

Dillinger

"Cocaine In My Brain"

Visit "[Cocaine In My Brain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey Jim, Jim, just a minute y'all, I want to
ask you something, I want you to spell
something for me Jim, Can you do that?
Sure John. But I want you to spell for me
New York. John, why do you ask me to do
that? I just want you to spell New York Jim.
Well alright I'm gonna go ahead man.
New York, that's N-E-W Y-O-R-K man,
No Jim, you've made a mistake Jim I'm
gonna teach you the right way And the
proper way to spell New York. Well go
ahead John. A knife, a fork, a bottle and a
cork That's the way we spell New York,
Jim. You see I'm a dynamite.

So all you got to do is hold me tight,
Because I'm out a sight you know.
Because I'm dynamite.

But everytime I walk in the rain. Man, o
man, I feel a pain I feel a burning pain,
keep on burning In my bloody brain.

I've got cokane running around my brain, I've got
cokane running around my brain. I want to dig me
soul brothers and sisters I want you to hold me
tight cause I'm a dynamite I got cokane running
around my brain.

No matter where I treat my guests You see,
they always like my kitchen best 'Cause I've
cokane running around my brain Cokane
running around my brain yea. Hey Jim, Jim,
where is Jim man? I want to tell you somethin' I
want you to spell for me New York Come an
Jim, how you spell New York?

A knife, a fork, a bottle and a cork, That's
the way we spell New York right on Out of
sight man right on O right on. Yeah right on.

Man oh man I run around I've got to read the setting

sun 'Cause I've got cokane A whole lot, a whole lot of
cokane man. Running around my brain, running
around my brain Cokane, cokane, running around my
brain yeah

Visit [Dillinger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.