Rocket Scientist

Teddybears

I'm not a rocket scientist
I rock the house and sign the tits
And that's it

Don't take no astrophysicist
To make your ass throw fits
Now sista's kick it

I keep it cool like Eskimo chicks on Discovery Channel
I'm hot like Telemundo chicas on a solar panel

See me on daytime TV chillin' in my Bob Marley tee
I'll slap you silly, I'm from Philly
I'm not sorry, that's me

I am the robot Elvis rockin' my bionic pelvis
I'm technotronic sippin' vodka tonics (yeah, I'm selfish)
I am the killer shakin' up some old rock and roll fool
Them drum machines ain't got no soul

I'm not a rocket scientist
I rock the house and sign the tits
And that's it (that's it, y'all)

Don't take no astrophysicist
To make your ass throw fits
Now sista's kick it

This is mission control, what is your status?
Super bitchin'
We read you loud and clear, permission's go to hit ignition
We gettin' static, please repeat your last confirmed position
I'm ten feet tall and solid gold and I demand submission

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