

Little Caesar "Wrong Side Of The Tracks"

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Tryin' to make a silk purse from a drunken pig
Just because the masses do it, don't mean that it's hip
You can lead a whore to culture
But you cannot make her think
You can try to give her champagne
But a beer's her favorite drink

Baby you are outta luck
Baby dontcha know that I'm

Stuck on
The Wrong Side Of The Tracks
When ya cross them baby
Can't ever go back

Class I got a ton of, even though it's all low
When it comes to bad behavior, you know I steal the
show
Like to scare the next door neighbors,
Bring the property values down
What was once a little mansion
Well it seems so damned runned down

Baby you are outta luck
Baby dontcha know that I'm

Stuck on
The Wrong Side Of The Tracks
When ya cross them baby
Can't ever go back

If my music makes me money
And it brings me lots o' cash
Will they call me nouveau trash

'Cause I pull up on my Harley
Not a Jaguar or a Benz
I'll be tearin' up the golf course
With all my drunken friends

Baby you are outta luck
Baby dontcha know that I'm

Stuck on
The Wrong Side Of The Tracks
When ya cross them baby
Can't ever go back

Yeah I'm stuck on
Wrong Side Of The Tracks, Wrong Side Of The Tracks
Wrong Side Of The Tracks, Wrong Side Of The Tracks...

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