

Sputnik Monroe

Gluecifer

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Got hugging little pants and a flashy do
Black boots and a champ belt too
Head man and hes frolicking with the fans Wrong look, he will jump in the air
Wrong word, he will shit in your hair
Monroe, better dig it while he does his dance On his feet now, into your eye
Wanna be on the street now
You wanna live or do you wanna die? Yeah, got a satellite crash coming down on the top of your head
Yeah, got a wild man on the move, get down
Yeah, got a sonic speed, wanna rev it up into the red
Yeah, 'cause hes got the groove He's scared stiff when he enters the ring
You hear the bell go ding-a-ling-a-ling
Meat man with them porterhouse steaks for hands With a flash youll get the kicks
Passed out on the count of six
Monroe, better dig it while he does his dance So do you wanna die?
Yeah, got a satellite crash coming down on the top of your head
Yeah, got a wild man on the move, get down
Yeah, what a sonic speed, gotta rev it up into the red
Yeah, 'cause hes got the groove So do you wanna die?
Yeah, got a satellite crash coming down on the top of your head
Yeah, got a wild man on the move, get down
Yeah, got a sonic speed, wanna rev it up into the red
Yeah, 'cause hes got the groove So do you wanna die?
Yeah, got a satellite crash coming down on the top of your head
Yeah, got a wild man on the move, get down
Yeah, got a sonic speed, wanna rev it up into the red
Yeah, 'cause hes got her, Monroe, he's got the groove

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