

# If You Have to Ask

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

A want to be gangster  
Thinkin' he's a wise guy  
Rob another bank  
He's a sock 'em in the eye guy  
Tank head  
Mr. Bonnie and Clyde guy  
Look him in the eye  
He's not my kinda guy  
Never be  
Confusion proof  
Pudding's sweet  
But too aloof  
Orange eye girl  
With a backslide dew said  
Yo homie  
Who you talkin' to  
A backed up paddywagon  
Mackin' on a cat's ass  
One upper cut  
To the cold upper middle class  
Born to storm  
On boredom's face  
And a little lust  
To the funky ass flea bass  
Most in the race  
Just lose their grace  
The blackest hole  
In all of space  
Crooked as a hooker  
Now suck my thumb  
Anybody want to come get some  
If you have to ask  
You'll never know  
Funky motherfuckers  
Will not be told to go  
If you have to ask  
You'll never know  
Funky motherfuckers  
Will not be told to go  
Don't ask me why  
I'm flyin' so high  
Mr. Bubble meets superfly

In my third eye  
Searchin' for a soul bride  
She's my freakette  
Soak it up inside  
Deeper than a secret  
Much more  
Than meets the eye  
To the funk  
I fall into my new ride  
My hand my hand  
Magic on the one  
Is a medicine man  
Thinkin' of a few  
Taboos that I ought to kill  
Dancin' on their face  
Like a stage on vaudeville I feel so good  
Can't be understood  
Booty of a hoodlum  
Rockin' my red hood If you have to ask  
You'll never know  
Funky motherfuckers  
Will not be told to go If you have to ask  
You'll never know  
Funky motherfuckers  
Will not be told to go

Songwriters

MICHAEL BALZARY, JOHN ANTHONY FRUSCIANTE, ANTHONY KIEDIS, CHAD SMITH Published by  
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