

Stones Rolling

"Fiji Gin"

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I want more Fiji Gin, but full name is Billy Dean

Tell him to bring his electric guitar, 'cause a poor boy
goin' insane

Then we'll duck two bars away, snort an ounce of
cocaine

Took myself about 55 jars, 6-pack more a champagne

Ohh baby... I love you...Oh my baby

Oh baby I love you

Better watch out for the Fiji Gin, come-up and spend
the day

Come on and bring your wah-wah pedal, then let's go
on stage

Ronnie brought about, 50,000 kids, and then slipped
out in the rain

Fell from the beat to the 25th floor, white girls go
insane, eeeh

I love ya...

I wanna pounce, all right

Better watch out for the split-side Anna, Fistford is out
for a raid

Call me up and feed to 21st floor, the poor chicks go
insane

You bust 2 ribs (!!), you bust 2 arms, his legs is like
stumps in the rain

His brain is shred, his nose is bled, but his hands, they
sure could play

Better watch out for the curse-i-anna, come on Billy
Dean

Come on bring your electric guitar 'cause these boys
are just gonna play

Come on down Miss Sus-i-anna, Figi Gin's gonna rein

Tell him to bring a, wah-wah pedal, boy we're going
insaaane

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