Cucci Galore

Kid Rock

Don't you wanna go down? Come on, come on, come on Don't you wanna go down? Come on, come on, come on Don't you wanna go down? Come on, come on, come on

My nameâ€TMs Cucci, Cucci Galore My nameâ€TMs Cucci, Cucci Galore My nameâ€TMs Cucci, Cucci Galore My nameâ€TMs Cucci, Cucci Galore

Everybody naked in the hot tub

Everybody want a baby oil back rub

Drinkin' Champagne from your belly button

Lickin' it up like wine

Everybody wanna make it with a playmate

Everybody wanna drive through the front gate

In a jet black Lamborghini

Leopard print fur lined

My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore

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Everybody wearin' edible bikinis Everybody want a chocolate martini Naomi Campbell on a polar bear rug Afternoon delight Hangin' out with Hef down in the grotto Heartbreaker farm fresh from Ohio Prove it to me you're a natural blonde Caught a bunny in a lie

My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore

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Come on, come on, come on

Donâ€TMt you wanna go down?

Come on, come on, come on

Donâ€TMt you wanna go down?

Come on, come on, come on

Donâ€TMt you wanna go down?

Come on, come on, come on

Donâ€TMt you wanna go down?

Come on, come on, come on

What the fuck d'you say?
Bitch, go get your clothes
Hell no, you can't sleep here
Huh, me?

They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam

They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam

They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam

Bitch, my name is Bobby Shazam

Pamela's here hangin' with a douchebag

I'm sippin' on a full fifth of Red Stag

Short stories and a couple of vials

Detroit city style

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My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore My nameâ€TMs Cucci, Cucci Galore

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