

Slumming It

Chromeo

She got lipstick on my blue collar
And she always tells me to call her
And I only got a few dollars
To my name
We still hangin'

She's only with me for the credibility
She introduced me to her friend Tiffany
And I know it's gonna' end eventually
But that's alright
I don't mind

I think she's slummin' it with me
Got money in the bank
I keep lovin' on her for free
And all the finer things
I know your dad would be mad and you like that
I know your mom plays along; takes her way back
I think she's slummin' it with me (Oh, oh, oh)
I think she's slummin' it with me (Oh, oh, oh)

They won't let me in her country club
But I still go and pick her up
'Cause she loves the way they look at us
In dismay as we drive away

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Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it with me
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, with me

Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, with me
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, slummin' it, slummin' it
Slummin' it, with me