

Contraband

Skunk Anansie

Okay, go then!
Oh, sold enough, but I smell the stink,
Of the money, of the weakness that you can't conceive
And the polls of your will love your vanity, you believe Oh, all the rust will corrupt your fight,
`Cos your belly does an echo like the tinted blight,
So the petite the baby blows you away in 4play, 4play
I say, I say, I say, yeah, yeah X3 Oh, look at me I love gleefully, `cos my teeth are full of women,
They shine endlessly at the foolish attempt to be reverent
All again, again Oh, hard enough are your muscles` depth,
`Cos your smelly little belly filled with contraband
See the walls, smash the pot and aggressive fuzz
How I laugh, laugh
I say, I say, I say, yeah, yeah X3 I, I, I say, I say, I say, I say, yeah, yeah
I say, I say, I say, yeah, yeah

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