

# Drop It

Rupert Holmes

You and me can beat this rap  
It's a rat race headin' for a mouse trap  
Let's drop it  
Mmm, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Who's got what and what's got who?  
Ain't got one damn thing to do with me and you  
Let's drop it  
Mmm, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Drop these games of droppin' names  
They can't impress me less  
Drop a stitch 'cause some rich bitch  
Tells you how you should dress  
Styles and trends are all dead ends  
Just smoke rings in the air  
And you know it's true that I love to see you  
When you ain't got a thing to wear

Mmm, let's get off the assembly line  
I want to make your body a friend of mine  
Hmm, drop it  
Whoa, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Who is in and who is out?  
Is not exactly what I thought we'd talk about  
Let's drop it  
Oh, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

What we've got and what we've not  
Will change from week to week  
We could stash a pile of cash  
If cash is all we seek  
Why not blow a wad of dough  
And see the world at large?  
If the world should end, least we'll know, my friend  
That we both beat out Master Charge

All our cares and all our woes  
And all our so-called friends who treat us more like foes  
Let's drop 'em

Spend it as they lend it  
Better us than them, I guess  
What we don't spend now finds its way somehow  
To a guy at the IRS

All my talk's gone on too long  
We'll let the guitar player take out this song  
While we drop it  
Mmm, honey, let's drop it  
Mmm, please don't stop it  
Drop it  
Whoa, baby, don't stop it  
Mmm, drop it  
Mmm, stop it  
Oh, honey, let's drop it