

Hurricanes, Come To Me Baby

Night time
Cruising the strip
Right time
I gonna get flipped
I dont know what i do
You know what i am
Loosed up
High as a kite
Juiced up
Out like a light
I dont know what i do
Youll know where i go
Crazy days in Venice west
Laughing like a chimpanzee
Soapy dopes on muscle beach
Stinks like a barrel of cheese
Now - wont
They dont want now
Busted
Hitting the sack
Just dead
Everything black
I dont know what i do
You know where i go
Night time
Cruising the strip
Right time
I gonna get flipped
I dont know what i do
You know what i am