

Uncle Larry's hooked on ice again
He seems to be stuck in the 80's
He wears his members only jacket
Cause he thinks it turns on all the ladies

And all the white folks shake their asses
Looking for the two and four
I'll have mine in martini glasses
Cause I can't take it anymore

These are the days of empty kitchens
The rise and fall of Mary Ellen's hairdo
I think she's found a new religion
Studying the Kabbalah in her J Crew

And all the rich kids shake their asses
Looking for the two and four
Well I'll have mine with Blackstrap molasses
Cause I can't taste it anymore
No I can't taste it anymore

My friend Greg says it's all good
As the eastern seaboard's blown away
Now everything is going half-price
So look at all the money we saved

And all the politicians shake their asses
Looking for the backdoor
I'll just be hanging out with the lasses
Cause they don't like the boys no more
No and I can't take it anymore