No Compute

Funkadelic

Ah, I awakened from a wet dream
In which I was restless [unverified]
My imagination could no longer take me there
So I slid into my copping haberdashery
And gave into the original Jones, sexNow, my sexy Jones was below sea level
The hornies occupied my being
I was at that stage where most men would say
"Hey ho', it's your life or your lay", but I was cooler than that
She said, "No compute"I spotted a lady who was also on the prowl
I could tell by her makeup, plus the scent was there
So I sashayed over to her, and, ah, spoke of my plan
She screamed and said
"Are you asking to make love to me?"I said, "Is pig, what's in pork?
Or you gonna play hard
After all the trouble you went through to get chosen"
She said, ah, "No compute"Finally, she said, ah
"I could, ah, probably go for what you're talking about
But it's really about my birth control pill"
I said, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a crack
When in doubt, vamp""Or at least ad-lib
And of course you know that spit don't make babies"
She smiled, and said, "No compute"
But I could tell that she was getting interested
[Unverified]So off we went
There was fun to be had, love to be made
"Strange", I said to myself after I laid
Smoking a last joint before I [unverified] to sleep
"What a man will go for when the hornies, ah, set in"Well, suddenly as she laid there, mouth wide open
Wig half off, snoring, breath smelling like a 1948 Buick
I was sick with the filthies, and she smiled in her sleep
As if to say, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a crack"

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