Slinky

God Street Wine

(Make it funky like this)I was at this club minding my tea
I saw this fine young thing, so, I thought that I would see
I don't smoke but I asked her for a cigarette
(That's lame)
I know it's lame but I haven't got a better one yet, check it out
Oh, you guess the rest, I'm not the type to fess
I sing this song because I tell you she's the best, you knowThat slinky girl is in my brain, now, I'll never be the same
No one can ever see what that slinky girl means to me
Uh, oh, so, I'll just pretend but I feel like
(Make it funky like this)Oh, mackadocious, she's sweet and precocious
She's the one girl that I just dig, love, yes, I'm not above this
You think that's wack then bro you lack
You bore me, that macho crap makes me snore, see me
I'm all about the females, the women, the jewels of this world
Those flowers like that slinky girlThat slinky girl is in my brain, now, I'll never be the same
No one can ever see what that slinky girl means to me
Uh, oh, so, I'll just pretend but I feel like
(All right, break it down)Well, I met her one night I'd seen her before
She stole my brain then showed me the door
Girls that do me like that there's not many
But I've met one, uh that's plentyI'm glad to say that she gets her way
She can move me and that's okay
Has the power to turn paper inky, the girl has me
And she's so, oh
(Here we go, huh)That slinky girl is in my brain, now, I'll never be the same
No one can ever see what that slinky girl means to me
(All right, now help me out)That slinky girl is in my brain, now, I'll never be the same
No one can ever see what that slinky girl means to me
Uh, oh
(I don't feel nothin', here we go)

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