

Doctors Spin

"Big Fat Funky Booty"

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My baby nice, she's so polite
She say "please," when she ask me,
Stay the night.
She's around the house, she loves me so
She's baking up a little bit of my
Rising, rising dough
Good lordy God, my gosh almighty
Her booty fine, and it's trimmed so tidy
Horseradish, mama, just a smidge
Spend a whole lot of time peekin' into
Her big old kitchen fridge
Gotta love it, it's my duty
She got a big fat funky booty
Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big fat funky booty
Waaaagh, sweet sugar plum
I'm crippled blind, a little deaf and dumb
It's wonderful, could I get a little more
'Cause it's about as wide as my garage door
When we're in bed and it's late at night, she put her
Ams around me and she hold me tight

But I say, "No baby, no, baby, no,

But I sure could use a bit of your funky booty, though."

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