

# The Roots, Pussy Galore

Dancin on the dance floor  
Girl it's you that I adore  
Step on stage and scream for more  
All I see Pussy Galore  
Snap my fingers make you mine  
If not I'll snap a 2nd time.  
After that I guarantee you will be standing next to me

An old head once said, "that's more power for the cocaine. Freaks dancing on line like Soul Train"  
To give your product that extra push  
Niggas lookin for the time of their life, coppin a rush  
Yo I know sis, Dog, her name Lorraine  
She that thick brick house with the chocolate frame  
I went to school with her, 12th grade I used to fool with her  
She put me on with her squad, I got cool with her

She use to say she wanna be a doctor and couldn't nothing stop her From giving up that cash for tuition even if  
She had to "shake that ass"  
Fucked up her money ain't accumulate that fast  
Lorraine know it's real, and sex control America  
Turn the T.V. it's in the open on the regular, yo  
What the freaks in the video for?  
Fuck a song, give me a thong and Pussy Galore

## Chorus

You see, life's about marketing and Pussy Galore  
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore  
Nations goin to war for the Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore  
Yo, gang wars more Pussy galore  
From the streets to the record store  
Every time I turn around it's more Pussy Galore  
Either the cash, the raw or the Pussy Galore

Yo desire and lust can make a man kill  
Or jump off a bridge cuffed to a muthafuckin anvil  
So it's promoted like that's all yawl know  
Keep a nigga under the spell you under control  
But Yo I seem to make people slit they wrists  
Weakness, pussy make a spots they secrets  
But what for, cause sex is the law, law  
And done been many an empire rise and fall  
From the Squares to the Players to the Pimps and Whores  
To big checks that never would have been endorsed  
You know, I just sit back and just peep things  
9 out of 10 it's the same song, only the beat changed  
So don't be looking at Tariq strange  
When I conduct a little litmus test up in your heat range  
That's when you see me on stage with 6  
Wicked ass chicks  
Finna get crunk with this

## Chorus

Fresh cut, with the thick black velour  
With the black Louis sneaks  
Headin out for tour  
Looking out the limo window up at the billboards  
For 200 miles, She was the only thing I saw  
Promoting everything from the liquor, to the nicotine,  
cell phones, antihistamine, chicken wings.  
You gotta show a little skin to get them listening, for real

Yawl know the world is a sex machine  
Full of, pretty freaks in designer jeans  
Who go to extremes to conjure all kinds of schemes  
Half the time it ain't even responsibly  
Trying to take me somewhere I ain't tryna be  
GHETTO sin city where the P is free  
You catch a bid far worsen than a 1 to 3  
All up in the after hours on the 2nd floor  
For that good thang that keep em comin back for more

Chorus  
Bridge x2  
Pussy Galore x2