

## **Funkadelic**

# **"No Compute"**

Visit "[No Compute](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Ah, I awakened from a wet dream  
In which I was restless [unverified]  
My imagination could no longer take me there  
So I slid into my copping haberdashery  
And gave into the original Jones, sex

Now, my sexy Jones was below sea level  
The hornies occupied my being  
I was at that stage where most men would say  
"Hey ho', it's your life or your lay", but I was cooler than  
that  
She said, "No compute"

I spotted a lady who was also on the prowl  
I could tell by her makeup, plus the scent was there  
So I sashayed over to her, and, ah, spoke of my plan  
She screamed and said  
"Are you asking to make love to me?"

I said, "Is pig, what's in pork?  
Or you gonna play hard  
After all the trouble you went through to get chosen"  
She said, ah, "No compute"

Finally, she said, ah  
"I could, ah, probably go for what you're talking about  
But it's really about my birth control pill"  
I said, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a crack  
When in doubt, vamp"

"Or at least ad-lib  
And of course you know that spit don't make babies"  
She smiled, and said, "No compute"  
But I could tell that she was getting interested  
[Unverified]

So off we went  
There was fun to be had, love to be made  
"Strange", I said to myself after I laid  
Smoking a last joint before I [unverified] to sleep  
"What a man will go for when the hornies, ah, set in"

Well, suddenly as she laid there, mouth wide open  
Wig half off, snoring, breath smelling like a 1948 Buick  
I was sick with the filthies, and she smiled in her sleep  
As if to say, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a  
crack"

Visit [Funkadelic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.