

# Petey Pablo, Goodies

My goodies, my goodies, my goodies  
Not my goodies

(verse 1: Petey Pablo)

I got a sick reputation for handlin' broads  
All I need is me a few seconds or more  
And in my rap  
Tell valet to bring my 'Lac  
And I ain't comin' back  
So you can put a car right there  
I'm the truth  
I ain't got nothin' to prove  
And you can ask anybody  
Cause they seen me do it  
Barracades, I run right through 'em  
I'm used to 'em  
Throw all the dirt you want, it's no use  
You still won't have a pinup in a fabulous room  
On her back, pickin' out baskets of fruit  
(I love you, boo)  
Yeah, Freaky Petey loves you too  
Ha, ha  
You know how I do

(Ciara)

You may look at me and think that I'm  
Just a young girl  
But I'm not just a young girl  
Baby this is what I'm lookin' for  
Sexy, independent, down-to-spend-it type that's gettin' his dough  
I'm not bein' too dramatic  
That's the way I gotta have it

(chorus)

I bet you want the goodies  
Bet you thought about it  
Got you all hot and bothered  
Maybe cause I talk about it  
If you're lookin' for the goodies  
Keep on lookin', cause they stay in the jar  
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, yeah

(verse 2: Ciara)

Just because you drive a Benz  
I'm not goin' home with you  
You won't get no nookie or the cookies  
I'm no rookie  
And still I'm sexy, independent  
I ain't wit' it, so you already know  
I'm not bein' too dramatic  
That's the way I gotta have it  
You think you're slick  
Tryn'a hit  
But I'm not dumb  
I'm not bein' too dramatic  
It's just how I gotta have it

(chorus)

(verse 3: Petey Pablo)

So damn hot, but so young  
Still got milk on ya tongue  
Slow down lil' one  
And you ain't got it all

Hey shorty  
You think you bad, but you ain't bad  
I'll show you what bad is  
Bad is when you capable of beatin' the bag  
I been workin' at it since I came to this planet  
And I ain't quite there yet, but I'm gettin' better at it  
Matter of fact  
Lemme tell it to you one mo' 'gain  
All I got to do is tell a girl who I am (Petey)  
Ain't ne'er chick in here that I can't have  
Bada boom bada bam da bam

(verse 4: Ciara)  
You're insinuating that I'm hot  
But these goodies boy, are not  
Just for any of the many men that's tryn'a get on top  
No, you can't call me later  
And I don't want your number  
I'm not changin' stories  
Just respect the play I'm callin'

(chorus 2x)

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh, uh, uh