

Pablo Petey

"I"

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Petey))

Man holla at ya dog

Petey Petey hey yall hey yall

Carolina bird dog, still got my shirt off

Still reppin' for convicts in Sing-sing to Burgaw

Still rockin' with T-T-Timbaland uh-uh uh-uh

I got a different role, different stroll

Impose, every nigga in here tryin' best to fuck with
Petey hoes

I got em by the boat load, dark skin to pink-toes

Li'l bitty to big hoe, nineteen to forty-fo'

I got some 1965 pantyhose

Still in the plastic bag now tell me I ain't a macaroni

Jerome Jerome to Don Corleone

Petey Petey the pussy beater

I suck em, fuck em, send em home

I gets my thug on, weekends

I get me club on, we in

So many hotels boy I ought to buy my own

Petey-ott, Petey swiss, Petey inn, Petey I (Petey I)

MAN WE DID IT AGAIN

((Chorus))

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Got them girls

Got them thangs

Got them guns

Got them stunts uh, I said

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Got them girls

Got them thangs

Got them guns

Got them stunts uh, I said

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Got them girls

Got them thangs

Got them stunts uh, I said

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Got them girls

Got them thangs

Got them guns

Got them stunts uh,

((Petey))

P-P-Pardon me dog

Its the gitchie from the gitchie bar

Its really a tittie bar but I ain't got no license for it

I got the what they want

Plenty H, plenty O

Plenty guns, plenty bows

Muthafucka chew ya road

You ain't never seen this before

But when this shit drop, all she wrote

International playa (yay ah)

D-D-Deah ya go

All they want is that Timbaland and Petey Pablo

Now watch me ball, da-dunna-dunna

Rims spinnin', 20's on all the cars, da-dunna-dunna

Every time we hit em they different broads, da-dunna-dunna

Now yall ain't ready

I'm the jumping in the Jumping Jack Flash

You don't hear the way ya disc jumpin' across the track

Nigga I'm a jumpin' ass

Fist stomp I know you mad

But ain't too much you can do bout that

Cause I'll make em stop the track

Tighten my belt and whoop y'all ass

Y'all niggas gon' understand why niggas don't wanna drop shit this year

Five and five equals ten Petey Pab Timbaland is all it is

((Chorus))

((Petey))

I'm the quicker picker-upper

Crazy soda can crusher

River, rock path, mobile home
Country muthafucka
Rep the dirty like a car commercial
You ain't heard it pitchin
Like the smell in the pasture, I'm the Cacky-lacky shit
Tr-Tr-Trash talkin' som'bitch
Trust me man I ain't the one to get mad at
Petey Pab got a bag of vats
And a gat if it come to that
So nigga-nigga don't act like that, playin'
Get a nigga smacked like that, I'm sayin'
Get a nigga wig pushed back, DAMN
Timbaland where ya at
(Timbaland)
In a 18-wheeler blowin' my horn-horn
Granddad in the field pickin beans and corn-corn
Mama never saw that a star was born-born
Mama said star go mow that lawn-lawn
I said its hot as hell a nigga need some lemonade
Bump it its 2000 a nigga needs some Minute Maid
Go head and act up get cut with this switch blade
Nigga you better pay attention what the hook say
(Chorus

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