

Judy Weiss**"Say Ooh"**

Visit "[Say Ooh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Say, say (Ooh)

Say, ooh

Say, say (Ooh)

Say, ooh

Salt: Yeah, what's up baby

Man: Oh, I'm chillin'

Salt: You know, you got me thinkin' about you right

Man: Right

Salt: Word up, I wanna see you, what's up

Man: I'm ok, I'm chillin'

What we gon' do

By yourself

Salt: Yeah

Man: What you up to

Salt: No, I'm just ridin'

Cheryl "Salt" James:

Ridin', sexy, I'm that golden child

Hot '97, New York-style

Got my head racin', thinking deep

'Bout them biceps, oh yes, you look sweet

Incredible, like edible, the best

Bar-type, hard heart beatin' in my chest

Yes, blessed with that hardcore passion

Fingertips on my hips, lips reactin'

Goosebumps, pumps in the air

Love like this is rare, so I don't even care

Say ooh, I need to make you happy

You just so black and nappy

Come and get it, make it snappy

Chorus:

Cruisin', laid back, drop top, next fling

Head noddin' to the bomb, what's goin' on

Say ooh, I tell you what I do

You go get your crew, and I'll go get my crew

Cruisin', laid back, drop top, next fling
Head noddin' to the bomb, you got it goin' on
Say ooh, I gotta get with you
What you wanna do, I'm feelin' it

Cheryl "Salt" James & Sandra "Pepa" Denton:

Summertime in the city, I'm pretty
I'm hot, twelve-o'clock
Lampin' in my drop top with my crew
Ooh, I should call my boo
Drivin' Jones Beach, have a sip or two
Skinny dip, trip, let the night flow
Maybe see a show, call your peep's yo
Champagne smooth, cruise around the way
So baby what you say
Can you come out and play
I'm ready at dawn, let's get it on
We can break away, to the break of dawn
You're tryin' to flex, no sex, wanna chill
A feeling that you're real
You feeling what I feel

Chorus

Cheryl "Salt" James:

Victoria Secret, I'm jiggy down to my skins
Smellin' good, pocket full of ends
I got you, you just come as you are
Gas tank full, I got a fast car
Up to par, the bubbly, some food
Your style's like smooth, put me in the mood
With your click, got my chicks, the pickin's
Flew in from D.C., wanna see how we be livin'
Whatever's clever, we be together
Show at the Apollo, make it last forever
Hit the supper club (Yo, can I get a hug)
Rub-a-dub at the Q, what's up with me and you

Chorus

Got it goin' on
I wanna get with you
Cuz I feel it

Cheryl "Salt" James:

Yeah, when I hit your block I dial you on my cell phone
The Best of Isley Brothers, got me in another zone
I'm all alone, cruisin', laid back

Feel the need for your presence
The essence of your manhood, Black
Just like that, uh, yeah

Man: Right here, baby
Salt: Right there, baby
Man: Oh, all right
Salt: Hmm
Man: You like that

Cheryl "Salt" James & Sandra "Pepa" Denton:

Cruisin', laid back, drop top, next fling
Bangin' to the bomb, what's goin' on
Say ooh, I tell you what I do
You go get your crew and I'll go get my crew
Cruisin', laid back, drop top, next fling
Bangin' to the bomb, you got it goin' on
Say ooh, I gotta get with you
What you wanna do, I'm feelin' it

What's up, what you wanna do, yeah, yeah
You got it goin' on
You've got me feeling you, oh yeah

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