

Pu Wah Wah

Tech N9ne

816 boys!

She got that pu-wah-wah-wah drip, drip, drip
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It's a puddle on the ground, girl go on get a towel and
Wipe it up (Wipe it up), now wipe it up (Now wipe it up)
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Wipe it up (Wipe it up), now wipe it up (Now wipe it up)
It's a puddle on the ground, girl go on get a towel

Kali Baby

I'm Kaliko-ala, I like that pu-wah-wah
She let me do what I want to her, then I'm through with her
I never smooch with her, see I'm the gooch with her
She got a fupa, it don't matter I'm still scooping her
See, see, see, see, see baby like beats like, she's like
Smellin' right, then tellin' what that peach like (HEY!)
I take a sniff and sniff her up like snuffaluffagus
A horny lil' devil's what she's up against
She drippin' perfection, perfect sweat drippin' all over her
Bodacious Bernadette is what I'm callin' her must sop her up
I cough it up to get a proper slop with her
Yeah, I'm confident but hopein it can pop with her, she popular
I get her off that fluid, it be nuttin' to it
Gotta have her still but a bad one, so I holler: "Oh, let do it!"
Yo, Chewbacca got me too hot, I need cool water
Or ya pu-wah-wah-wah-wah

Kutt Calhoun-na-na, I love when pu-wah-wah
Make me speakin' baby talk
Goo-goo-gah love you doin' that
Thing you do with your lil' beaver got me pursuin' that
Kitty, you call Sylvester
But Tweety would call you puddy tat (Meow)
Pussy cats all around me dog
It's nature to look at that, woof at that
Maybe later I'll place a bone in her nookie sack
Perfect woman to mate with had a few
And we took it back to the bedrock
Yellin' YA-BA-DAB-A-DOO on the whoopie sack

Tech Nina-na I make the pu-wah-wah
And I make that moolah-lah true dollar, so I'm due-ala
What you wanna do, pah-pah, you brought the ca-ca to da-da
Now that's just like a Chihuahua against Chewbacca (Na-na-na)
She turned it up and now she let the rump go (Na-na-na)
She pulled the lil' homie now I want more (Na-na-na)
She made the pu-wah-wah and now she won't go
Like the Homie AP say: "Shut the front door"

I'm Makzilla-la, I like that pu-wah-wah
Yeah, I want your friend (My friend?)
No, not you, ma-ma (What?)
That one over there (Her?) yeah, over there (Oh)
Yeah, that pretty lil' somethin' with the long hair
I see your Christian Louboutin, so your shoe gain tight

This swag is atmosphere, so that means it out of sight
Made my way through the crowd, yep, approach got near
Posted at you at the bar and whispered in your ear:
Hey, Ms. Lady (Radio edit) Got you from a crush
She said, she ain't a groupie chick and I know you're a star
Don't sweet talk me, if you plan on playin' around
So I jumped on the ground AND I START SCREAM LOUD!
Your body so bad like Jessica Biel
No mirage booty pop saggy booty concealed
She hot, yes, sir "American's Top Model"
Don't need no water, got a big big bottle of that