

Bouncing Souls

"It's Not the Heat, It's the Humanity"

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It's hot, it's a four-alarm fricassee boy
This heat is killing me
It's hot, it's hot tonight
It's dwelling dicks in a deep-fry

It's hot standing next to these other guys
It's hot, it's sweaty snapper in a stir-fry
A blazing sun under a red sky
It's hot, it's hot

It's sexy and it's wet and the show ain't even over yet
How much better can get tonight
It's so hot, I can't even think
I need some air I need a drink

Sweaty bodies everywhere down to their underwear
tonight
My balls are sticking to my leg pass the 40, sippin'
dregs
Raise the roof let's set it off
'Cuz we just can get enough tonight

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