

Talking Bout My Baby

Fatboy Slim

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeahWoah yeah talkin' 'bout my baby
Talkin' 'bout my baby
When she goes walkin' down Bourbon Street
I just can't hardly stand to walk behind herShe's got a red hot pants on
She got on her yellow high heeled sneakers
She got on a yellow low neck
See through blouse without her brassier onShe's shakin' like two big ole balloons in a hurricane
Ooh, she's got on a purple afro wig
She got a hand on her hip, lettin' her back bone slipBattin' her eye, battin' her eye
Battin' her eye, battin' her eye
Battin' her eye an' lookin' straight at me
Yeah, lookin' straight at meShe's battin' her eyes and lookin' straight at me
With that sassy, saucy look on her face, shit son yeah
I want to go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sunShe said I wanna go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sunUnder the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sun

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