

# Sly

## Death in Vegas

If frizzy hair was a metaphor for festival time,  
Then this woman is the goddess of the festival shrine.

Met her, at a jam in that garden of sorts  
I must confess, God bless, having impure thoughts.

"Show us the money!" was the call of the night.  
But no money could have bought even a piece of the pride.  
There might have been a sea of people I don't know.  
All I could see is that this woman she glowed so.

Why, it's a pleasure to meet ya.  
You look like one incredible creature.  
Wanna treat you fine.  
Let's dance and grind.  
Get so funk-inflicted it's a crime.  
You're divine.  
You're sublime.  
And well, you blow my mind.  
You're so sly.  
Why?

She caterpillar so good that all the Greeks go "Killa"  
Break and enter, take ya like a glass of milk and "spill ya!"  
Saw her coming, what I mean is, she got that sex coffee bean.  
But she tastes like vanilla.

Well alright, she ignites when we hit the floor.  
Like the vroom on a supercommadore.  
Now if it makes a good story, well it's just worthwhile.  
With her it's like dealing stories in the sprinkler style.

It's so sly, hi, it's a pleasure to meet ya.  
You look like one incredible creature.  
Wanna treat you fine.  
Let's dance and grind.  
Get so funk-inflicted it's a crime.  
You're divine.  
You're sublime.  
And well, you blow my mind.  
You're so sly.

Why?

Oh, do the Luis.

Do the chchchchchili.

Do the boom-shak, hit the sack, back seats feelin' alright.

Do the monkey shuffle.

Rock it with a fine strut.

Do the late checkout with the "Do not disturb" sign outside.

And do the sly.

Why, it's a pleasure to meet ya.

You look like one incredible creature.

Wanna treat you fine.

Let's dance and grind.

Get so funk-inflicted it's a crime.

You're divine.

You're sublime.

And well, you blow my mind.

You're so sly.

Why?

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