

Cloreen Baconskin

Prince

Yeah, let'em...
Yeah, let'em nice and breezy motherfuckers

What U lookin' 4 nigga?
Oh hold it, stop
What da fuck u mean u don't have the headphones on?
U...U...

This song is called...
This song is called Bacon Skin, hit me
It's dedicated 2 my first wife
Her name is, oh Lord, Cloreen
She's just phat, hit me

2 nasty
I said now
U.., Bacon Skin
Just phat, but U know where it's at
I wish U was thin
Cloreen Bacon Skin

Brotch, U can't fuck with that, look out
And the band said
And look out, said
Wait a minute, I said
Bacon Skin, hit me
Sexy
Don't touch no..., don't U touch snare or cymbal
U just tap, good God

I wanna sing 2 this girl
I said baby, wait a minute
We're all alone
U try 2 make love
Somebody call U on the phone
I don't know what his name is
But I know, I know this is life
But that, that's real, baby, U know life
Cloreen Bacon Skin, wait a minute

Oh good God, I said
Wait a minute
Oh, and the band said
Nice and breezy, nice and breezy, come on I said
Once more on the 1, come on
And the band said
That's alright, that's alright
U ol' motherfucker, U a senior citizen, look out
U can't fuck with me
I'll drive U 2 the ground
OK, open the hi-hat, here we go

Rumbling, rumbling, yes
Keep that pocket, don't get excited, come on
Yeah, come on, said splash
Good God
Everybody say Cloreen Bacon Skin

Everybody say
U can't fuck with that
Eruption in your face
I'm 2 sexy, I'm 2 sexy, sexy one in the place, good God
I'm sexy, lovesexy right down 2 my seat belt, good Lord
And I'm sexy, good God, with the bacon meat
Pork meat, close the hi-hat, come on say

I can smell that shit
That's nasty, 2 nasty
Y'all let me go, look out
Good God, nasty bass
Good mutha, eruption in your face
Good God, look out said

Cloreen, I got somethin' 4 ya
What's the matter, don't U like me?
I'm not 2 old
Splash, oh shit!
Oh shit

I can't stand it, I can't stand it
When I look in the mirror
And I see this ugly face, good God
I just wanna run, I wanna run over 2 your place, yes
I wanna see, good God, someone that's uglier than...
I said, I said uglier than me
Uglier than me
Cloreen Bacon Skin

Nice and breezy, look out now
I said fellas, what's the word?
Fellas, what's the word?
Look out
Bacon Skin, come on, splash
What U go'n do with that?
Everybody, everybody come on, dance
Everybody come on, dance
We ain't gonna put no more instruments on this
Just me and Bacon Skin
Alright, Cloreen's brother on drum, look out
Oh shit, my hat done fell off
Oh, somebody gonna see my bald spot
Good God, I don't care
I got Bacon Skin
Bacon Skin on my plate, good God
I want 2 love U
Cloreen, why U wanna make me wait?
I wanna get sexy, I said
Oh Lord, I said
I wanna get sexy
Cloreen, come on, get down
Come on, splash

Come on, good God
Cloreen's brother Alfred
Alfred, Alfred, I need U 2 talk 2 me some, come on
Alfred, good
Come on, Alfred, talk 2 me now
I wanna...I got 2 hear U say, say Alfred
I can't hear U, come on, talk 2 me now
Alfred, come on, talk 2 me now
Come on, Bacon Skin

Alfred, do U hear me talkin' 2 U?
Alfred, don't, don't ignore me
Say nigga, say
Talk 2 me, come on, come on, talk
What cha need, what cha need?
U wanna, U wanna open your hat?
U wanna open your hat? Well open it up, come on, get down
Yes!
Come on
The volcano erupt in your face, good God
Oh Lord, old 'n' nasty
Alfred, talk 2 me Alfred, come on
Oh Lord, I can't stand it
Talk 2 me Alfred, come on
There U go, come on, Lord
Alfred
Everybody else come on and dance, good God
Come on, everybody dance
Alfred, come on and dance
Dance
I can't stand it, I can't stand it, oh dance
Oh Lord
Alfred, jump up on the bell, come on, let's go, good God
Good God, oh shit
Ol' motherfucker say, I wanna say
We gonna take it home, yes we is
Rumbling, look out
U can't fuck with that shit, yes
Turn it up one time, come on, I said dance
Shit, oh Lord
Look out, I'm outta place, I can't stand it
I said uh
I wanna see some of the Bacon Skin
Cloreen, Cloreen
U can't fuck with that, talk 2 me Alfred, come on
And the drummer say
Oh shit, Alfred
Well, where the hand claps at?
Good God, Alfred
We don't burn the house down
Burn it down, burn it down, come on, come on
Say Alfred!

We don't burn the house down, we got 2 go
We don't burn it down, we got 2 go
What can U say after that?
Sexy, come on, come on
Everybody get sexy

Cloreen, I wanna talk 2 ya
Cloreen, oh Lord
Cloreen, U're the ugliest woman that I've ever seen
I'm not jivin'
Baby, there's one thing the Lord loves the truth
And baby, U one ugly motherfucker
I'm not lyin' 2 U
U know the Lord loves the truth, don't U?
Well, why the hell can't U take a bath?
Cloreen Bacon Skin

Nice and breezy
We don't need no instruments
2 funky in here

Get sexy
Everybody get sexy
Yes, old nasty
This funk ain't goin' no place
Cuz it's old, it's old and sexy
Cloreen Bacon Skin

Pound on the floor tom one time, come on
Yes
We gonna go 2 the jungle one time
We gonna go 2 the jungle, good God
Go 2 the jungle one time, good God, said
And the band say one time
Good God, band said
Blisters, I got some blisters, good God
All my brothers and sisters, good God
Bacon Skin, good God
Everybody come on

Everybody
Bacon Skin
Alfred, we got 2 get the hell outta here
Oh Lord
Let's go over, yo, let's, let's...
So where U live Alfred?
Is this where U live? Oh shit
This is a nasty place, this is nasty
Everybody
This is nasty Alfred
I like it, I like it
We can't stay here, we got 2 go
We got 2 go, Alfred
Oh shit, 2 funky
We got 2 go, Alfred
U got any old James Brown records? Huh?
Good God, everybody, Lord

Come on Alfred, pack your shit
We got 2 get the hell outta here
Open the hat one time, put on your hat, come on
Yes, oh shit
Put on your hat, good God
Oh Lord, jump up on the bell, Alfred, come on, get your coat
Yes!
That's a nice coat, Alfred
How much U pay 4 that?
That much, huh?
Yeah, I like it
U're glad I like it, huh?
Yes
Oh shit
I said oh Lord
Put on your boots, Alfred
Let's go