

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