

Frankie's never been to school but she's nobody's
Fool
She can outsmart you all
Frankie just threw her husband out,
'Cos that's something she can do without
Never took care of her kids
Only after ass and tits

Nightshifts and early wake-up calls
Children running in the hall
But Frankie is ok
Now she's waiting in line to buy a ticket for the
Lottery
With a big smile on her face

Frankie tries to soothe her troubled mind
Because life isn't always kind
She's sure things will work out
She keeps her hands firmly on her purse
In which the lottery ticket burns
Today a tramp tomorrow queen
And if not: dreams are for free

Dayshifts and late-night calls
A lot of screaming in the hall
But Frankie ist just fine
Now she's waiting in the line
With 3 shopping bags in a grocery
And a big smile on her face

Then a man says: "Bitch, move your fad ass a bit"
Frankie says "Thanks for the compliment,
You ugly piece of shit!
I am a bitch
But that's why I manage
And talking 'bout my ass
Well, you can f**king kiss it"

She never even checked the number of her lot
It might have been on purpose or maybe she forgot
The thought of beeing lucky simply was enough
Don't let nobody drag you down
But play it rough