

# Imani Coppola, Springtime

Springtime

You should be happy for your lips

You should be happy for your hips

You should be happy for your tits

But it ain't payin the rent...nah...ain't paying the rent

Where'd you learn how to walk?

Must've been in the dead of winter in New York City

Only some honey whose got no money can look so pretty

Only somebody whose got no heat can act so sweet

Come on over I'll fix you something too eat

What you hungry for?

Springtime New York City, livin is easy, lovin is free

It's springtime New York, New York, New York City fuckin New York

You can feed an army with your eyes

You can break a brick wall with your thighs

You can start a fire with your strut

You can break a neck with your but but but it ain't paying the rent

Nah, ain't paying the rent

Hey woman...you better sit your ass down

When you're every guys bed time lullaby you better skip town

Gotta get a better pair of shoes for all that runnin around

You better drive your winter ways back into the ground

Lets go pick up your soul at the lost and found

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