

Tackhead "Class Rock"

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Talk about rock,
Hard as a rock.

You can bet your last dollar that this groove is coming
over me,
Take your jacket off it's time to sweat profusely.

Chorus: I really wanna rock your body,
Body rock your body.

I'm rockin' so psychotic I think you can tell,
Now you see my logic like a bell,
I feel so robotic dancing by myself,
Chance is I'm neurotic help me off the shelf.

Chorus

I've got my pointy shoes on the attitude is savage,
Little skirts & funk me pumps I think my eyes are
damaged,
My pants are getting tight & oh it's so hot,
Twisted brains rot that's class rock.

Chorus

You better call a doctor to give me a check,
I think I know what's wrong,
A case of funk neglect.

Chorus

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