

Kool Keith, Can I Touch Your Butt Girl?

[Kool Keith]
Clayborne Family

[Chorus]
Can I touch ya butt girl? Can I squeeze ya butt girl?
Can I feel ya butt girl? Can I touch it?
Can I touch ya butt girl? Can I squeeze ya butt girl?
Can I feel ya butt girl?

[Kool Keith]
Honey with the gloss white diamonds, frosty lips
Movin with hypnotic sips
Movin the packer, I'm in the ride, leanin to the side
Turnin up the Bar-Kays
Firecracker, the parking lot macker
Maxi, Stacy, women sport the Stay Free
Like Prince all the panties hit the floor in one room in Paisley
With Naughty By Nature, stippin Stoli
Peach on the rocks with Vinnie, Treach and KayGee
Volume up, the club is open, nothin closin at 3
V.I.P. comes reserved, with Ronnie B
Are you blind out there, can Ronnie see?
The power of the Miramax picture
Hold up girl, wait a minute, players don't rush
Hold the cards, please, I'ma get wit'cha
Ladies ready for departure, show ID let me card ya
I see the T-backs through your slacks
I like it jiggly a little larger

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]
In the club I enter the room
In the ladies room where the flows [?] soon
Heartbeats cold sweats, game and jets
Let's 5000, let's jet
No hon, I just came, I ain't done
She owes me cash, she paid up one
Next chick, nitpick, dip necks
Lick we jacko man took his shit
We in the club, you slip we serve
Back in the club gettin clipped nuttin heard
Two-steppin, game lethal weapon
Chicks I'm checkin every second
Blood hit slide as you outsiders want what [?]
No outsiders, we all riders
We party hard, doin the club
Gettin no love from sharin the bub

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]
Yo what'chu gonna do now (what?)
It's all messed up now (tell 'em)
The club rushed up, crunked up now
Chickens all fucked up on Bacardi now
The spot blown up, yo they wanna go nuts
It can go now, yeah
We out of control, we out of your mold
We broke it, 10 years ago (10 years)
We start to roll, I can go 50/50 (ooh)
Aiyyo you out of your goal (that's right)
You out of your reach, we comin now it's the beast (peace)
Big and brolic, we pass the chronic (yeah)

Freaks jump on it... YEAH!
And from the back nigga, I pumped on it
Top finesse
East coast right back to West
Snap your neck, EPMD style
Aiyyo we stackin them checks
We buy the bar out (yeah) beef cookout
We bring the mob out (where we at)
Tony Draper style, Suave House

[Outro]
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Can I feel ya butt girl? Can I touch it?
Can I touch ya butt girl? Can I squeeze ya butt girl?
Can I feel ya butt girl? Can I touch it?