

# Malibooty

Colette Carr

Ain't nothing but a Malibu Party

27 miles, scenic beauty

Got a pocketful of hunks, gon' make some change  
Got a pocketful of ones, gon' make it rain  
Gotta rock it 'til we're dumb and make it bang  
And bein' in the boot don't mean you're famous  
Wipe these like a kid in the candy store  
While she needs a sip to dance some more  
Malibu rum, takin' you out and droppin' it down like your bank account

Summertime beach-town girls (yeah!)  
Summertime beach-town girls  
Summertime beach-town girls (yeah!)  
Summertime beach-town girls

Yeah

Pacific Coast Highway, my way  
Gettin' high on the beach, I might fly away  
Got my Corona, my marijuana  
My beach bunny in a Maula Bona  
Open the lamp bowl [?], light girls shit there  
Half-in, smashed off, woo! Rick Flare!  
Malibu blowin' on it's homegrown  
And I'm so gone; E.T., phone home

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Summertime beach-town girls  
Summertime beach-town girls

Ain't nothin' wrong with a lil cake on me  
We got Malibu lookin' like a bakery  
Now she's like the kid in the candy store  
While he's tryin' to peek in her panty drawer  
Not mad at you; cake is the answer  
Malibu-shake, belly dancer  
Girl's got junk, workin' that samba  
Breezy day, PCH  
Livin' life the easy way  
Coastin, red-cup toastin'  
Wigglin' toes in the sand by the ocean

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