

The Stroke (Rhythm Scholar Solid Funk Remix)

Billy Squier

Now everybody, have you heard, if you're in the game
Then the stroke's the word
Don't take no rhythm,
Don't take no style
Gotta thirst for killin',
Grab your vial uhPut your right hand out, give a firm handshake
Talk to me about that one big break
Spread your ear pollution, both far and wide
Keep your contributions by your side andStroke me, stroke me
Could be a winner boy you move mighty well
Stroke me, stroke me (stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
You got your number down
Stroke me, stroke me
Say you're a winner but babe, you're just a sinner nowPut your left foot out, keep it all in place
Work your way right into my face
First you try to bet me, you make my backbone slide
When you find you've bled me, slip on by, andStroke me, stroke me
Give me the reason this is all night long
Stroke me, stroke me
(Stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
Get yourself together boy
Stroke me, stroke me
Say you're a winner but man you're just a sinner now
(Stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke)Better listen now
Said it ain't no joke
Don't let your conscience fail ya'
Just do the stroke
Don't ya' take no chances
Keep your eye on top
Do your fancy dances
You can't stop you justStroke me, stroke me
(Stroke, stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
(Stroke, stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
(Stroke, stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me

(Stroke) do it
Stroke me, stroke me
(Stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me (keep on)
(Stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
(Stroke)
Stroke me, stroke me
Say you're a winner but man you're just a sinner now

Songwriters

WILLIAM H SQUIERPublished by

Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Spirit Music Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>