

Big Apple

Inna Modja

New York City, you're so big and tough,
Well here we come, baby, struttin' our stuff.
Well we look kinda freaky we're pretty damn bad.
Cause Southern cookin' is all we've ever had.
Oh, cook 'em up some greens, baby. I've seen the mountains up in Tennessee.
Sweet little hill women satisfied me.
We all know it's tough and it's an uphill battle.
But we're running 'em hard baby, sitting in the saddle.
Oh, come on baby. New York City you're so big and tough.
My pistols are loaded, I feel rough.
Well. we've heard of your punks and high heeled steppers.
We're bad southern boys and don't you forget us.

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