

Culo, culo
It'r not the way you smell
It'r's your culo
It'r not the calvin coolers
But your culo
I'd be better off with dreams
But that'r's not what I need
It'r's your culo, the way you move it
If I have my chance
In my strobe lite room
You'll be buggin' off me
Pile driving you with Mr. R.D.
This is something I see

I can't help myself
My friends say that it must be felt
It'r's true
I do believe that I can get that culo anytime

She's not really hype...
But she's got culo
Yo, she ain't your type...
But she's got culo
What a brudmare...
But she's got culo
Go head, bust it...
In her culo

Culo, culooooo