

Big Fat Funky Booty

Spin Doctors

My baby's nice, she's so polite
Said, "Please" when she ask me stay the night
She's around the house and she love me so real
She pickin' up a little bit of my rising, rising dough
Good lordy, God, my gosh, almighty
Her booty fine and it's trimmed so tidy
Horseradish, mama, just a smidgen
Spend a whole lotta time peekin' into
Your big old kitchen fridge
Gotta love it, that's my duty
She gotta big, fat, funky booty
Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big, fat, funky booty
Waoh, sweet sugar plum
I'm crippled, blind, a little deaf and dumb
It's wonderful, could I get a little more?
'Cause it's about as wide as my big old garage door when
We're in bed and it's late at night, oh
She put her arms around me and she hold me tight
And I say, "No baby, no baby, no"
But I sure could use a lil' bit of your booty though
Gotta love it, it's my duty
She gotta big fat funky booty
Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big fat funky booty
My baby's nice, she's so polite
Said, "Please" when she ask me stay the night
She's around the house, she love me so
She pickin' up a little bit of my rising dough
Good lordy, God, my gosh, almighty
Her booty fine and it's trimmed so tidy
Horseradish, mama, just a smidge
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Whole mess of big, fat, funky booty
Gotta love it, it's my duty
She gotta big, fat, funky booty
Not above it, makes me moody
Whole mess of big, fat, funky booty, yeah
Gotta love it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>