

Yalla Yalla (Let's Go)

Cracker

Jesus Christ it's hot out here
But I'm the lucky mother tip of the spear

Give me water and cannon fodder
Get me outta this stinking CHU

I been thru Basra
Fucked up Falluja
Sadr city Mosul

There weren't no chocolates
No pretty flowers
Just kill them all or we die

Ya la la yalla yalla
Ya la la yalla yalla
Ya la la yalla yalla
Ya la la yalla yalla

At bombaconda the hajis missed me
Send them on their way to paradise
Whiskey tango foxtrot gunners
Too many pogues in the way

No r and r in Kuwait city
Abu Dhabi Dubai
I want my boots on
My battle rattle
When it's my time to die.

Ya la la
Ya la la yalla yalla

Ya la la
Ya la la yalla yalla

I had a girl her name was Gwendolyn Wanda
She rocked my world she loved my anaconda
I had a girl her name was Alda Salas
We never stopped, she'd holler yalla yalla
I had a girl Nantucket Massachusetts
She had a lisp, but man her ass was perfect

I had a girl her name was Alda Salas
I couldn't stop she'd holler yalla yalla
I had a girl, she volunteered for PETA
She liked my gun, all fifty millimeters

I liked a girl she liked to live with danger
She liked it best when it was with a stranger

I had a girl her name was Gwendolyn Wanda
She rocked my world she loved my anaconda

I had a girl Nantucket Massachusetts
She had a lisp, but man her ass was perfect.
Tištěno z www.txp.cz

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