

Mini-Skirt Minnie

Wilson Pickett

Mini-skirt Minnie, Lord have mercy
You're the baddest thing around
Mini-skirt Minnie, huh
What you're puttin' down, look-a-here Now when you walk that walk, yeah baby
You know you look so fine
When you talk that talk, oh child
You know you just drive men out of their minds You got me slippin' 'round, chippin' 'round
Sneakin' 'round, peeepin' 'round
Oh baby, ow, for the taste of your love Mini-skirt Minnie, yeah
You know you really come on strong, yeah
You got a hold on me chasin' after you, baby
You've got the women cryin' and carryin' on, oh yeah You know you wear your dresses so high
You stop the traffic when you walk by
And the way you twist and carry on, you know what?
You're gonna break up a lot of happy homes You got me slippin' 'round, chippin' 'round
Sneakin' 'round, peeepin' 'round
Oh baby, ow, the taste of your love Mini-skirt Minnie, yeah
You know you gotta pull your mini-skirt down, yeah
Mini-skirt Minnie, yeah, yeah
I dig what you're puttin' down, gone with your fancy A taste of your love, that's all I want
Just a taste of your love, I've got to have it
Taste of your love, child

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