

# Strictly Rude (feat. the Babysitters)

## Big D and the Kids Table

See her in the city and say  
Oo she's got a lovely way  
True, she don't want to play  
She has you going your way I pop no style  
I'm strictly rude  
I pop no style  
I'm strictly Se her in the club and you call out to me, true  
See her, when I look she winks  
See her dancing in the black  
Waiting for me to attack Drink a little beer, smoke, we're winos I think  
An uptown, top right kid  
See me and she pulls against me  
Soon dancing is a constant thing  
Checks to see if I'm an Allston boy, and I am  
So she knows my ring When we leave, she rides with me  
I'm an uptown, top right kid Shall you see us driving we both sing  
Check-o we're jamming everything  
She says, "Lovin's all I bring  
And I'm caring for you, if you'll be my man" She pops no style  
She's strictly rude  
She pops no style  
She's strictly rude When two fit, it makes you think  
I got the cute one, my woman  
She says, "Lovin's all I bring"  
And it's her lovin' that's a wonderful thing  
We pop no style  
We're strictly rude  
We pop no style  
We're strictly rude Lovin' yes we are, it's a wonderful thing  
When two fit, it makes you think  
See us both in the black  
She lays on me so relaxed Drink a little beer, smoke, we're winos I think  
We're uptown, top right kids See her in the club and she calls out to me  
She winks as she's clawing at me  
See us both in the black  
She looks at me so relaxed Drink a little beer, smoke, we're winos I think  
Drink a little beer, smoke, we're winos I think  
She says, "Lovin' is all I bring"  
And it's that lovin' that's a wonderful thing We pop no style

We're strictly rude

We pop no style

We're strictly rude

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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