

Tush

Ghostface Killah

Somebody tell that girl that her ass too big
I give it to her right and she let me live
Can't eat that, 'cause there's no relationship
I beat that, the next day you called in sick
Frontin', not for nothin', I pop buttons
Off Baby Phat, Levi's, J.Lo's, Guess and Gap
Cause it's like that, young lady, bet I make you shake
Like the Puffy and Jay-Z's, Dre's and J.D.'s
Come on, if not you, I'ma beat this song
But if you were bout it, our business wouldn't be here this long
Let me break it down for you, all I wanted to know
If I could just feel it and touch it, and break it down into numbers and
Come with me and just leave your friends
Cause we don't need no cock blocking
Tellin' you this without no option
Tell your friends "Peace, look, I'm bouncin'"

Tush, tush, tush
Want to slide in the bush, bush, bush?
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)
You want to get up in my tush, tush, tush?
You could slide in the bush, bush, bush
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)
You want to get up in that tush, tush, tush?
Want to slide in my bush, bush, bush
(I'm on top, you like push, push, push
Keep it low like shush, shush, shush)

Oh yeah, you jinglin' baby (well let me jump up on that ding-a-ling baby)
Ooh, gosh, you a nasty girl, sassy
Picture me layin' you inside my classic pearls
Toes'll curl, giddy up, you go girl
I'm about to, uh, do it slow girl
Ooh, you in control, it's in your world
She on, I think I like ol' girl
Take it out, turn around
Charlie horse, shit, threw me off balance
Wildin', all I wanted was to show you my talent
To let you know on how I rep in Staten Island
This is the reason I came to you
So we can connect it then kick it was the thing to do
Cause we don't need no representation
Domination, got them waitin' patient

Now this is the way y'all suppose to
To get down, y'all ain't right
Somebody say "Aha! Ghost is back!"

Pull back the curtain, let me work your sermon
Playboy don't hurt me like a virgin
You seem real determined to put a hurtin'
But if you ain't slurpin', then you better off jerkin'
You got a lot of nerve, to want to serve my curves
My 36D, 36 hips
The way I shoot the gift, I swallow coke bottles

And you would swear it was Lil' Kim lips
Eh, I really like you baby
Do you know how to wife this lady?
Give me what I want, don't talk, don't touch
Unless you got a bank account that make my face blush
Now shush, in my bush
And I can give you what you want, make a whoosh
Just throw it, I'll show you how to push
Kinky sex, tie ropes around your wrist
Come on
Come on,
Come on
Oh, Come on!