## Petey Pablo, Vibrate

(feat. Rasheeda)

C'mon Yeah Yeah Make that ass vibrate, make that ass vibrate Make that ass vibrate, shake that shit till you Start an earthquake

[Verse 1: Petey] I want them 3, to come up here wit me So I can put em where they 'pose to be One at the head, one in the middle and one down by my feet, she keep ticklin me Neighbors bangin on the wall cause we over here disturbin the peace, baby be easy Rockin the bed so hard we done kicked off all tha sheets, don't worry we don't need em A couple hours in the session we done been through bout four CDs (about four CDs) Keith Sweat, Mary J, Brian McKnight, and Jodeci (They love Jodeci) By the way look think I need a couple can of energy drinks (yeah I'm gone need em) Cuz these hoes go vibratin in they coochie

[Chorus 1: 2x]
I like the way yo ass be vibratin...
I like the way yo ass be vibratin...

[Chorus 2: 2x]
Make that ass vibrate, make that ass vibrate
Make that ass vibrate, shake that shit till you
Start an earthquake

[Verse 2: Rasheeda]
Bend over and touch ya toes, blow smoke got ya hoes like you blowin dro Slide down the pole, upside down do it fast or slow Round here we professionals, get flexible, real sexual Make a nigga wanna eat it like a vegetable When he see that ass rise like a buttered roll Round here we gangstered out, this aint no titty bar we let it all hang out Break bread till the song played out, show that nigga what a real bitch bout These cats thank they pimpin like Don Juon

Break bread till the song played out, show that nigga what a real bitch bout These cats thank they pimpin like Don Juon But they all played out like the thong song Get ya money gul, show em what you really bout Rasheeda reppin fo the ladies in the south

## [Both Choruses]

[Verse 3: Petey]
I can fuck, any bitch in here, lay her on the pillow
Crawl up behind her and cram all of it in her
Ride her ass like a bicycle, hold right there
When I move you move, just like that
Just as show as yo ass is fat, there's some 26 inch rims on a Cadillac
Like spinners, sittin on a sixty-seven
At the car show bumpin Funk Master Flex
I aint met a bitch yet (and yeah) that I couldn't have
All I gotta do is tell a hoe who I am
Pull up to the side and get away from them
Doom, Doom, Doom

## [Both Choruses]