

Hoosh Hoosh

Dance Club Massacre

We've got the bags, the beers and the babes.
Soaking grilled meat in the summer air breeze.
Hoosh hoosh we all boogey on down hoosh the beers on ice.
Here she comes, in a two piece suit.
The kinda girl you tip your shades down for a better view.
Play it cool, do a cannonball or a moonsault into the water.
Hoosh hoosh we all boogey on down hoosh hoosh the beers on ice.
No worries,
Snoops on the boom box.
I'm a sole survivor señorita,
I'm the crème de la crème.
I've got the goods and I can plainly see you do too.
I have some hip hop songs memorized an ice cool beverage,
I'm cool.
It's always cool in the summertime.
Brewskies in the coozies.
Bags on board, but who's keeping score?
The sun has died, so let's torch the sky now.
The deuce is loose in the place to be always the place to be.
Receive, process, and destroy.
Touch 'em and get 'em.
Hoosh hoosh.
Old style all the while.
Hoosh hoosh, we all fall down.
Hoosh hoosh, the beers on ice.