Fatal Instincts
R-I-P-O-G-M-C
I got a pocket full of stones
that's why them call me Sharon Stoned
I got a pocket full of stones
That's why them call me Sharon stoned
I got a pocket full of stones
Colette-rika rika ring me along (2x)

WHAT?

Six in the morning, police at my door Duct taped Chuck Taylors across the hard wood floor And today would be the day that I didn't use a pad lock, A man busted in, straight looking like Maddlock Washed his bed, on my ass I was matched up Before I knew it I was surrounded by mad cops Oh dear, oh dear, what do I do, what do I do? (Motherfucker) nah, mother fuck you I ran to the bathroom and try to flush down the evidence Never really evident that my stones was having sex But where I caught my rocks is irrelevant And before the water could flush down the bowl, Officer dink head put me in a choke-hold Knocked out my tooth and broke my jaw on the sink Malibu's most wanted, you're going to the clink That's what he told me, it's a fatal instinct

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Now they're interrogating me like I am illiterate, I ain't saying shit, bitch till I get a cigarette Through the two way glass, I know y'all are watching me Coward ass police This is a mockery Got me bruised, battered and scarred Held against my will for a trumped up charged He says I'm moving contraband all across border But his proof got ruined in the toilet water He said he has computer files, pulled up my picture And all of my lyrics are incriminating scriptures Just then my spidey sense twitches You never had a warrant so sianara bitches This molocany has been going on too long Dude I swear I didn't do wrong And you can't prove that I did any harm And I ain't crossed my legs with no panties on

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