

# Rip This Joint

The Rolling Stones

Mama says yes, Papa says no  
Make up your mind 'cause I gotta go  
Gonna raise hell at the Union Hall  
Drive myself right over the wall

Rip this joint, gonna save your soul  
Round and round and round we go  
Roll this joint, gonna get down low  
Start my starter, gonna stop the show  
Yeah, oh, yeah

Mister President, Mister Immigration Man  
Let me in, sweetie, to your fair land  
I'm Tampa bound and Memphis too  
Short Fat Fanny is on the loose

Dig that sound on the radio  
Then slip it right across into Buffalo  
Dick and Pat in ole D.C.  
Well, they're gonna hold some shit for me

Ying yang, you're my thing  
Oh, now, baby, won't you hear me sing?  
Flip flop, fit to drop  
Come on baby, won't you let it rock?

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah  
From San Jose down to Santa Fe  
Kiss me quick, baby, won'tcha make my day?  
New Orleans with the Dixie Dean  
And Dallas, Texas with the Butter Queen

Rip this joint, gonna rip yours too  
Some brand new steps and some weight to lose  
Gonna roll this joint, gonna get down low  
Round and round and round we'll go

Wham, bham, Birmingham  
Alabam', don't give a damn  
Little Rock and I'm fit to drop  
Ah, let it rock