

# Janet Jackson

## "Son Of A Gun"

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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 'bout 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 you, don't you, don't you, don'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 you, don't you, don'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 you, don't you, don'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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