

Oh Shit

The Pharcyde

Little Sally Walker, sittin' in a saucer
Oh, how I tossed that ass up
Like a mission in the woods
Woody woodpecker would if he could

But I didn't want to pass it up
To the next man had my walkman bumpin' on
The fifty yard line and my adrenaline pumpin'
Like a kill thriller driller tiller out with the miller brew

Filler up, took it 'til the damn Dutch puked
([unverified])
Luke skywalker ain't a sweet talker so I got ill
With my light saber that came in one fancy flavor
My strange behavior led to an outburst

The night felt good but the day got worse
I thought I was alone slim trade the stowaway
With a brown-eyed bombshell that was dope enough to pay
I looked over my shoulder and my cover was peeled
By my whole school sayin',