

Prince "Bob George"

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[Gal]

Let me see ya dance

New coat, huh?

That's nice

Did u buy it?

Yeah, right

U seeing that rich motherfucker again

U know who I'm talking about

That slicked back paddy with all the gold in his mouth

Don't try to play me 4 yesterday's fool

Cuz I'll slap your ass into the middle of next week

I'm sorry baby, that's the rules

I pay the rent in this raggedy motherfucker

And all u do is suck up food and heat

Say what? Oh yeah?

4 someone who can't stand them T.V. dinners

U sure eat enough of them motherfuckers

Who bought u that diamond ring?

Yeah, right.

Since when did u have a job?

U seeing that rich motherfucker again

What's his name? Bob?

Bob, ain't that a bitch?

What's he do for a living?

Manage rock stars?

Who?

Prince?

Ain't that a bitch?

That skinny motherfucker with the high voice?

Please, who do I look like baby?

Yesterday's fool?

Don't u know I will kill u now?

U're fuckin' right.

I gotta gun

U think I don't?

Then what's this?

Oh, u quiet now

uh uh!

Little? Yeah, right. It might be little but it's loud

Yeah, right.
Uh uh!

Now put that suitcase down
And go in there
And put on that wig I bought U
No, No
No, No
The reddish-brown one
Bob, ain't that a bitch?
Oh
Gotcha
Got ya

Hey Bob, if u're out there, let me see u dance
U said u was funky
C'mon, c'mon

Ain't that a bitch?
Bob

(Come out with your hands up)
I'll kick your ass (This is your last warning)
Think I won't? (Oh no! The nigger's got a laser)
(Let's get the hell out of here)

Is Mr. George home?
Hello, Mr. George? [Note: The high pitched voice]
This is your conscience, motherfucker [that responds
to his call, when]
Why don't u leave motherfuckers alone? [slowed down
to about 2 rpm,says]
What's wrong with u? ["Operator, what city please?"]
Well, why can't we just dance?
Why can't we just dance?
No, fuck that, fuck that
I don't talk about u, I don't talk about u
Wit' yo' little almond-shaped head ass
Who the fuck do u think this is?
I'll kick your ass... twice

Bob, if u're out there
Let me see u dance
U said u were funky, c'mon

B-O-B, spell the shit backwards, what'd it say
Same motherfuckin' shit

Turn it out

Bob, ain't that a bitch?

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