

Mickey 3d

"Jane Fonda"

Visit "[Jane Fonda](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I had a baby named Jane she could shake that thang
Said her daddy used to hang with Johnny Coltrane
She sang a soul train with her friend named Jen
Her booty was bigger than a Mercedes Ben
Jen was a hurdy-gurdy, dirty little girly
I heard it from a birdy
She could cook a mean turkey
With gravy; baby, baby, baby
Baby was Jen's best friend, and maybe
If you were lucky- licky-licky, sucky-sucky
Mickey-Mickey, fuck me, fuck me
More junk in the trunk than a Honda
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda
Five, six, seven now
If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little momma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

I had a princess, queen of incest
She was inbred, but Jean had big breasts
And big eyes and a big ass to match
Jean wasn't fast, she was easy to catch
Then came Molly, a hood from Hollywood High
So fly, she was transatlantic
She was a manic depressive (manic depressive)
Which was impressive,
Very impressive, I had to test it
Tasted like chicken and was lemon-scented
She took me home to her momma
I taught 'em both how to Jane Fonda

One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda
Five, six, seven now

If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little mamma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

I had a doll named Dana
From Santa Anna
She was a waitress at the Copa Cabana
She was slammin' and her ass was jammin'
Like Janet Jackson in the Rhythm Nation
Her brother Jason had a girl named Grace
And you could see her ass from outer space
So I landed on her planet
And planted a Mickey Av. flag in it, damn it

One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little mamma
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda
Five, six, seven now
If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little mamma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little mamma
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda
Five, six, seven now
If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little mamma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

Visit [Mickey 3d](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.