

She's just a sweet little thing
she's born and raised on daddy's plantation
Her gentle roar can't ignore
the dangers of her black occupation
She's such a crime, she's such a crime.

She only signs on the dotted line
just cause she thinks it's illegal
Oh, you've got a cat, got a dog, got a dad
but you don't know your people.

You know exactly how to turn it up, turn it up,
and watch me lose control.
And you can't shake her, turn it up, turn it up
and watch me lose control.
And nothing's what it seems, nothing's what it seems.

Place your bets on who gets the rest
of your new varsity preacher.
Oh, she gets around, gets around,
and she down to be the beauty school teacher.
And they will feed your own mind,
yes, they'll feed your mind.

Oh, it's always started when she turns it up, turns it up
and watch her lose, lose.
No, you just can't shake her, shake her, turn it up, turn it up
and watch her lose control.
And nothing's what it seems, nothing's what it seems.
Porcelain dreams, porcelain dreams.