

# Rasheeda, Vibrate

C'mon  
Yeah Yeah 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)

I like the way yo ass be vibratin...  
I like the way yo ass be vibratin...

Make that ass vibrate, make that ass vibrate  
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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  
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

(Chorus)

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(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

(Chorus)

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