

Bob George

Prince

Let me see ya dance New coat, huh?
That's nice
Did you buy it?
Yeah, right
You seeing that rich motherfucker again
You know who I'm talking about
That slicked back paddy with all the gold in his mouth
Don't try to play me for yesterday's fool
Cause I'll slap your ass into the middle of next week
I'm sorry baby, that's the rules I pay the rent in this raggedy motherfucker
And all you do is suck up food and heat
Say what? Oh yeah?
For someone who can't stand them T.V. dinners
You sure eat enough of them motherfuckers
Who bought you that diamond ring?
Yeah, right.
Since when did you have a job?
You seeing that rich motherfucker again
What's his name? Bob?
Bob, ain't that a bitch?
What's he do for a living?
Manage rock stars?
Who?
Prince?
Ain't that a bitch?
That skinny motherfucker with the high voice?
Please, who do I look like baby?
Yesterday's fool?
Don't you know I will kill you now?
You're fuckin' right.
I gotta gun
You think I don't?
Then what's this?
Oh, you quiet now
Uh uh!
Little? Yeah, right. It might be little but it's loud Yeah, right.
Uh uh! Now put that suitcase down
And go in there
And put on that wig I bought you

No, no
No, no
The reddish-brown one
Bob, ain't that a bitch?
Oh
Gotcha
Got yaHey Bob, if you're out there, let me see you dance
You said you was funky
C'mon, c'monAin't that a bitch?
Bob(Come out with your hands up)
I'll kick your ass (This is your last warning)
Think I won't? (Oh no! The nigger's got a laser)
(Let's get the hell out of here)Is Mr. George home?
Hello, Mr. George? {Note: The high pitched voice}
This is your conscience, motherfucker {that responds to his call, when}
Why don't you leave motherfuckers alone? {slowed down to about to rpm, says}
What's wrong with you? {"Operator, what city please?"}
Well, why can't we just dance?
Why can't we just dance?
No, fuck that, fuck that
I don't talk about you, I don't talk about you
Wit' yo' little almond-shaped head ass
Who the fuck do you think this is?
I'll kick your ass, twiceBob, if you're out there
Let me see you dance
You said you were funky, c'monB-O-B, spell the shit backwards, what'd it say
Same motherfuckin' shitTurn it outBob, ain't that a bitch?

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