

Fatboy Slim, Talking 'bout my baby

Yeah... yee...

Why don't talk 'bout my baby,

Talkin' 'bout my baby,

When we go walkin' down Bourbon street.

I just can't hardly stand to walk behind her.

She got her red hot pants on,

She got on her yellow high heel sneakers.

She got on her yellow low neck see through blouse without no brazier on.

She's shaking like two big ol' balloons in a hurricane.

Oooh

She got on her purple afro wig

She got her hand on her hip, let her backbone slip,

Battin' her eyes

Battin' her eyes

Battin' her eyes

Battin' her eyes

Battin' her eyes and lookin' straight at me. . . yeah, lookin' straight at me.

She's battin' her eyes and lookin' straight at me with that sassy, saucy look on her face.

She said I wanna go out on a picknick with you baby,

Under the big bright yellow sun