

Yoko

Stuck Mojo

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