

Cobra Starship

"Damn You Look Good And I'm Drunk"

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Sorry

S C A N D to the A, to the L O U S
I can't handle it, can't handle it
Damn that girl, she's scandalous

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At times we get a ten, it's how far if you bring a friend
With them crazy press on nail, oh, oh
Here's the truth, you're kinda hot
Oh, you open up to talk, I can feel them going soft
Oh, oh, oh

Don't ask me to sign your skin
Can't you see these little kids?
And you're the kinda girl to take home to mom
If my momma was dead, yeah

No good, you're up to no good
But damn, you look good and I'm drunk
Now you got me kinda thinking, like maybe I would
So hard to be good, it's so hard to be good, oh

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Girl, I dig your fanny pack
Riding low behind your back
Give them boys a heart attack, oh, oh
But don't come at me when I am lit
Saying you just want to kiss
'Cause Lord only knows where you've been, oh, oh

Don't ask me to sign your skin

I'm honestly not interested
And you're the kinda girl to take home to mom
If my momma was dead, yeah, yeah

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This is VIP party boys
And we've got a few things
To say to you nasty, trashy, hoe's
Girl, where'd you get your outfit, pick n' pay?

You're momma picked but she sure didn't pay
I didn't pay money for my body
What are you supposed to be
Some sort of long island Lolita honey?

Are you sure you're even a woman?
Is that a house arrest bracelet in your pocket
Or do you got a dick like me?

You're the kinda girl to take home to mom
If my momma was dead, yeah

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