Out In L.a.

Red Hot Chili Peppers

We're all a bunch of brothers livin' in a cool way
Along with six million others in this place called L.A.
L.A. is the place, sets my mind ablaze
For me it's a race through a cotton pickin' mazeThe town makes me jump, it's got a bunch of bad chicks
Well sure, it's got some chumps but I still get my kicks
My body loves to scrump when I lick the ripe pick
Like a come on a thumb, poppin' hump, hump, hump, pop outThe action never stops, I'm as wild as can be
But there's I'm shooting for the top and my best friend is Flea
Oom Chucka Willy knew the balls to pop
But he never met the Tree so he never be bopped out hopAntwan the Swan, from the pretty fish pond
Was a bad mother jumper, you could tell he was strong
He war a cold paisley jacket and a hellified hat
And between his legs was a sweat young lassHe threw a hundred women up against the wall
And he swore to fear that he'd love 'em all
By the time he got to ninety nine, he had to stop
'Cause that's when he thought that he heard a phoneLast night and the night before, I heard a fop outside
Then I came in doors, freak outNow that I told you a little something about the Flea
Something about the Tree, a little something about me
I can't leave you hangin' but my man Shermzy
He swings the yang, he bangs the yangAnd now, it's time to hear him do his playin'
You better be burning Sherman
We're all a bunch of brothers livin' in a cool way
Along with six million others in this place called L.A.Step out

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