

Pussy Galore

The Roots

Dancin' on the dance floor
Girl, it's you that I adore
Step off stage and scream for more
All I see, pussy galore
Snap my fingers, make you mine
If not, I'll snap a second time
After that, I guarantee
You will be standing next to me
[Verse 1]
Yo, my own head once said, it's more powerful than cocaine
Freaks dancin' in a line like Soul Train
To get your pride up, that extra push
Niggaz lookin' for the time of their life, coppin' a rush
Yo I know sis', dawg, her name Lorraine
She's a thick brick house with a chocolate frame
I went to school with her
Twelfth grade, I used to fool with her
She put me on with her squad, I got cool with her
She used to say she wanted to be a doctor
And couldn't nothin' stop her
From gettin' up that cash
For tuition, even if she had to shake that ass
Fucked up, her money ain't accumulatin' that fast
Lorraine know it's real, 'cause sex controls America
Turn the TV on, it's in the open on the regular, yo
What the freaks in the video for?
Fuck a song, gimme a thong, and pussy galore
You see, life is about marketing pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
Nations going to war for the pussy galore
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore
Yo, gang wars, more pussy galore
From the screen to the record store, pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore
[Verse 2]
Yo, desire and lust can make a man kill
Or jump off the bridge, cuffed to a motherfuckin' anvil
So it's promoted like it is so all y'all know
Keep a nigga under the spell, you under control
But yo, I seen it make people slit they wrists
Weakness, pussy make a spy say secrets
But what for? Cause sex is the law
???, many an empire rise and fall
From the squares to the players
From the pimps to the whores
To big checks that never would have been endorsed
Ya know, I sit back and just peep thangs
9 outta 10, it's the same songs, only the beat changed
So don't be lookin' at your peeps strange
When I conduct a little Litmus test up in your heat range
That's when you see me up on stage with six
Wicked ass chicks fittin to get crunk with this
Life is about marketing pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
Corporations going to war over the pussy galore
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore

Yo, gang wars, more pussy galore
From the screen to the record stores, pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
[Verse 3]
Yo, fresh cut, with the thick black velour
With the black ??? sneaks, headed out for tour
Lookin' out the limo window up at the billboards
200 miles, she was the only thing I saw
Promotin' everything, from the liquor to the nicotine
Cell phones, anti-histamines, chicken wings
You gotta show a little skin to get them listening
For real yo, the world is a sex machine
Full of pretty freaks in designer jeans
That go to extremes to conjure all kinds of schemes
Half the time, it ain't even responsibly
Tryin' to take me some place I'm not tryin to be
Ghetto, Sin City, where the P is free
You catch a bid far worser than a 1 to 3
All up in the after-hours on the second floor
For that good thing, that keep 'em comin' back for more, ya heard me
It's about marketing the pussy galore
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore
Nations going to war for the pussy galore
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore
Dig it, gang wars, more pussy galore
From the screen to the record store, pussy galore
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore
More pussy galore, more pussy galore
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