

Roots, The

"Pussy Galore"

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Dancin on the dance floor
Girl it's you that I adore
Step on stage and scream for more
All I see Pussy Galore
Snap my fingers make you mine
If not I'll snap a 2nd time.
After that I guarantee you will be standing next to me

An old head once said, "that's more power for the
cocaine. Freaks dancing on
line like Soul Train"
To give your product that extra push
Niggas lookin for the time of their life, coppin a rush
Yo I know sis, Dog, her name Lorraine
She that thick brick house with the chocolate frame
I went to school with her, 12th grade I used to fool with
her
She put me on with her squad, I got cool with her

She useta say she wanna be a doctor and couldn't
nothing stop her From giving
up that cash for tuition even if
She had to "shake that ass"
Fucked up her money ain't accumulate that fast
Lorraine know it's real, and sex control America
Turn the T.V. it's in the open on the regular, yo
What the freaks in the video for?
Fuck a song, give me a thong and Pussy Galore

Chorus

You see, life's about marketing and Pussy Galore
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore
Nations goin to war for the Pussy Galore
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore
Yo, gang wars more Pussy galore
From the streets to the record store
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore

Yo desire and lust can make a man kill
Or jump off a bridge cuffed to a muthafuckin anvil

So it's promoted like that's all yawl know
Keep a nigga under the spell you under control
But Yo I seem to make people slit they wrists
Weakness, pussy make a spots they secrets
But what for, cause sex is the law, law
And done been many an empire rise and fall
From the Squares to the Players to the Pimps and
Whores
To big checks that never would have been endorsed
You know, I just sit back and just peep things
9 out of 10 it's the same song, only the beat changed
So don't be looking at Tariq strange
When I conduct a little litmus test up in your heat range
That's when you see me on stage with 6
Wicked ass chicks
Finna get crunk with this

Chorus

Fresh cut, with the thick black velour
With the black Louis sneaks
Headin out for tour
Looking out the limo window up at the billboards
For 200 miles, She was the only thing I saw
Promoting everything from the liquor, to the nicotine,
cell phones, antihistamine, chicken wings.
You gotta show a little skin to get them listening, for
real
Yawl know the world is a sex machine
Full of, pretty freaks in designer jeans
Who go to extremes to conjure all kinds of schemes
Half the time it ain't even responsibly
Trying to take me somewhere I ain't tryna be
GHETTO sin city where the P is free
You catch a bid far worser than a 1 to 3
All up in the after hours on the 2nd floor
For that good thang that keep em comin back for more

Chorus

Bridge x2

Pussy Galore x2

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