

Prince "Cloreen Bacon Skin"

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Yeah, one of 'em
Yeah, one of them nice breezy motherfuckers

Nigger, what you lookin' for nigger?
Oh hold it, stop
Motherfucker didn't even have the headphones on
You, you

This song is called
This song is called bacon skin, hit me
It's dedicated to my first wife
Her name is, oh Lord, Cloreen
She's just fat, hit me

Too nasty, I said now big dumb you
You bacon skin
Just fat but you know where it's at
I wish you was thin, Cloreen bacon skin

Brotch, you can't fuck with that, look out
And the band said
And look out, said
Wait a minute, I said

Bacon skin, hit me, sexy
Don't touch noth
Don't you touch snare or cymbal
You just tap, good God

I wanna sing to this girl
I said baby, wait a minute
When we're all alone
We try to make love

Somebody call you on the phone
I don't know what his name is
But I know, I know this is life
But that, that's real, baby, you my wife
Cloreen bacon skin, wait a minute

Oh, good God, I said
Wait a minute

Oh, then the band said
Nice and breezy, nice and breezy, come on, I said

Once more on the one, come on
And the band said
That's alright
That's alright

You old motherfucker, you a senior citizen, look out
You can't fuck with me
I'll drive you to the ground
Okay Jerome, open the high hat, here we go

Rumbling, rumbling, yes
Keep that pocket, don't get excited, come on
Yeah, come on, said splash
Good God

Everybody say, Cloreen bacon skin
Everybody say
You can't fuck with that
Eruption in your face

I'm to sexy, I'm to sexy, sexy one in the place, good
God
I'm sexy, love sexy right down to my feet, good Lord
And I'm sexy, good God, with the bacon meat
Pork meat, close the high hat up, come on say

I can smell that shit, that's nasty, to nasty
Y'all let me go, look out
Good God, nasty bass
Good mutha, eruption in your face
Good God, look out said

Cloreen, I got somethin' for ya
What's the matter, don't you like me?
Am I to old?
Splash, oh shit, oh shit

I can't stand it, I can't stand it
Now when I look in the mirror
And I see this ugly face, good God
I just wanna run, I wanna run over to your place, yes

I wanna see, good God, someone that's uglier than
um, um
I said, I said uglier than me
Uglier than me
Cloreen bacon skin

Nice and breezy, look out now
I said fellas, what's the word?
I said fellas, what's the word?
Look out

Bacon skin, come on, splash
What you go'n do with that?
Everybody, everybody come on, dance
Everybody come on, dance

We ain't gonna put no more instruments on this
Just me and bacon skin
Alright, that Cloreen's brother for my drummer, look
out
Oh shit, my hat done fell off

Oh, somebody gonna see my bald spot
Good God, I don't care
I got bacon skin
Bacon Skin on my plate, good God

I want to love ya
Cloreen, why you wanna make me wait?
I wanna get sexy, I said
Oh Lord, I said, I wanna get sexy
Cloreen, come on, get down, come on, splash

Come on, good God
Cloreen's brother Alfred
Alfred, Alfred, I need you to talk to me son, come on
Alfred, good

Come on, Alfred, talk to me now
I wanna I got to hear you say, say Alfred
I can't hear ya, come on, talk to me now
Alfred, come on, talk to me now

Come on, bacon skin
Alfred, do you hear me talkin' to ya?
Alfred, don't, don't ignore me
Say nigger, say

Talk to me, come on, come on, talk
What cha need, what cha need?
You wanna, you wanna open your hat?
You wanna open your hat?
Well open it up, come on, get down, yes, come on

The volcano erupt in your face, good God
Oh Lord, old nasty
Alfred, talk to me Alfred, come on

Oh Lord, I can't stand it

Talk to me Alfred, come on
There you go, come on, Lord
Alfred
Everybody else come on and dance, good God

Come on, everybody dance
Alfred, come on and dance
Dance
I can't stand it, I can't stand it, oh dance

Oh Lord
Alfred, jump up on the bell, come on, let's go, good
God
Good God, oh shit
Old motherfucker say, I wanna say

We gonna take it home, yes we is
Rumbling, look out
You can't fuck with that shit, yes
Turn it up one time, come on, I said dance, shit, oh
Lord

Look out, I'm outta phase, I can't stand it
I said, uh
I wanna see some of the Bacon Skin
Cloreen, Cloreen

You can't fuck with that, talk to me Alfred, come on
And the drummer say
Oh shit, Alfred
Well, where the hand claps at?

Good God, Alfred
We done burn the house down
Burn it down, burn it down, come on, come on
Say Alfred

We done burn the house down, we got to go
We done burn it down, we got to go
What cha can you say after that?
Sexy, come on, come on, everybody get sexy

Cloreen, I wanna talk to ya
Cloreen, oh Lord
Cloreen, you're the ugliest woman that I've ever seen
I'm not jivin'

Baby, there's one thing
The Lord loves and that's the truth

And baby, you one ugly motherfucker
I'm not lyin' to ya

You know the Lord loves the truth, don't ya?
Well, why the hell can't you take a bath?
Cloreen bacon skin
Nice and breezy

We don't need no instruments
2 funky in here
Get sexy
Everybody get sexy

Yes, old nasty
This funk ain't goin' no place
'Cuz it's old, it's old and sexy
Cloreen, bacon skin

Pound on the floor tom one time, come on, yes
We go'n wanna go to the jungle one time
We gonna go to the jungle, good God
Go to the jungle one time, good God, said
And the band say one time

Good God, band said
Blisters, I got some blisters, good God
All my brothers and sisters, good God
Bacon Skin, good God
Everybody come on

Everybody, bacon skin
Alfred, we got to get the hell outta here
Oh Lord
Let's go over, yo, let's, let's
Is this where you live Alfred?
Is this where you live?

Oh shit, this a nasty place, this is nasty
Everybody
This is nasty, Alfred
Mmm, I like it, I like it

We, we can't stay here, we got to go
We got to go Alfred
Oh shit, to funky, We got to go Alfred
You got any old James Brown records? Huh?
Good God, everybody, Lord

Come on Alfred, pack your shit
We got to get the hell outta here
Open the hat one time, put on your hat, come on

Yes, oh shit
Put on your hat, good God

Oh Lord, jump up on the bell Alfred
Come on, get your coat, yes
That's a nice coat Alfred
How much you pay for that?

That much, huh? Yeah, I like it
You're glad I like it, huh?
Yes, oh shit, I said, oh Lord
Put on your boots Alfred, let's go, ahh

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