

Apostle Of Hustle, Baby, You're In Luck

Last night I got your letter
It weighed as much as a feather
Your words fly off the screen
Sayin' shit that you don't mean
Tommy two-cocks, not far from the shore
Will it be all right if I can sleep on the floor?

Baby, you're in luck
Never fever enough
Baby, you're in luck
Never fever enough
Baby, you're in luck

Sentimental at best
A young heart in its nest, sad song
French queen on display
Hoping she don't go away - not now
Now she's coming toward
And now I feel like a sword in my side
Last one at the club

Baby, you're in luck
Never fever enough
Baby, you're in luck
Never fever enough
It could be the drugs
Never fever enough
Baby, you're in luck
Never fever enough