

# She Got, She Got

## Agents of Good Roots

She got something for everyone  
She got something sweet that makes me want to come over  
She's got something out and she's got something in  
She got something sick on down beneath her skin  
Was it right for her to freak and (frequently) let me in  
Was it right for her to turn my brass (grass / ass) to sin  
Ponies on the beach right back into her head  
One more drink and we slip back into her bead  
But does that mean that I can't slip into another trance  
And completely take a trip into your eyes and I will turn you onto  
Mother don't you know I'm a slave to that soul  
Mother don't you know I'm just a fool to be your slave  
Mother don't you know I've got to dance on that grave  
Mother don't you know I'm a slave to that soul  
Rubies on a ring all make your lips get wet  
So I rap a string of pearls on down around her neck  
Take it in your arms and you can feel her thrust (crush)  
A twisted psychophonic ( ? ? ? ) love of vixen lust

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