

I ain't trying to feel no Yoko Ono, Remember how you  
met me geeked at my show yo, Front row flashy Sexy  
sassy Nasty classy Backstage pass me, Stopped and asked  
me, Yo what's up, Wanna cut, That's what's up, Body  
bumping bangin' blazin', Hair did nails did, looking  
amazing, Back to the hotel for a fling, Turned into a  
weekly thing, Now your my girl and wear my ring, Your  
my queen and I'm your King, Then you started acting  
strange, Trying to change and rearrange, Trippin' when  
I did my shows, Just another Yoko, No!

When I was younger, Somebody told me the story, Of a  
man who left the world's greatest band for his girlie,  
It happens everyday and not to just musicians, It gets  
doctors and lawyers, athletes and magicians, Some will  
make the same mistake, And most of you will never  
learn, Maybe even watch everything you love burn, So  
learn from John Lennon, And don't be such a wussy, And  
give it all away For that Yoko Ono pussy

You're my Yoko Ono  
My Cher to Sonny Bono

(Mike Martin guitar solo)

Damn girl, Have some self respect, You know it's hard  
to find a band guy, That you haven't slept with, You  
love it when other girls are jealous of you, But that  
drummer that you're with, Was with her last time he  
came through, Now you're hoping that one day on stage  
he'll propose, But why would he marry you, You slept  
with everyone he knows, You'd like to be my Yoko Ono,  
Never again will I go down that road