

If You Have To Ask

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

A want to be gangster
Thinkin' he's a wise guy
Rob another bank
He's a sock 'em in the eye guy
Tank head
Mr. Bonnie and Clyde guy
Look him in the eye
He's not my kinda guy
Never be
Confusion proof
Pudding's sweet
But too aloof
Orange eye girl
With a backslide dew said
Yo homie
Who you talkin' to
A backed up paddywagon
Mackin' on a cat's ass
One upper cut
To the cold upper middle class
Born to storm
On boredom's face
And a little lust
To the funky ass flea bass
Most in the race
Just lose their grace
The blackest hole
In all of space
Crooked as a hooker
Now suck my thumb
Anybody want to come get some
If you have to ask
You'll never know

Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go Don't ask me why
I'm flyin' so high
Mr. Bubble meets superfly
In my third eye
Searchin' for a soul bride
She's my freakette
Soak it up inside
Deeper than a secret
Much more
Than meets the eye
To the funk
I fall into my new ride
My hand my hand
Magic on the one
Is a medicine man
Thinkin' of a few
Taboos that I ought to kill
Dancin' on their face
Like a stage on vaudeville I feel so good
Can't be understood
Booty of a hoodlum
Rockin' my red hood If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go

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