

Break Me Off (feat. Missy Elliott)

Petey Pablo

Man, you see that? Yeah
Every time they come right here with all them big cars
We can't get nothin', I don't like that
I don't like that at all Got myself some new funk
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay? Well, I got myself some new funk
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here Guess who jumped back in the izzle skizzle
To get every boys on the brother Tim?
Why you fuckin' with him? He gone have you shame of yourself
Out on a limb, too far to call help
I ain't hatin' on him, I just heard it, heard from him
He heard it from him, so he must have done it to them
Wait a cotton pickin' minute, naw, y'all gone 'head
Get in the bed, hike up ya legs, give him some head Girl, play to win, work until the dick fall
dead
I'm just hopin' I can get a chance to poke it myself
Yeah, fo' shizzle, Mrs. Thizzle
My pager number 877 for Petey Pizzle Got myself some new funk
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You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here
My man at the crib, nigga, what the deal?
Look but don't feel, come on, man, I came to kill
I think you oughta chill 'cause you on them X pills
In Zeffer hills an' make my titties look like the hills Beg if you will, like artist with no deals
My ass give him chills like a slut in high hills
My body is a meal like fries in the ville
Now playa, looka here, ain't nothin' goin' in my rear My night gown sheer, I know you want to
tear
Now can't you tear my underwear like apple an' pears
Oh yeah? Oh yeah, fo' sheezy my neezy
7793 go 'head, hit me when you need me Got myself some new funk
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You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here
Girl, I got a half a pound of reffer, a thousand
geeker pops
Call up all yo' homegirls, see if they can come out
See if they'll show out, freek-a-leek or somethin'
See if they can b-bounce over these speed b-bumps
Make her blow her back door down
Make her scream loud like on 'Girls Gone Wild'
Breaker break it down, turn it around
I'm tryin' to throw a hooker hip out
Make her stick her tongue out, now sit down
Ain't but one helicopter pilot in this chopper now
Show her what the chopper's about, you in Petey's house
T-t-turn around, make a right, get the hell out
Got myself some new funk
An' I'm 'bouts to get funkyed up, I said
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans
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