

Must, Very Wicked

You float like a butterfly
You float like a butterfly
You float like a butterfly
Then you sting like a bee
Sting like a bee
Youe very, very wicked

Pour your black rain on me, on me

I drawn to you animal
I drawn like an animal
And when you side up next to me
I a servant to you chief
Sting me like a bee
Con sting me