

Felony Glamour

Chuck Prophet

Felony Glamour
(Prophet/klipshutz) Standing on the corner
'cause I like the view
Here she comes
down the avenue Oh no, it's Felony Glamour (listen boys)
You wind her up
She never stop
She go ballistic
In the beauty shop Oh no, it's Felony Glamour Show me the money
Show me the blood
Take me to the river
Down to the river of love She got a pony she like to ride
Straight through the mirror to the other side
Ride on!
Ride on! Felony Glamour I stop to see her on my way out of town
Three bed-sheets later and I'm still hanging 'round
Oh no, Felony Glamour Show me the money
Show me the blood
Take me to the river
Down to the river of love Show me the money
Show me the blood
Take me to the river
Down to the river of love She write the chorus
She write the verse
She mixed this record
In a bombed out church Oh no, talking about Felony Glamour I hear she's living
With a man with no legs
He'd like to roll me around
And make me beg

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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