

Kid Rock

"Cucci Galore"

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Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Everybody in the hot tub
Everybody want a baby oil back rub
Drinkin' Champagne from your belly button
Lickin' it up like wine
Everybody wanna make it with a playmate
Everybody wanna drive through the front gate
In a jet black Lamborghini
Leopard print fur lined
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Everybody wearin' edible bikinis
Everybody want a chocolate martini
Naomi Campbell on a polar bear rug
Afternoon delight
Hangin' out with Hef down in the grotto
Heartbreaker farm fresh from Ohio
Prove it to me you're a natural blonde
Caught a bunny in a lie
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
What the d'you say?
Go get your clothes
Hell no, you can't sleep here
Huh, me?
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
My name is Bobby Shazam
Pamela's here hangin' with a douchebag
I'm sippin' on a full fifth of Red Stag
Short stories and a couple of vials

Detroit city style!
Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore

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