

## Wilson Pickett "Mini-Skirt Minnie"

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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, peepin' '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, peepin' '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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