

# Rip This Joint

Billy Squier

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

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

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 ol' D.C.  
Well they're gonna hold some grits 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

From San Jose down to Santa Fe  
Kiss me quick baby, won'tcha make my day  
Down to New Orleans with the Dixie Queen  
'Cross to 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  
So round and round and round we'll go

Wham, bam, Birmingham, Alabam' don't give a damn  
Little Rock fit to drop  
Ah, let it rock