

# Blues Traveler, Mother Funker

Mother Funker!

If you see her come, you better look away  
When she's down for a kill, that bitch is ready to play  
If you need some time, she'll hook you for a while  
With her jasmine eyes and her granite smile  
Her kingdom's One Twenty Fifth to the Lower East Side  
For the proper fee she'll hook you for that ride  
Through her bad ass haunts that span all across town  
She can speak with the chic as well as get the funk down

Geronimo!

Chan!

So if you crave brass rings, then son you'd best beware  
But if that's the case, then you're already there  
She'll spit you out and leave you wanting more  
The queen of the night is just a burnt out whore