

Prince

"Illusion, Coma, Pimp & Circumstance"

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She knew which fork 2 use but she couldn't dance
So he hipped her 2 the funk in xchange 4 the finance
Who's pimpin' who if nobody gets a second chance?
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp & circumstance

She was older but rich beyond compare
She'd drop a thousand dollars at the saloon just 2 get
her hair did
He was good at compliments, better in the bunk
She laced him with a crib in Paris, he hipped her 2 the
funk

Way 2 fine he was 4 her
A dirty dog in expensive fur
As long as she's providing chips and whips
We can do this funky thang
As long as she was playing the host
He figured he would make the most of them hips and
lips
He hooked her up, rocked her coast 2 coast

Ugly...
So ugly, rich beyond compare
She's dropped a couple hundred thousand dollars on a
silver whip
Just 2 match the color of her hair
She said "Eye got plenty of what U need.
Put the spoon down honey, c'mon, let mama feed U"

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Where was Eye? Oh yeah...
A gentleman he was
He never spoke about her nose
So prominent because in the dark it'd glow
If she was only tan instead of so lily white

Her name was Doris but he called her "Fluo"
As in "-Rescent" - That ain't right

Fluorescent every night
A situation bound 2 fail
As sure a Doris' skin was pale

Money might talk, but what does it say?
U better get busy if U wanna get paid
"Boy, Eye was fine back in the day"

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Now, dance

Dance

He spent her money oh so well
Take a bath in cold Kristal
He took a trip 2 burn an old flame in 'Frisco, like wow
But Doris caught him in her arms
She shrugged her shoulders and said "No harm"
Just put Ur name on this pre-nup and we can all hit the
disco

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