

# To Think I thought

New Radicals

Sweet greet drizzle, oh that's so high  
Says givin' delirium tremors  
Takin' off everything, knife of the crowd  
Says somebody makes him do better

Her lags are blailing, She's having babies  
That does not metter cause there's just one thing to know  
That said, my baby's on something  
My baby's on something good  
My baby's on something  
So shut up, bitch and give me some of that shit.

Hoo-ooh, ooh-hoo

I'm drivin' down San Diego, the fat police all stare  
Ah, the cop car does not matter  
Hell, modern this summer  
I just wanna make all your crazed illusions of me be shattered!

She's lag are flailing, She gave me rabies  
That does not metter cause there's just one thing to know  
That said, my baby's on something  
My baby's on something good  
My baby's on something  
So shut up, bitch and give me some of that shit.

Hoo-ooh, ooh-hoo

Unh-huh, uhh-huh

Yeah-yeah, YEAH yeah!

Aaow!

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Yeah-yeah, YEAH yeah!

Aaow!