Why Judy

Hot Action Cop

It's like it always rains when I run my brain,
The chitter chatter's got me shattered,
And I feel like I'm scattered now,
I'm battered,
Knocked down to the concrete,
Because of cruising past that parking lot on seventeenth street,
That's where me and my girl locked in a backseat bliss,
I can't believe that all this bullshit started up with a kiss,
It's like all my dreams they turn into a life,
And now I'm feelin' like I'm sittin' on the edge of a knife!
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
I wanna tell her that I love her but I don't all the time,
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
It's got me drinkin' and I'm thinkin' as I drive through the light,
Starin' out through the windshield wipers,
Then it hits me like a shot from the sniper!
Judy that baby ain't got my eyes,
I wonder whose eyes they is,
Yeah,
Judy that baby ain't got my smile,
I wonder whose smile that is,
Yeah...
Shit had me fool proof,
But I'm the fool with the proof,
It's just an urban legend if ya think that you'll be happy,
The truth is that la vida loca was all about you creepy sneakin',
Yeah yeah,
You got me drinkin' yo,
You got the luscious johnson,
You got the magic bone,
Now you don't get no money like the lawyer said on the phone,
I come to ransack your shack,
Your suburb,
Your Cadillac,
Full custody,
I'll take it all back!
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
I wanna tell her that I love her but I don't all the time,
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,

I got the feelin' that I'm livin' at the scene of a crime,
Starin' out through the windshield wipers,
Then it hits me like a shot from the sniper!

Judy that baby ain't got my eyes,
I wonder whose eyes they is,
Yeah,
Judy that baby ain't got my smile,
I wonder whose smile that is,
Yeah...
It's no use,
It's no use...
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
I wanna tell her that I love her but I don't all the time,
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
I got the feelin' like I'm livin' at the scene of a crime,
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
I coulda sworn that I was trippin' it was such a surprise,
Woah now woah hey woah say woah,
And now my grip is kinda slippin' while my little one cries,
Starin' out through the windshield wipers,
Then it hits me like a shot from the sniper!
Judy that baby ain't got my eyes,
I wonder whose eyes they is,
(Those eyes see),
Yeah,
Judy that baby ain't got my smile,
(Ain't got my smile),
I wonder whose smile that is,
(I wonder),
Yeah,
Judy that baby ain't got my style,
(That baby),
(That baby),
I wonder whose style that is,
(Woah I wonder),
Yeah,
Judy that baby just ain't my child,
(It ain't my child),
I wonder whose child that is,
I know it ain't mine...
It must be his,
His his his,
It must be his,
Yeah...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/