

Trailer Choir "Homemade Mexico"

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Flip Flops Floppin'*
She slips of the top n'
That Bikini's rockin
On her freckled skin
She got her ray bands on
Hummin that Sheryl Crow song
And her blond hairs flirting with the wind
[Chorus:]
She lays down her purple beach towel
Takes a sip of cool clear water from the garden
hose(There She Goes)
Shes a rock Star in her own backyard
Yeah anytime she walks, she can go to her homemade
mexico
Margaritas chillin got fajitas grillin
Pretty pink toes dippin in a plastic pool (yea she do)
She splits her lies
Pretend that Georgia sky's
Is Cabo, Cassamil, or Somali or Cancun
CHORUS
Sometimes paridise, its just a state of mind
CHORUS
Yeah her homeade mexico(x2)

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