

## January Jones

Hoodie Allen

Unh  
Pardon my small talk  
Darlin' I'm all talk  
They wanna fence me in, never a ballpark  
We tear the walls off the Waldorf Astoria  
I told my dudes to get to steppin' like Gloria  
I made my case, she a slept-on jury  
And when I go from deep I be like Stephen Curry  
The lines'll hit you sharp, it got the teflon worried  
So I told her that I cruise homes, yep like Suri  
So I woke real early, grab a bagel and a glass of joe  
The he-man, woman hater, I'm a Ras-a-cal  
And Alfalfa, my hair stickin, it lost control  
Cause I'm a rapper, but she more into the classical  
Uh, no need to apologize  
I'm 21, but I been dreamin bout the college life  
So when she looks into her father's eyes, shouts to Eric Clapton  
I'll be the director, cause I'm all about the action

[Chris Wallace]  
You're so damn beautiful, my January Jones  
Oh you drive me mad  
And I come right back  
From your head down to your toes  
I want you all alone  
Oh you drive me mad  
And I come right back

You say I'm spellbound  
I hardly spell out  
The four letters that make every girl just melt down  
We on the shelf now, no Sam Goody  
And when you mention other dudes, they no damn Hoodie  
Unh, cause we go truly hard  
Stiles like Julia  
And I been gifted since a youth like I'm at Julliard  
When we were younger, you were cooler, you and your friends used to rule the yard  
A moment flicked by  
I wish I was McFly  
Marty with the sick ride  
I'm able to switch time  
No second guessin decisions on why I pick sides  
So ex-nay, only talkin bout my insides  
Always up to somethin, so we annually home  
This song is dedicated to my January Jones  
And it's a Space Jam, they say that I'm Michael  
Lovin' under twenty's a cycle  
So here we go

[Chris Wallace]  
You're so damn beautiful, my January Jones  
Oh you drive me mad  
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From your head down to your toes  
I want you all alone  
Oh you drive me mad

And I come right back

I throw my hand out, I'm tryna help her up  
She lookin back at me, I think you helped enough  
Ain't havin none of it, you gonna sit and say  
No love for triple A  
Okay, she's gone away

[Chris Wallace]

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