

Lingo With The Gringo

OMC

Higher flyer angels wings we drive
My destination: Happyville, money spent
On refreshments to cool my temperature
A fine wine or two, sweet food for my mind song
The coolest music to swing to
Jamming out tunes that remind me of you
My pockets lined with gold I sold the old to reflect
The new tune on my stereo, blow, flow
Tasting sweet dreams caresses me, tried a new style

Wow

Lost the vibe while I was in denial
Took a bad trip, slip, flip, shook my ego
I shouldn't let it get me down son
I need to just live a little, play some fun games with sisters with no names
Stories told in street lingo, understandable by some friends
I have none

Brothers and sisters under the same old sun
Naked to the devils deviants we show a blind eye
We need no one to spoil our adventures of books
Marked at Chapter One...Underlined 'Ravings Of Polynesia'(Ooh) Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with
the Gringo (Gringo)...

Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with the Gringo (Gringo)...
Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with the Gringo (Gringo)...
Lingo with the Gringo...(Ooh) Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with the Gringo (Gringo)...
Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with the Gringo (Gringo)...
Lingo with the Gringo...I'm in Lingo with the Gringo (Gringo)...
Lingo with the Gringo...

Songwriters

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patents pending.

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