

Rip This Joint

The Rolling Stones

Mama says yes, Papa says no
Make up your mind 'cause I gotta go
Gonna raise hell at the Union Hall
Drive myself right over the wall

Rip this joint, gonna save your soul
Round and round and round we go
Roll this joint, gonna get down low
Start my starter, gonna stop the show
Yeah, oh, yeah

Mister President, Mister Immigration Man
Let me in, sweetie, to your fair land
I'm Tampa bound and Memphis too
Short Fat Fanny is on the loose

Dig that sound on the radio
Then slip it right across into Buffalo
Dick and Pat in ole D.C.
Well, they're gonna hold some shit for me

Ying yang, you're my thing
Oh, now, baby, won't you hear me sing?
Flip flop, fit to drop
Come on baby, won't you let it rock?

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
From San Jose down to Santa Fe
Kiss me quick, baby, won'tcha make my day?
New Orleans with the Dixie Dean
And Dallas, Texas with the Butter Queen

Rip this joint, gonna rip yours too
Some brand new steps and some weight to lose
Gonna roll this joint, gonna get down low
Round and round and round we'll go

Wham, bham, Birmingham
Alabam', don't give a damn
Little Rock and I'm fit to drop
Ah, let it rock