

Thug pop

David Lee Roth

Hands out to your big ass
Here's a hundred beats a minute with the back sass
Thug Pop, Thug Pop
Checks in people with her pants in a bunch
James Dean and Hermie Fox

Ow, people try to blame me
Poets try the same
I'm tryin to hear from the mildew
To the barbeque on a hellbound train

Longshot? That's bitchin'
Served hot
Right from the rhythm kitchen
Perhaps you know my name

I'm called Thug Pop
Thug Pop

When the resurrection comes
There'll be a two drink minimum, wooh
Thug Pop, Thug Pop
Are you ready for some freestyle?
Undress, stay awhile

All right, let's go to the back
Woo

People try to blame me
Poets try the same
I'm tryin to hear from the mildew
to the barbeque on a hellbound train...

Longshot? That's bitchin'
Served hot
Tight from the rhythm kitchen.
Perhaps you know my name...

Wow
Oh, oh

People try to blame me
Poets try the same
I'm tryin to hear from the mildew
To the barbeque on a hellbound train

Longshot? That's bitchin'
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Perhaps you know my name

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