

Kinky Afro (Rowetta)

Happy Mondays

Son, I'm 30
I only went with your mother 'cause she's dirty
And I don't have a decent bone in me
What you get is just what you see yeah
I see it so I take it freely
And all the bad piss ugly things I feed me
I never help or give to the needy
Come on and see me I had to crucify some brother today
And I don't dig what you gotta say
So come on and say it
Come on and tell me twice I said dad you're shabby
You run around and groove like a baggy
You're only here just out of habit
All that's mine you might as well have it
You take ten feet back and then stab it
Spray it on and 'tag it
So sack on me
I can't stand the needy
Get around here if you're asking you're feeling I had to crucify somebody today
And I don't dig what you gotta say
So come on and say it
Come on and tell me twice So sack all the needy
I can't stand to leave it
You come around here and you put both your feet in I had to crucify somebody today
And I don't dig what you gotta say
So go on and say it I had to crucify some brother today
And I don't hear what you gotta say
So come on and say it
Come on and tell me twice

Songwriters

RYDER, PAUL ANTHONY/WHELAN, GARY KENNETH/DAY, MARK PHILIP/DAVIS, PAUL
RICHARD/RYDER, SHAUN WILLIAM

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>