

Cobra Starship

"Damn You Look Good And I'm Drunk (Scandalous)"

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(Feat. VIP)

Sorry.

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

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It's time to get a tan,
It's half off if you bring a friend,
With them crazy press on nails.
Oh oh, uh oh.
Here's the truth:
You're kinda hot.
But when you open up to talk,
I can feel I'm going soft.
Uh oh, uh oh, uh 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.

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.

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Girl, I dig your fanny pack,
Riding low behind your back,
Give them boys a heart attack.
Uh oh, uh oh.
But don't come at me when I'm left,
Saying you just want a kiss.
'Cause lord only knows where you've been.
Uh oh, uh oh, uh 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.

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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.

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This is V.I.P party boys,
And we got a few things to say to you nasty, trashy,
hos.
Girl, where'd you get your outfit?
Pick 'n' pay?
Yo' momma pick but she sure didn't pay.
(Slut hole.)
I didn't pay money for my body.
(What?)
What are you supposed to be?
Some sort of long-island lolita, honey?
(Lolita!)
Are you sure you're even a woman?
(Hahaha, woah!)
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.

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