

Crack Cocaine Rager

The Dandy Warhols

Yo, you just roll, baby, go, what you do to your friends
You got to go, baby, go if you do it again
But if you cook just like a drifter like you know what to do
So you rager with the pager just until we were through

I don't understand why I gotta be good but
I don't know, but I feel like I should

Baby, I gotta do what I do to get by
So when I dress you up and when I cut you down
And then I spit you out, you know why

You gotta go with the dole
Like to live with the danger
Never knowing if you're going
Bust a cap on a stranger
A ghost on a quarter like hustler or fag
But you're coping with the dopers, want a faggity fag

Now, I don't understand why I gotta be good but
I don't know, but I feel like I should

Baby, I gotta do what I do to get by
So when I dress you up and then I cut you down
And then I spit you out, you know why

Oh

Baby, I gotta do what I do to get by
So when I dress you up and when I cut you down
And then I spit you out, you know why
So when I dress you up and then I'll cut you down
And then I'll spit you out, yeah, I'll spit you out
Baby, I don't, oh yeah, I
You know why