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape
Dresses petite, no window drapes

Word to mother, they god damn Okra and beans
Got ya Oprah and jeans
Seems to me a little lean cuisine
Wouldn't hurt much, hot don't touch

[Chorus]

[Outro - Obie Trice - talking]

Haha, haha, ha
You gotta have teeth baby
It just wouldn't look right
Look, me big lips
You no teeth, it wouldn't work
You know what I'm sayin
(*laughing*), yeah
I'm feelin good
Shady Records man

Obie Trice, c'mon

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