

New Politics

"Shoo-bed-oooh"

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So U thought U just might lose your mind 2day
Brother pushin' that game on ya as if U wanna play
Askin' U every other sentence if them titties are real
One tramp even had the nerve 2 touch 'em as if U
wanted a feel

CHORUS:

Shoo-bed-oooh, shoo-bed-oooh, ooh!
Shoo-bed-oooh, shoo-bed-oooh, ooh!

The money that U make ain't payin' the rent, so U sleep
in cars
U wonder aloud if U're happy - U say, "Yea," as if U
really are
This car U drive with no gas won't take U very far
U look up in the sky and wish upon a star (Upon a star)

CHORUS

The answer 2 the question of life is a gray-haired bitch
at least
Suckin' on the ebony dancer in between these dirty
sheets
Spittin' out the aftertaste of a boy who might not call
again
If this is the game U stood in line 4 ? how're U gonna
win?

(How're U gonna win?)

Shoo-bed-oooh, shoo-bed-oooh, ooh!

So U thought he just might come every time U phone
As if U've never been lonely as if U've never been alone
(As if U've never been alone)
How U ever gonna win if U let 'em all see your hand?
Playin' the queen don't work on your knees as if U
understand

CHORUS {x2}

The answer 2 the question of life is a gray-haired bitch

at least
Suckin' on the ebony dancer in between these dirty
sheets
Spittin' out the aftertaste of a boy who might not call
again
If this is the game U stood in line 4 ? how're U gonna
win?
How U gonna win?

CHORUS {x2}

So U thought U just might lose your mind 2day

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