

Queen Latifah "The Lady Is A Tramp"

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I've wined and dined on mulligan stew,
and never wished for turkey.
As I hitched and hiked and grifted, too,
from Maine to Albuquerque.

Alas, I missed the Beaux-Arts Ball, and what is twice as
sad:

I was never at a party where they honored Noel Ca'ad.
But social circles spin too fast for me;
My Hobohemia is the place to beÂ....

I get too hungry for dinner at eight, I like the theatre
but never come late.
I never bother with people I hate: That's why the lady is
a tramp.

I don't like crap games with Barons and Earls,
Won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls.
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls:
That's why the lady is a tramp.

I like the free fresh wind in my hair, life without care:
I'm broke, it's oke.
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp:
That's why the lady is a tramp.

I go to Coney - the beach is divine.
I go to ball games - the bleachers are fine.
I follow Winchell and read every line:
That's why the lady is a tramp!

I like a prize fight that isn't a fake.
I love the rowing on Central park lake.
I go to opera and stay wide awake:
That's why the lady is a tramp!

I like the green grass under my shoes, what can I lose?
I'm flat! That's that! I'm all alone when I lower my lamp:
That's why the lady is a tramp!

