

# Letter To Ouisch

## La Coka Nostra

What up kid?  
Been thinking 'bout you doing my bid,  
After the pigs threw me in jail, that was groovy what you did in Hawaii,  
You were always my favorite of all the girls,  
Happy you got away and blended back into the world,  
Remember your old man?  
He was far out,  
Loved the Orange Sunshine,

And learned to explaino worship me at George Spahn's house,  
Remember old George named the entire ranch,  
Squeaky tried to assassinate President Ford, but got nabbed,  
But you never lied to me, neither did she either,  
My evil divas,  
A buncha real eager beavers,  
You can't fake the realness,  
The real's never fakeness,  
Never hate the greatness or ever debate this,  
Remember Dennis Wilson?  
Too bad he drowned,  
He was there when I put acid in your daddy's mouth,  
Then I gave you wine,  
Then I ate your mind,  
Your trippy hippy, cult leader guy,  
Made you mine.

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Lyrics submitted by Montana Eyamie.

Lyrics provided by

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