

# Shakedown

## Blondie

I used to get sick with solitude  
I was always better in the multitude  
But now I like it up here all alone in my ivory tower  
    Hi ho at the end of my rope  
    I watch it all through a telescope  
    I think, I'd have a better chance to see the Pope  
I get so bored with his shtick and his mini minute dick  
    And all his high and mighty shit, I'm a witch  
    Well, well, well a wish wanna throw it in a ditch  
    I'm concentratin' on the big laugh  
    You just acting like that damn old riff raff  
    Shakedown baby  
    I don't wanna have to see  
    What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
    Shakedown baby  
    I don't wanna have to see  
    What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
    Shakedown baby  
    Shakedown baby  
    Shakedown baby  
    I don't wanna have to see  
    What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
    I'm so sick of your Jersey rap  
    Your slab rat white as a tic-tac  
    Why don't you take a dirt nap  
You make me laugh and I know who I'm laughin' at  
    Big Jersey hoo-haa  
    Like your style, like your freedom of speech  
Like your dirty thoughts, like your cream of wheat  
    Tuesday is out  
Never may be great, level down and read 'em  
    From the garden state, this is a Jersey plate  
    Saturday in pretty drivin' in the city  
    Your boom is a distortion  
    Your act is a contortion  
    The perfume and pretension  
    Your hair in invention  
    Ha, ha, ha the hive is hummin'  
    I thought, I heard it all

But there's still more comin'  
Put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in?  
Put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in?  
Put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in?  
Put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in?  
Put it in, put it in, why don't you put it in?  
Put it in, put it in  
Shakedown baby  
I don't wanna have to see  
What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
Shakedown baby  
I don't wanna have to see  
What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
Shakedown baby  
Shakedown baby  
Shakedown baby  
I don't wanna have to see  
What you got hidin' in your body cavity?  
You said your name was what  
What kind of a name is that?  
Shooting past me on the turnpike  
Should have told you to take a hike  
But there was somethin'  
I don't know what  
That I guess I kind of like, that nasty attitude  
Mediterranean lastitude  
I guess you did give me a rush  
Yeah, you gave me a thrill  
Felt so hot and flushed  
I even had to take a pill  
And your pattern yeah, your method yeah  
The way you deliver long and slow  
The way you get your percussion goin'  
Goin' strong and it's my turn to be blowin'  
Yeah, singin' my song  
You think you know me  
Think again  
Who's your friend?  
Who put this freak flag in the mail?  
Why you sending me this pig tail?  
You back in jail  
I got your post card sayin'  
How it is in that pen your in  
Signed don't forget me, lot's of love from adrenaline  
Give it a rest, give it a rest

You got one dimension pure pretension

Cross the river start to shiver

Over to the big smoke, and it's no joke

I told you, one more word from you

About Jersey and you're dead

Shakedown baby

And I don't wanna have to see

What you got hidin' in your body cavity?

Shakedown baby

Shakedown baby

Shakedown baby

I don't wanna have to see

What you got hidin' in your body cavity?

Shakedown baby

I don't wanna have to see

What you got hidin' in your body cavity?

Shakedown baby

Let me lick that, uh, uh

Can I kiss that? No

Let me kiss that

Let me lick that, come on

Let me lick that

Uh, huh, it might be too sweet

It won't be too sweet

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