

Slug & MURS

"Bass For Your Trunk"

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[Chorus] {"Bass for your trunk" - scratched*} [MURS]
She keeps her biz boomin' down front street Open with
the funk so that no one wants beef She the type who
like to lay it all on the line Say what's on her mind That
way it ain't a crime The crime is Had you shown no
shame Had you make those claims like you play no
games When in reality You the biggest player of them
all The princess that wore the most layers to the ball
Tryin' to cover up when you layin' in your drawers You
front like you a freak and everything you say is raw But
deep down You really scared he's gonna leave ya Your
closet got more skeletons than the Dia Esqueleto You
worse than my perros My dogs, that only fuck with
broad's from the ghetto You date losers cause it make
you feel superior Try to tell me lies to justify but all I'm
hearin' is the... [Chorus] [Slug] She seems like the type
with no taste for shame It walks like a snake then they
can't complain Naw People love you and cling to them
raw fumes Keep it up so we don't see through your
costume She been a little queen since 15 In and out of
different scenes, never kept her image clean So critical
Over analytical Fast forward Of course, old and
miserable Long trail of bread crumbs and head games
Bed bums, the best ones get pet names First glance
you can see the dirt Closet door wide open No need to
search Naw The truth is just an excuse That you use to
polish up a pair of selfish shoes Take it how you want
Go face up the front Cause them skeletons dance to
the bass... [Chorus] {"scratching "Drop that" "Bass"*}

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