

I Got the Six

Humanimals

Living room, passing time, talking trash, sipping wine
I need something more substantial
New deck of playing cards, I don't like to work this hard
I think I'll have to cancel I'm running out of time
I'm about to lose my mind
I got the six, gimme your nine Slow hand on the clock, I'm sitting here like a rock
I'm feeling so abnormal
Pictures in the magazines, all my thoughts are so obscene
Cover up that centerfold I'm running out of time
I'm about to lose my mind
I got the six, gimme your nine Look at this, what a pair, she won't let me touch her there
She's so discriminating
This is weird, it's time to blow, I just heard the rooster crow
I guess I'll have to spank my monkey I'm running out of time
I'm about to lose my mind
I got the six gimme your nine

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