

## **The Roots**

# **"Pussy Galore"**

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Dancin' on the dance floor  
Girl, it's you that I adore  
Step on stage and scream for more  
All I see, Pussy Galore

Snap my fingers, make you mine  
If not, I'll snap a second time  
After that I guarantee  
You will be standin' next to me

Yo, an old head once said, "That's more power for the  
cocaine  
Freaks dancin' on line like Soul Train"  
To give your product that extra push  
Niggas lookin' for the time of their life, coppin' a rush

Yo, I know sis, dog, her name Lorraine  
She that thick brick house with the chocolate frame  
I went to school with her, 12th grade, I used to fool with  
her  
She put me on with her squad, I got cool with her

She used to say she want to be a doctor  
And couldn't nothin' stop her  
From givin' up that cash for tuition  
Even if she had to 'shake that ass'

Fucked up her money, ain't accumulate that fast  
Lorraine know it's real and sex control, America  
Turn the TV on, it's in the open on the regular  
Yo, what the freaks in the video for?  
Fuck a song, give me a thong and Pussy Galore

You see, life's about marketin' and Pussy Galore  
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore  
Nations goin' to war for the Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore

Yo, gang wars, more Pussy Galore  
From the streets to the record store, Pussy Galore  
Every time I turn around, it's more Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore

Yo, desire and lust can make a man kill  
Or jump off a bridge cuffed to a muthafuckin' anvil  
So it's promoted like, that's all yawl know  
Keep a nigga under the spell you under control

But yo, I seen them make people slit they wrists  
Weakness, pussy make a spots they secrets  
But what for, cause sex is the law, law  
And done been many an empire rise and fall

From the squares to the players to the pimps and  
whores  
To big checks that never would have been endorsed  
You know, I just sit back and just peep things  
9 out of 10 it's the same song, it's only the beat  
changed

So don't be lookin' at Tariq strange  
When I conduct a little litmus test up in your heat range  
That's when you see me on stage with 6  
Wicked ass chicks, finna get crunk with this

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Every time I turn around, it's more Pussy Galore  
Every time I turn around, it's more Pussy Galore

Yo, fresh cut, with the thick black velour  
With the black Louis sneaks, headin' out for tour  
Lookin' out the limo window up at the billboards  
200 miles, she was the only thing I saw

Promotin' everythin' from the liquor, to the nicotine  
Cell phones, antihistamine, chicken wings  
You gotta show a little skin to get them listenin'  
For real yawl, know the world is a sex machine

Full of pretty freaks in designer jeans  
That go to extremes to conjure all kinds of schemes  
Half the time, it ain't even responsibly  
Tryin' to take me some place I ain't tryna be

Ghetto, sin sity where the P is free  
You catch a bid far worsen than a 1 to 3  
All up in the after hours on the 2nd floor

For that good thing, that keep 'em comin' back for  
more

You see, life's about marketin' and Pussy Galore  
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore  
Nations goin' to war for the Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore

Dig it, gang wars more Pussy Galore  
From the streets to the record store, Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore  
More Pussy Galore, more Pussy Galore

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