

Moldy Peaches, The "I Think I'm In Love"

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Wake up in the morning
What a surprise
You got your face up in my cleavage
And your hand between my thighs
Why can't you leave just like the other guys
You think you won some kind of price?

Ooooh, sweet lady, I think I'm in love
Oooh, I really think I'm in love

Just because we messed around doesn't mean I want
you here
Get out of my house and take your beer
Drive away and stear clear
Before I put my boot piece in your rear

When I wake up and see you lying there
With your fake nails and extensions in your hair
I can't believe the way I'm falling for you
Is this love, can it really be true?

Yo, what is this crap?
Give this bro a slap
He doesn't have a clue that his girlfriend is wack
I'm saying: Yo, here's some advice from MC Cracker
If she was really worth it, bro, she would be blacker
Yo, ho, you like to fuck
I fuck you and suck you like a big yellow duck
Cause I've got such large equipments in the Guinness
book
And I bet now you're asking, yo, how do I look?
Well, I'm the smoothest MC jew in the land
And I know the freaking Torah like the back of my right
hand
And that's just 'bout all my advice
Cause your MC Cracker's through being nice

I do what I get and I get what I see
I saw you today, you're nothing to me
Like all of your brothers, one, two, three
If you stay any longer I'm gonna up the ante

Ooooh, sweet lady, I think I'm in love
Oooh, I really think I'm in love

Suck, suck at your cock
Sit, sit on my face
The catch ain't nearly as good as the chase
I'll unleash a can of whoop ass or at least some mace
You can never keep up with my pace

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