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BPA, The "Toe Jam"

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I was asked in New York City, "Do you like my clothes?" I'm talking to my tape recorder, walking down the road But on Friday night, I'm purified that my feet don't touch the floor

When the rubber meets the road, in between my toes

Everyday is f*cking perfect, it's a paradise Watch my life like it's a movie, have to watch it twice A boy looks at a girl, and a girl looks like a pony She gallops all day long, in between my toes and Every night she's purified, she don't do that dance no more

When the rubber meets the road, in between my toes

[I'm skankin' on the dance floor, I'm drunk off that Hennessey

I ain't sober, I don't mix with Coca-Cola or soda But right now up I'm a roller, I take a look over my shoulder

And I see this sexy thing, I think it's time to walk my way over

So I shuffle on my heals, and bounce on my toes I'm crazy as she knows, still it's too good I suppose Still she dare gon' play, she backed it up So I got behind her, and I lapped it up Then we danced all night, until the sun came out Then I took her to my yard then I wrapped it up]

A member of the Juju Nation down in New Orleans You don't need an application if you move your feet

Explode, if you poke it Exposed, on the floor It grows, if you soak it It rolls, out the door

Now it's summer time, every night, now my feet don't touch the floor

She don't do that dance no more, in between my toes Him and you, you and I, I don't do that dance no more When the rubber meets the road, in between my toes The lady starts to sing, but she ain't no disco dancer She learned to shake her thing, in between my toes

Explode, if you poke it Exposed, on the floor It grows, if you soak it It rolls, out the door (x2)

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