

# Cocktails

Bill Conti

Broke, dough, dope, the line is choked  
Smoked the last dollar to her name  
Are you buying? Are you selling, girl?  
Talking square, never change And if I really wanna know  
What it means for her to be free  
She's mixing cocktails  
In a squat down Avenue C  
Lord have mercy The parasitic clean on the most list easy  
Don't give her a fight  
Ditch is coming shallow, so I know  
There won't be no fucking rainbow inside And they deny allegations so strenuously  
Man, don't get outta control  
She was left wrestling in her silent anger  
So hell, I can't be there for her I ain't looking for answers  
I don't want nothing for free  
And I sure don't want your respect  
I just wanna know who's talking to me  
I just wanna know who's talking to me I know she's jacking, homegirl's macking  
Tried to make sure, am I in love?  
So she fixes them, to confuse them  
That I know that [Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]  
It's unstoppable for you and me  
She won't relinquish herself to you  
And I sense an emergency She can cry, she can hide in the lower east side  
There's a road in the fast lane cursed  
Above all the infamous  
Wicked circus of the fools And if I really wanna know  
How the pernicious stay on top  
They don't break, no, they don't fake  
They need no wake, they don't stop And I ain't looking for answers  
I don't want nothing for free  
And I sure don't want your respect  
I just wanna know who's talking to me  
I just wanna know who's talking to me I just wanna know who's talking to me  
I just wanna know who's talking to me

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