

If You Have To Ask

Red Hot Chili Peppers

1. A wanna be gangster thinkin' he's a wise guy
Rob another bank, he's a sock 'em in the eye guy
Tank head mister Bonnie and Clyde guy
Look him in the eye, he's not my kinda guy
Never wanna be confusion prefer
Pudding sweet, but too aloofer
Orange eyed girl with a backslide dew said
"Yo, homie, who you talkin' to?"

Backed up paddy wagon, mackin' on a cat's ass
One upper cut to the cold, upper middle class
Born to storm on boredom's face
Add a little lust to the funky ass Flea bass
Most in the race just lose their grace
The blackest hole in all of space
Crooked as a hooker, now, suck my thumb
Anybody wanna come get some?

R: If you have to ask
You'll never know
Funky mother fucker will not
Be told to go

2. Don't ask me why I'm flyin' so high
Mister Bubble meets superfly in my third eye
Searchin' for a soul bride, she's my freakette
Soak it up inside, deeper than a secret
Much more than meets the eye
To the funk I fall into my new ride

My hand, my hand
Magic on the one is a medicine man
Thinkin' of a few taboos that I ought to kill
Dancin' on their face like a stage on Vaudeville
I feel so good, can't be understood
Booty of a hoodlum rockin' my red hood

R: If you have to ask...