Well I know a little girl who likes to keep her tail up high, You know she's got a weapon and a method to make you cry, Because she float like a bee but she sting like a butterfly.

She doesn't like to talk but she likes to dance all night, She doesn't like the dark but she likes it when I turn out the light,

Because she float like a bee but she sting like a butterfly.

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She's So Fine,
She's So Fine,
Yeah my girl's So Fine,
Yeah my baby's So Fine,
Because she float like a bee but she sting like a butterfly.
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