

She's a mess in her party dress, hey jack
don't give up the crack. She's a mess in her
party dress, she's clean if you know what I
mean. She was a mess in the limosine, got
cocked off of top shelf scotch. Baby gone
done made a scene, this one ain't worth the
lock.

Ain't too scared about fading away, gonna
do it to you everyday.

Baby! My momma, how your baby grown
up. Baby! My momma, how your baby
grown up. Baby! My momma how your
baby grown up. Baby! My momma how
your baby grown up.

She drinks Cris and she's on the list, five
hundred dollar bottle of wine. She's a mess
in her party dress. Sorry, baby just one
more line. Her ass is the size of Texas,
thank god, and pass the ammunition. She's
a mess in her party dress. Because love is
not contrition.

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