Illusion, Coma, Pimp & Circumstance

Prince

She knew which fork to use but she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk in exchange for the finance
Who's pimpin' who if nobody gets a second chance?
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp and circumstance
She was older but rich beyond compare
She'd drop a thousand dollars at the saloon just to get her hair did
He was good at compliments, better in the bunk
She laced him with a crib in Paris, he hipped her to the funk
Way too fine he was for her
A dirty dog in expensive fur
As long as she's providing chips and whips
We can do this funky thing
As long as she was playing the host
He figured he would make the most of them hips and lips
He hooked her up, rocked her coast to coast
Ugly, she's so ugly, rich beyond compare
She's dropped a couple hundred thousand dollars on a silver whip
Just to match the color of her hair
She said, "Eye got plenty of what you need
Put the spoon down honey, come on, let mama feed you"
She knew which fork to use but she couldn't dance
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Where was Eye? Oh yeah, a gentleman he was
He never spoke about her nose
So prominent because in the dark it'd glow
If she was only tan instead of so lily white
Her name was Doris but he called her Flo
As in 'Rescent', that ain't right
Fluorescent every night
A situation bound to fail
As sure a Doris' skin was pale
Money might talk, but what does it say?
You better get busy if you wanna get paid
Boy, Eye was fine back in the day
She knew which fork to use but she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk in exchange for the finance
Who's pimpin' who if nobody gets a second chance?

That's the story of illusion, coma, pimp and circumstance
Now, dance, dance
He spent her money oh so well
Take a bath in cold Kristal
He took a trip to burn an old flame in 'Frisco, like wow
But Doris caught him in her arms
She shrugged her shoulders and said, "No harm"
Just put your name on this pre-nup and we can all hit the disco
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Now, dance
Dance
Dance
Dance

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