

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Mickey Slipper"

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[Lyte] Ready?

[guy] No.

[Lyte] Oh!

[Lyte] *whistling Scrappy Doo* Puppy, power!

[Lyte] *beatboxing like a pro*

[guy] Okay, hello!

[Lyte] Watch your drin.. WHAT? Watch your drink!

No no.. I think I'm too late, am I too late?

Hit it!

I'm coolin in the sun, on a beach in the cabana

Sippin on some vodka in a glass with Tropicana

I'm chillin and I'm chompin on a turkey shish-ka-bob

Too far from work to hear the phone ring at the job

Men in bikinis, G-strings should I say

Waitin for the daddy-LONG-one to come my way

Here he comes now, I feel I start to sweat

Blunder but I wonder just how wet will I get

He offers me his hand, of COURSE you know I take it

Until he tells me that he wants to swim a little naked

My eyes are bulgin, I black out, damn it's black as tar

Woke up I don't know when, sittin at the bar

I know it's hard to follow, the story's kinda tricky

What I didn't know was somebody slipped a Mickey

into my drink, which caused a fantasy

and somehow slapped me back into reality!

Wish I had another Mickey I'd go back for a quickie

Find the daddy-long-one that was SURELY tryin to get

me

This just goes to show, you must stop and think

When you're out partyin, never leave your drink..

WORD!

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