

Red Hot Chili Peppers, If You Have To Ask

A wanna be gangster
Thinkin' he's a wise guy
Rob another bank
He's a sock 'em in the eye guy
Tank head
Mr Bonnie and Clyde guy
Lock him in the eye
He's not my kinda guy
Never wanna be
Confusion proof
Pudding's sweet
But too aloof
Orange eye girl
With blackslide Dew said
Yo homie
Who you talkin' to
A backed up paddywagon
Mackin' on a cat's ass
One upper cut
To the cold upper middle class
Born to storm
On boredom's face
And a little lust
To the funky ass Flea bass
Most in the race
Just loose their grace
The blackest hole
In all of space
Crooked as a hooker
Now suck my thumb
Anybody wanna come get some

If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go
If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go (oh woh woh)

Don't ask me why
I'm flying so high
Mr Bubble meets superfly
In my third eye
Searching for a soul bride
She's my freakette
Soak it up inside
Deeper than a secret
Much more
Than meets the eye
To the funk
I fall into my new ride
My hand my hand
My hand my hand
Magic on the one
Is a medicine man
Thinkin' of a few
Taboos that I ought to kill
Dancin' on their face
Like a stage on Vaudeville
I feel so good
Can't be understood
Booty of a hoodlum

Rockin' my red hood

If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go
If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky motherfuckers
Will not be told to go (oh woh woh)