

American Juniors, Brass In Pocket

Got brass in pocket
Got bottle I'm gonna use it
Intention I feel inventive
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Got motion restrained emotion
Been driving Detroit leaving
No reason just seems pleasing
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

(CHORUS)

Gonna use my arms
Gonna use my legs
Gonna use my style
Gonna use my sidestep
Gonna use my fingers
Gonna use my, my, my imagination

Cuz I'm gonna make you see
There's nobody else here
No one like me
I'm special (special) so special
I gotta have some of your attention, give it to me! Cuz I'm gonna make you see
There's nobody else here
No one like me
I'm special (special) so special
I gotta have some of your attention Give it to me!