

Janet Jackson "Son Of A Gun (I Betcha Think This Song Is About You) With Carly Simon"

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Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too

Son of a gun
Son of a gun

You're such a romantic hero
The way you dress and look yourself over
It's no wonder you would ponder that image
Of your greedy self in the mirror

Go on

Sharp shooter into breakin' hearts
A baby jiggalo, a sex pistol
Hollerin' at everything that walks
No substance, just small talk

Know why you're feelin' on that
girl's behind
You got a sleazy, one track mind
Workin' your work until you think you find
Who's goin' home with you tonight

Oh, who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it
from?
Who's your next victim?
Oh, who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone?

Oh, What you gonna tell her after she discovers
You don't really love her?
Oh, it's gonna be a show down, knock down,
drag down
Gun slugger shoot 'em up

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you

I betcha think this song is about you
Don't you, don't you, don't you

Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too

Son of a gun

You tell 'em, Carly
Clouds in my coffee
Go on
Clouds in my coffee

Ha, ha, who, who
Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too

Sweatin' me but I'm not you're
type
You think you irk me and you're so right
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out
Stupid bitch in my beach house

No, I ain't gonna go and act a fool
And be the lead story on the nigga news
Not me, sucker, I'd never be your lover
I'd rather make you suffer, you stupid motha
fucker

Oh, who you gonna give it to? Who you gonna steal it
from?
Who's your next victim?
Oh, who you gonna lie to? Who you gonna cheat on?
Who you gonna leave alone?

Oh, what you gonna tell her after she discovers
You don't really love her?
Oh, it's gonna be a show down, knock down,
drag down
Gun slugger shoot 'em up

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't you, don't you, don't you

Ha, ha, who, who

Thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers
Try to have the cake and eat it too
(Let's dance)

You tell 'em, Carly

Clouds of various shapes and sizes
Most guys like to evaluate their prizes
We come with so many different tricks
The apricot scarf was worn by Nick
Nothing in the words refer to Nick

Got a chip upon your shoulder, I just knocked it off
Show me what you're gonna do, I ain't
about to run
You have just run out of ammunition
(I'm storm cloud, baby)
Shootin' blanks now, you son of a gun
(You can roll like thunder all over me)

No, no, no, no, no
It's not what you say, it's what you do
You're so vain
You probably think this song is about you
Don't t you, don't t you, don't t
you, don't t you

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't t you, don't t you, don't t you

I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
I betcha think this song is about you
Don't t you, don't t you, don't t you

Oh, go on

Son of a gun

Go on
Janet and me, thick as thieves

Never met jet but I'll venture a bet
There's a common threat to our common dream
Tell 'em, Carly
And if it wasn't for that damned cream
There'd be no clouds in my coffee, clouds in my coffee

Who do you think you are, Rambo?
Or a cumulonimbus cavulotus or a cirrus or an
altostratus?
Somebody to make somebody like me proud
You tell 'em, Carly
In the encyclopedia of clouds?
Alright now
No no no no
It's not what you say, it's what you do
You're so vain, you probably think this song is about
you

You tell 'em, Carly
You probably think this song is about you
Tell 'em now
Yeah, you probably think this song is about you
That's right, girl
Is about you
Go on
Is about you
Go on
Is about you
You probably think this song is about you

You son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun

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