

Ike Reilly

"Hip Hop Thighs #17"

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Hip hop has blown my mind
John Cash has done his time
When you and I were in the weeds drinking wine
With that english singer and your hip-hop thighs
From guns on a roof to the azz in jazz
To the reels and the rhymes of that gaelic trash
Dancin with the ex-lead singer of The Clash
Guns on the bar and his hands on your american ass

Hip-hop has blown my mind
John Cash has done his time
When you and I were into speed and drinking wine
And that singer thought you used Patsy Kline
That local girl with those criminal thighs
Cheek to cheek and their 3/4 time
Tryin to make lemonade from limes
But no lime he ever made nothing like I want ?

John Cash has done his time
Hip-hop has blown my mind
When you and I were in the weeds drinking wine
I loved your soul and I loved your mind
But I miss the lies and the speed and wine
The bump and grind and your queasy smile
and the prize that lies between your hip-hop thighs
your hip-hop thighs, your hip-hop thighs
/]

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