

Out In L.A.

Red Hot Chili Peppers

We're all a bunch of brothers livin' in a cool way
Along with six million others in this place called L.A.

L.A. is the place, sets my mind ablaze

For me, it's a race through a cotton pickin' maze
The town makes me jump, it's got a bunch of bad chicks
Well sure, it's got some chumps but I still get my kicks
My body loves to scrump when I lick the ripe pick

Like a come on a thumb

Poppin' hump, hump, hump

Pop out

The action never stops, I'm as wild as can be
'cause I'm shooting for the top and my best friend is Flea

Oom Chucka Willy knew the balls to pop

But he never met the Tree so he never be-bopped out hop!

Antwan the Swan, from the pretty fish pond

Was a bad mother jumper, you could tell he was strong

He war a cold paisley jacket and a hellified hat

And between his legs was a sweat young lass

He threw a hundred women up against the wall

And he swore to fear that he'd love 'em all

By the time he got to ninety nine, he had to stop

Because that's when he thought that he heard a phone

Last night and the night before, I heard a

Fop outside, then I came in doors

Freak out!

Now that I told you a little something about the Flea

A little something about the Tree, a little something about me

I can't leave you hangin' but my man Shermzy, he swings the yang, he bangs the yang

And now, it's time to hear him do his playin', you better be burning Sherman!

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Step out!

Songwriters

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