Uncle Remus

Bonnen

Woo, are we movin' too slow?
Have you seen us, uncle Remus?
We look pretty sharp in these clothes, yes, we do
Unless we get sprayed with a hoseIt ain't bad in the day if they squirt it your way
'Cept in the winter, when it's froze
An' it's hard if it hits on your nose, on your noseJust keep your nose to the grindstone, they say
Will that redeem us, uncle Remus
I can't wait till my Fro is full-grown
I'll just throw 'way my Doo-Rag at homeI'll take a drive to Beverly Hills just before dawn
An' knock the little jockeys off the rich people's lawn
An' before they get up I'll be gone, I'll be gone
Before they get up I'll be knocking
The jockeys off the lawn down in the dew

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/