

Obie Trice, Got Some Teeth (My Favorite Song)

(*talking in background*)

(Obie Trice - talking)

WOO!

Damn ..

There's a lot of bitches up in here tonight boy

I'm about to get drunk

Let's hold down, sleep

Where the bar at?

(*crashing noise*)

(Verse 1)

Okay, okie dokey Obie's here

No more focus, hobo's got a career

And I like your brassiere and there's a party in here

And I'm ready to talk naughty in Veronica's ear

She erotic and it's hot, saw Heineken beer

Put it to the side and invite here to "Cheers";

Pull up a chair, swear no drama

Therefore player your workin with a MONSTER (*yelling*)

I ain't got time to waste, let's vacate the place

Shut blinds and drapes, grind to your face in a grimy state

Concentrate, you will find that your bound to get

But we found what's fate

We can watch two incredible mates masterbate

Why settle and wait

Let's escalate to the nearest who bang

To your rear is on the mirrors and they smearin booty cheeks

C'mon

(Chorus) - 2X

So this is my favorite song

Now sing along when the DJ throws it on

And if I leave here tonight and I fall asleep

And wake up, (*sound of water dropping*), hopefully she got some teeth

(Verse 2)

Okay holy moly derriere

Look around the club booty everywhere

She caught me starin

And my homies darin me to approach Karen

She's model material, but she got a venereal

Tons of baby fathers', baby bottles and cereal

She holla cause I got a lot of genedio

The DJ's playin Obie song on the steady-o

And she's impaired and she wants to be headin home

With the real thing not the dildo clone

And I know I don't wanna be headin home

With some double D's full of silicon

Ten hoodrat chicks surround me outside

Found me outside, clown me outside

'Til I flip out and they found me outside

Cussin at the bitches screamin "off to they rides!"

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Okay rolle polies everywhere (*horse naying noise*)

Gotta find a slim chick's atmosphere

Obesity's glarin and she got me fearin

She's gonna come over here and try to eat me literal (*crunching noise*)

-ly, like a box of Cherrios

Carry cupcakes and chocolate Tootsie rolls

I'm outta order cause I gotta big girl disorder

So better cover up that blubber or I'll split (*feet running away noise*)
And I ain't got time to play
Let's investigate another place today
Ladies less in weight and the dress they shape
Dresses petite, no window drapes

(Obie Trice - talking)
Word to mother, they god damn Opera and beans
Got ya Opera and jeans
Seems to me a little lean cuisine
Wouldn't hurt much, hot don't touch

(Chorus)

(Outro - Obie Trice - talking)
Haha, haha, ha
You gotta have teach baby
It just wouldn't look right
Look, me big lips ..
You no teeth, it wouldn't work
You know what I'm sayin
Haha ha, yeah
I'm feelin good
Shady Record man
Obie Trice
C'mon