

## **Fratellis, The**

### **"The Pimp"**

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La la la la la lo,  
La la la la la lo,  
La la la la la lo,  
La la la la la lo

One time, two time  
Giving' me a slow one  
Flipping' lovers hands  
With a trigger of a handgun

Three time, four time  
Throw me on a big bed  
Open up your mouth  
I'll put a bullet in your dumb head

(Oh)

Big lips she shifts  
Smells of a little hot sun  
I know she can dance  
But she really is a fat one  
Well I must admit I was a little scared  
When she got undressed  
And it was bang bang bang  
But she wasn't impressed

And it's all  
Sick and gentle  
It's all  
Fucking mental  
It's all  
Over before it begins

And it's all  
Worse than dying  
It's all  
Terrifying  
It's all  
Little pistols and pimps

Lying on this big girls floor

Tell me something  
Tell me more  
Pistols on her swollen bed  
Pointing at my aching head

There was a singer in the windows  
And a humming in my poor head,  
She was smoking in the corner  
And said I'll hold you, don't you feel dead

Well I must admit I was a little scared  
When she got undressed  
It was bang bang bang  
But she wasn't impressed

And it's all  
Sick and gentle  
It's all  
Fucking mental  
It's all  
Over before it begins

And it's all  
Worse than dying  
It's all  
Terrifying  
It's all  
Little pistols and pimps

Lying on this big girls floor  
Tell me something  
Tell me more  
Pistols on her swollen bed  
Pointing at my aching head

Chase me half way down the street  
Shooting' at my aching feet  
Got no I.D  
Got no clothes  
Am I dead?  
Christ only knows

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