

# Tweet, Oops, Oh My (Amended Version)

(Tweet)

Tell you what I did last night  
I came home, say around a quarter to three  
Still so high, hypnotized, in a trance  
From this body so buttery brown and tantalizing  
You would have thought I needed help  
From this feeling that I felt  
So shook I had to catch my breath

(Tweet)

Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head, oh my  
Oops, there goes my skirt droppin at my feet, oh my  
Ooh, some kind of touch caressing my legs, oh my  
Ooh, I'm turning red, who could this be

(Tweet)

I tried and I tried to avoid  
But this thing was happening  
Swallowed my pride, let it ride and partied  
But this body felt just like mine's, I got worried  
I looked over to the left, a reflection of myself  
That's why I couldn't catch my breath

(Tweet)

Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head, oh my, oh my  
Oops, there goes my skirt droppin at my feet, oh my, oh my  
Ooh, some kind of touch caressing my legs, oh my, oh my  
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(Bubba Sparxxx)

So we've been tussling for a year and a half and the flame is burnin out  
I'm ? you fussin, these discussions I ain't concerned about  
For me being the man that I am a practice intolerance  
I know the way you touch me would be a hard act to follow  
It's in the best interests of you and I to just take a night off  
You left by yourself, I called up Timmy, he set it right off  
We started out in Logan's ended up in the Monkey drunk  
Stopped by the ATM, bought the bar out and drunk it up  
But in the mean time I wonder why I ain't heard of Betty  
I'm tired of these steak eaters plus my new shirt is sweaty  
Home around three for what I saw I was unprepared  
Don't stop on my behalf, mmhmm go right ahead

(Tweet) (Missy)

I looked over to the left (mm, I was lookin so good I couldn't reject myself), oh  
I looked over to the left (mm, I was feelin so good I had to touch myself), oh  
I looked over to the left (mm, I was eyein my thighs butter pecan brown), oh  
I looked over to the left (mm, comin out of my shirt and then my skirt came down)

(Tweet) (Missy)

Oops, there goes my shirt (mm) up over my head (mm), oh my (mm), oh my  
Oops, (mm) there goes my skirt (mm) droppin at my feet (mm), oh my (mm), oh my  
Ooh, (mm) some kind of touch (mm) caressing my legs (mm), oh my (mm), oh my  
Ooh, (mm) I'm turning red (mm), who could this be (mm, mm)

(Tweet)

Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head, oh my, oh my  
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Ooh, some kind of touch caressing my legs, oh my, oh my  
Ooh, I'm turning red, who could this be

(Missy) (Tweet)

Mm, mm, mm (oh my, oh my)  
Mm, mm, mm, ooh

Mm, mm, mm, mm (oh my, oh my)  
Mm, mm, mm, ooh

(Tweet)  
Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head  
Oops, oops, oh my, oh my