

Slow And Easy

Bulletboys

With a trash can mouth and a fucked up 'tude
She turned her first trick at twleve
Her veins cold black from a life on smack
Baby she was raised in Hell

I trip 'cause I really know her well

I dig how quick you try and please me
Nothing I love, more, roll on over I'll refill thee

Slow and easy
Slow and easy
The taste of flesh uh huh
Slow and easy

Has it always been your wet dream
You're lookin' killer on the big screen

Give it to Jimmy Dean

Whoa!
Whoa!