

Ross Copperman

"Gin Sippin'"

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Strolling down the strip, we were straight strip tripping
Tipping all the dealers we were straight gin sipping
Go gamble, fuck hos, everybody knows everybody
smokes dope
You can smell on our clothes
A little bit of indo a little bit of girls
Because we were kind of curious what was under their
skirts

Oh, we're just fucking around
They don't know we're just fucking around

Split it, hit it, win it, stick around for a minute
Throw another bill in it; though, you'll be broke without
credit
You will be glad that you did, 'cause you'll be fucked up
and faded
With a gold digger who's pretty and thinks that you're
rich and witty

Oh, we're just fucking around
They don't know we're just fucking around

I'd been stinking from drinking
My boys are AWOL I'm thinking
I needed a room for the weekend
On to the hotel with the beacon
I gave a tip to this chick it was a chip worth a grip but
that was it
A wink and a key and I went to my room
Oh, not two, there were three different whores all for
me
What a time what a place they won't remember my face

No one knows, oh, we're just fucking around
They don't know we're just fucking around

Soon afternoon came and I'd been up for two days
I had played the same game with money and hos you
know how it goes
Our weekend had ended with all the hos we befriended

But our egos had landed since we went home empty
handed
Come on and let's go, let's go hit the road for four
hours home
We'll go and get stoned and no one will know

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