

# Tweet, Oops (Oh My) Feat. Fabolous

\*verse 1\*

Tell you what I did last night  
I came home, say, around a quarter to three  
Still so high  
Hypnotized  
In a trance  
From the start it, so butter and brown and tantalizing  
You woulda thought I needed help from this feeling that I felt  
So shook I had to catch my breath

\*chorus\*

Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head  
Oh my  
OOPS, there goes my skirt droppin' to my feet  
Oh my  
Ooh, some kinda touch caressing my leg  
Oh my  
Ooh I'm turning red  
Who could this be?

\*verse 2\*

I tried and I tried to avoid  
but this thing was happening  
Swallow my pride  
Let it ride and party  
But this body felt just like mines  
I got worried  
I looked over to the left  
A reflection of myself  
That's why I couldn't catch my breath

\*chorus\*

OOPS, there goes my shirt up over my head  
Oh my  
OOPS, there goes my skirt droppin' to my feet  
Oh my  
Ooh, some kinda touch caressing my leg....

(Fabolous)

Desert storm yeah, Fabolous yeah.. Tweet yeah.  
Shorty I strictly wanna spank you. The most I gotta do  
Is spell my name to get your vicki's to your ankles.  
I'm seriously mami, you're fuckin' with the Kid  
aka William H. Bonnie  
You know I'm the type that be crushin and merkin'  
Having ladies touchin' the hurkin, blushin' and smirkin',  
Early in the morning rushin from workin'  
Screamin "Oh my.. F-A B-O L-O U-S"  
Each night I'm freakin, ma' you aint gonna talk me to death,  
Cuz you got free nights and weekends  
Ghetto Fabs all over the place...  
Oops, there goes my kids all over your face...  
Oh my!

(Missy)

(I looked over to the left)  
Umm I was looking so good I couldn't reject myself  
(I looked over to the left)  
Umm I was feeling so good I had to touch myself  
(I looked over to the left)  
Umm I was eyein my thighs butter pecan brown  
(I looked over to the left)  
Umm comin' outta my shirt and then the skirt came down

\*chorus\*

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Oh my  
OOPS, there goes my skirt droppin' to my feet  
Oh my  
Ooh, some kinda touch caressing my leg  
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Who could this be?

(chorus)OOPS, there goes my shirt up over my head  
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Ooh, some kinda touch caressing my leg  
Oh my  
Ooh I'm turning red  
Who could this be?

Mmm..  
(oh my)

OOPS, there goes my shirt up over my head.  
OOPS...  
Oh my....