

Stuff Like That

Quincy Jones

Walked in the joint
They were lined up back to back
Anything you can name, no shame
Uh, uh, an' stuff like that
Do it, do it, do it, do it What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that?
What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that? Before my eyes was the promise of paradise
Is she real, can she feel, is she a dream
If you know what I mean
'Cause she was built out of stuff like that
Do it, do it Stuff like that
Do it, do it
Stuff like that
Do it, do it
Stuff like that I knew I was captured
By the rhythm of the magic flute
Pulling and urging me
To taste the forbidden fruit And though I felt naive
I did not want to leave, fever was in the air
And all of us sudden and I didn't care
And no reason why, I just had to testify What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that?
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Stuff like that Stuff like that, stuff like that
What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that?
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What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that?
What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that? I can't tell you, what I saw
Made you one was it against the law
It was not how you could you go
Thought exactly how low What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that?
What makes you feel like doin' stuff like that? All of a sudden, I didn't care
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