

Illusion, Coma, Pimp & Circumstance

Prince

She knew which fork to use
But she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk
In exchange for the finance
Who's pimping who when
Nobody gets a second chance?
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp & circumstance
She was older
But rich beyond compare
She'd drop a thousand dollars
At the salon
Just to get her hair did
He was good at compliments
Better in the bunk
She laced him with a crib in Paris
He hipped her to the funk
Way to fine he was for her
A dirty dog in expensive fur
As long as she's providing chips and whips
We can do this funky thing
As long as she was playing the host
He figured he would make the most of them hips and lips
He hooked her up, rocked her coast to coast
She was so ugly
But rich beyond compare
Dropped a couple hundred thousand
Dollars on a silver whip
Just to match the color of her hair
She said "Eye got plenty of what you need
Put the spoon down honey
Come on let mama feed you"
She knew which fork to use
But she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk
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Where was eye' Oh yeah
A gentleman he was
He never spoke about her nose
So prominent because
In the dark it glowed
If she was only tan
Instead of so lily white

Her name was Doris
But he called her "Flo"
As in 'rescent
That ain't right
Fluorescent
Every night
A situation bound to fail
As sure as Doris?
Skin was pale Money might talk
But what does it say?
"you better get busy if you want to get paid
Boy, eye was fine back in the day" She knew which fork to use
But she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk
In exchange for the finance
Who's pimping who when
Nobody gets a second chance?
That's the story of illusion, coma, pimp & circumstance Now dance
Dance He spent her money oh so well
Takin' baths in cold Cristal
He took a trip to burn an old flame in 'Frisco
Like wow! When Doris caught him in her arms
She shrugged her shoulders and said "No harm"
"Just put you're name on this pre-nup
And we can all hit the disco!" She knew which fork to use
But she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk
In exchange for the finance
Who's pimping who when
Nobody gets a second chance?
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp and circumstance She knew which fork to use
But she couldn't dance
So he hipped her to the funk
In exchange for the finance
Who's pimping who when
Nobody gets a second chance?
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp and circumstance Now, dance

Songwriters

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