

Lisa Scinta

"Blah Blah Blah"

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Coming out your mouth with your blah blah blah
Zip your lips like a padlock
Meet me in the back with the Jack at the jukebox
I don't really care where you live at
Turn around, boy, you ain't gon' hit that
Don't be a little girl with your chit chat
Go find where your clique's at

Music's up, listen hot stuff
I'm in love with this song
So just hush, baby, shut up
Heard enough

Stop ta-ta-talking that blah, blah, blah
Think you'll be getting this, nah, nah, nah
Not in the back of my ca-a-ar
If you keep talking that blah, blah, blah, blah

Boy, you won't get your rocks off
Or put a little love in my glove box
You wanna dance with no pants on, too bad
Meet me in the back with the Jack at the jukebox
Cut to the chase kid
'Cause I know you don't care what my middle name is
Peace, you're gonna hate this
But I don't care 'cause you're wasted

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