

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