Big Night Out

Vic Reeves

Maximilian morals, difference in opinion
I was with him, he had 7 Jack and Cokes in him
They had platform heels, nose job bills
Some look like they're ill with the fucked up grillSupermodels on my D, 1 2 3
He said two for you, two for me
Face like a saint, suckin' like a sinner
Cocaine makes you thinner, cocaine makes you thinnerI got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, DLike Roger Grimsby on eye witness news, man
He'll tell you the truth while he's singin' the blues
Just like Gasarama on Avenue B
He'll check under the hood, man, he'll teach you Tai ChiHe laughed at you with a gesture, bought a drinks for the girls
He said, You gotta have the love in this fucked up world
You gotta have the love in this fucked up world"You gotta have that sweet, sweet love
That keeps you warm at night, ooh bop bop, Shabba
You gotta have the love for the world
The world ain't what it's cracked up, get it cracked up to be
Shoo be doo bop bopI got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, DI got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, D
I got supermodels on my D, DCan't you see, can't you see
That I got a supermodel on my D, D
Can't you see, can't you see now
That there's a supermodel on my DCan't you see, can't you see
That I got a supermodel on my D
Can't you see, can't you see now, yeah
That there's a supermodel on my DCan't you see, can't you see
That I got a supermodel on my D
Can't you see, can't you see now, now
That I got a supermodel on my D

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