

# Jon Spencer Blues Explosion "Rapp"

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She said  
She said  
She said

She said  
Don't worry I've got the bread  
Check's in the mail  
Full speed ahead

Check's in the mail  
I won't come in your mouth  
Got some great gigs for you way down south  
Trust me you'll go far  
Trust me you'll drive far

Drive motherfuckers!

You got great shows  
But nobody knows  
Joke's on you  
HAHAHAHAHA

She said  
She said  
Spoiled brats green behind the knees  
Need their mom to wipe their nose  
Every time they sneeze  
That's a fucking rock star when  
They had a taste of fame  
They don't understand  
They got to play the goddamn game

And then she said  
She said  
She said

Yeah you fucking rock stars  
Rooting out that groupie head  
APB on the mic  
Each night for a bed  
Where's your fucking 8-ball  
And presidential suite?

At the Parc Hotel  
And a sports car with 2 seats

She said  
She said

You're fired you lousy bum  
You're having too much fun

And then we said  
Hey wait a minute  
We ain't no fucking rock stars  
What the hell?

Honey it's not true  
We live on Frito-Lay  
We sleep out in the snow  
And we don't get paid  
As far as groupies go  
We're too tired to get laid  
We do it cuz we love punk rock  
There's no cash to be made  
We ain't no sleazy sellouts  
We really hate LA

She said  
She said  
I'm not smoking crack

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