

# Prince

## "Days Of Wild"

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Hold, hold, hold onto your wits

Break down, this is a bust

(Hold onto your wits)

All you sorry motherfuckers up against the wall

If you don't play, bite the dust

'Cuz in a couple of simple fuckin' phrases

I'm gonna hip you to the fuckin' place of

The brand new mad style, uh

'Cuz these are the days of wild, hit me

(Hold onto your wits)

(Hold onto your wits)

Pop guns and [unverified] brother please

We're too wise for now

Since the other nineties was better suited for that biz

Back when dick was fuckin' Liz

Before soda pop had fizz

Don't blame it on a jockstrap full of jizz

Mentality so insane

I got a tech nine two and it's called my brain

Shoot another brother? Not today

Death from envy is the only way

Here I can tear shit up 'cuz that's my style

And these are the days of wild, hit me

(Hold onto your wits)

These are the days of wild

(Hold onto your wits)

These are the days of wild

Hooker, bitch and ho, I don't think so

I only knew one and never told her though

I thought about many times

([unverified])

But that's the kind of shit that make you check your  
mind

Is your blood type the type that flows  
Or is your blood type the type just stereo?  
A woman every day should be thanked  
Not disrespected, not raped or spanked

And if a woman ever said I did  
Uh, she's a motherfuckin' liar and I'm a set up kid  
And I can tear shit up y'all 'cuz that's my style

And these are the days of wild, hit me  
(Hold onto your wits)  
These are the days of wild  
(Hold onto your wits)

Oh oh oh, by the way, I play guitar

Tennis shoes and caps, now that's phat  
Up until the day another wanna laugh behind your back  
Sayin' we all look the same, huh  
God bless America, home of the brave

I'd rather dress to make a woman stare  
I'm puttin' on somethin' that another won't dare  
It's a freezer burn compared to cool  
And if you still got loot, then who's the fool?

Everybody wanna take the stand  
Mind your own motherfucker, let a man be a man  
I can tear shit up y'all 'cuz that's my style

And these are the days of wild, hit me  
(Hold onto your wits)  
These are the days of wild, hit me  
(Hold onto your wits)  
These are the days of wild, hit me

Much props to the upside down double six  
Baddest, freezer burnin', head turnin', make a brother  
yearnin'  
Sister walkin' the face, you know who you are, for love

(Hold onto your wits)  
(Hold onto your wits)

Hit me  
Hit me  
Hit me  
...

