Jane Fonda

Muchy

I had a baby named Jane
She could shake that thing
Said her Daddy used to hang
With Johnny Coltrane
She sang a soul train
With her friend named Jen
Her booty was bigger
Than a Mercedes Benz
Jen was a herdy gerdy dirty little girly
I heard it from a birdy
She could cook a mean turkey
With gravy baby, baby, baby
Baby was Jen's best friend and maybe
If you were lucky
Licky licky, sucky sucky
Mickey, Mickey, fuck me fuck me
More junk in the trunk than a Honda
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda
One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda
Five, six, seven now
If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little momma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda
I had a princess, queen of incest
She was in Reba Jean, her big breasts
And big eyes and a big ass to match
Jean wasn't fat, she was easy to catch
Then came Molly your hood from Hollywood High
So fly she was trans-Atlantic
She was a manic depressive, manic depressive
Which was impressive
Very impressive, I had to test it
Tasted like chicken and was lemon scented
She took me home to her momma
I taught them both how to Jane Fonda
One, two, three, four

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Five, six, seven now
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I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda
I had a girl named Dana from Anta Anna
She was a waitress at the Copa-cabana
She was slammin' and her ass was jammin'
Like Janet Jackson in the Rhythm Nation
Her brother Jason had a girl named Grace
You could see her ass from outer space
So I landed on the planet
And planted a Mickey Av flag dammit
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