

son of a gun (remix)

Janet Jackson

Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too Son of a gun
Son of a gun You're such a romantic hero
The way you dress and look yourself over
It's no wonder you would ponder that image
Of your greedy self in the mirror Go on Sharp shooter into breakin hearts
A baby jigalo, a sex pistol
Hollerin at everything that walks
No substance, just small talk Know why you're feelin on that girls behind
You got a sleazy, one track mind
Workin your work until you think you find
Whos goin home with you tonight Oh, who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it from?
Whos your next victim?
Oh, who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone? Oh, What you gonna tell her after she discovers
You dont really love her?
Oh, its gonna be a show down, knock down, drag down
Gun slugger shoot em up I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Dont you, dont you, dont you Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too Son of a gun You tell 'em, Carly
Clouds in my coffee
Go on
Clouds in my coffee Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too Sweat in me but I'm not your type
You think you irk me and you're so right
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out
Stupid bitch in my beach house No, I aint gonna go and act a fool
And be the lead story on the nigga news
Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover
I'd rather make you suffer, you stupid motha fucker Oh, who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it from?

Whos your next victim?
Oh, who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone? Oh, what you gonna tell her after she discovers
You dont really love her?
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Dont you, dont you, dont you Ha, ha, who, who
Thought youd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too
(Let's dance) You tell 'em, Carly Clouds of various shapes and sizes
Most guys like to evaluate their prizes
We come with so many different tricks
The apricot scarf was worn by Nick
Nothing in the words refer to Nick Got a chip upon your shoulder, I just knocked it off
Show me what youre gonna do, I aint bout to run
You have just run out of ammunition
(I'm storm cloud, baby)
Shootin blanks now, you son of a gun
(You can roll like thunder all over me) No, no, no, no, no
Its not what you say, its what you do
Youre so vain
You probably think this song is about you
Dont you, dont you, dont you, dont you I betcha think this song is about you
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Dont you, dont you, dont you I betcha think this song is about you
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I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Dont you, dont you, dont you Oh, go on Son of a gun Go on
Janet and me, thick as thieves
Never met jet but I'll venture a bet
There's a common threat to our common dream
Tell 'em, Carly
And if it wasn't for that damned cream
There'd be no clouds in my coffee, clouds in my coffee Who do you think you are, Rambo?
Or a cumulonimbus cavulotus or a cirrus or an altostratus?

Somebody to make somebody like me proud
You tell 'em, Carly
In the encyclopedia of clouds?
Alright now
No no no no
It's not what you say, it's what you do
You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you You tell 'em, Carly
You probably think this song is about you
Tell 'em now
Yeah, you probably think this song is about you
That's right, girl
Is about you
Go on
Is about you
Go on
Is about you
You probably think this song is about you You son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun

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