

# Poundcake

## Dogpile

(Ain't that some shit?)

(Okay, ya ready to go?)

(Yeah)

Oh yeah!

Yeah! She's gotta have soul

Or it won't feel right

Well, just plain, clean, and simple

Wrapped up nice n' tight

And homegrown and down-home, that makes one  
Cookin' up that old time, long lost recipe for me. Woo!

It's gettin' hard to find

Guess it ain't hip enough now

You take an average guy, he can't identify, uh

And there's a short supply of her fine, fine stuff

Lemme get on, lemme get on, lemme get on some o' that

Shake it up, bake it up nice, uh!

Lemme get on, lemme get on, lemme get on all that

I so love my baby's poundcake

Homegrown and down-home, yeah that's the one

Still cookin' with that old time, long lost recipe

Lemme get on some o' that

Uh-ah uh-ho ho

Uh-ah uh-ho ho. I want some o' that

Uh-ah uh-ho ho. Gimme some o' that

Uh-ah uh-ho ho-ow!

(Guitar Solo)

Ooh, got some real fine pound...poundcake. Ah

I've been out there

Tried a little bit of everything

But it's all sex without love

I found the real thing is poundcake

Homegrown and down-home, yeah that's the one  
Still cookin' with that old time, long lost recipe, yeah. Woo!  
She's down-home and down-home. Oh, that's my woman

Gimme some o' that  
Uh-ah uh-ho ho  
Uh-ah uh-ho ho. Lemme hold that  
Uh-ah uh-ho ho. Uh!  
Uh-ah uh-ho ho

Homegrown and down-home, woo! Come on babe  
Gimme some o' that, gimme some o' that  
Homegrown, way down-home. Yeah!  
Uh-ah uh-ho ho, yeah, gimme some o' that. Woo!  
C'mon baby  
Homegrown, homegrown, down-home  
Uh-ho ho

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