

Strippers + White Lines / Smart Monkey

Brymo

All over the world I'm known but I'm still that kid from the ghetto

Where I'm from the tide is attached

And the people rarely make plans for the morrow

When the whole town is poor in their minds and the slavery we chose we deny

This foundation, it won't survive

It would splinter

It would shatter

Oh, what a night

Strippers and white lines

And a fighter jet that won't fly

Being alone was all I'd always known from the pain was when I passed out on this floor

And I borrowed when I didn't have my own, from the poverty, folks who love to moan

Win upon win and I still can't sleep

Life always brings suffering you see

These dreams of mine they come alive into nothingness it all falls down

Oh, what a night

Strippers and white lines

And a fighter jet that won't fly

Oh, what a night

It blooms and withers and dies

And as a fire detects the warmth of lies

What a night

Peaches and white wine

And a fighter jet that won't fly

Smart monkey don't monkey around with another monkey's banana

Smart monkey don't money around with another monkey's banana