

January Jones

Hoodie Allen

Unh
Pardon my small talk
Darlin' I'm all talk
They wanna fence me in, never a ballpark
We tear the walls off the Waldorf Astoria
I told my dudes to get to steppin' like Gloria
I made my case, she a slept-on jury
And when I go from deep I be like Stephen Curry
The lines'll hit you sharp, it got the teflon worried
So I told her that I cruise homes, yep like Suri
So I woke real early, grab a bagel and a glass of joe
The he-man, woman hater, I'm a Ras-a-cal
And Alfalfa, my hair stickin, it lost control
Cause I'm a rapper, but she more into the classical
Uh, no need to apologize
I'm 21, but I been dreamin bout the college life
So when she looks into her father's eyes, shouts to Eric Clapton
I'll be the director, cause I'm all about the action

[Chris Wallace]
You're so damn beautiful, my January Jones
Oh you drive me mad
And I come right back
From your head down to your toes
I want you all alone
Oh you drive me mad
And I come right back

You say I'm spellbound
I hardly spell out
The four letters that make every girl just melt down
We on the shelf now, no Sam Goody
And when you mention other dudes, they no damn Hoodie
Unh, cause we go truly hard
Stiles like Julia
And I been gifted since a youth like I'm at Julliard
When we were younger, you were cooler, you and your friends used to rule the
yard
A moment flicked by
I wish I was McFly
Marty with the sick ride
I'm able to switch time
No second guessin decisions on why I pick sides
So ex-nay, only talkin bout my insides
Always up to somethin, so we annually home
This song is dedicated to my January Jones
And it's a Space Jam, they say that I'm Michael
Lovin' under twenty's a cycle
So here we go

[Chris Wallace]
You're so damn beautiful, my January Jones
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Oh you drive me mad

And I come right back

I throw my hand out, I'm tryna help her up
She lookin back at me, I think you helped enough
Ain't havin none of it, you gonna sit and say
No love for triple A
Okay, she's gone away

[Chris Wallace]

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