

Radicals New

"Maybe You've Been Brainwashed Too The Real"

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I come, you're there when I call you.
I come, turn me around, baby, inside, yeah.
I come pickin' my fight, back just around you, yeah.
I come, don't matter why, yeah.
You stay around, yeah.
You're runnin' outta space.
You run, you're down, you thumb it in my face.
Your soul is black. Just carry'n it around and I, yeah, ho.
I call, it's over the phone, again too soon, choo, choo.
I'm you and me, I'm all the answers. I am the bim bum
bim.
Ooh, you make me wild, yeah. You and me.
My only desire is to hide. Keep up, keep up.
Ooo, na ooo, na, ooo, no, ooo, na.
Ooo, na, ooo, na, ooo, na, ooo, na.
Ooo, da, ooo, da hoo, lay, oh.
You're set for doin' my new dance,
the baboon, the baboon, the baboon, yeah.
Heh, heh. Shit on it. Come on, its you. You're ridin' on
the floor.
It's out back. It's out the door.
It's here, it's there, but baby, it's ev'ry where buy I hide.
Whatever makes you live,
whatever makes you high,
whatever makes you smile.
You make me feel wild, yeah.
You make me feel child, ooh, yeah.
You make me feel wi-ild,
whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa , whoa, ooh.
Well, no matter what I will be there for you.
In awhile we're gon' try

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