

# Funky Fresh Country Club

Ugly Kid Joe

Funky fresh tunes  
And you're walking down the street  
And you're trying to find the girl  
That you really want to meet

You're flying past the reef  
And you're drinking shrunken heads  
You wake up in the morning  
And you wish that you were dead

As you stagger home  
In the blackest form of night  
The rollers out in force baby  
They're looking for a fight

You try to play the game  
You try to pass the test  
But the only thing in sight baby  
Is the sight of your arrest

Jail cell - living hell  
Cains off me Im free  
Doing time - one more time  
Mine, all mine, all mine

Now the country club is cold  
And the country club is mean  
The attendants at the country club  
Aint something to be seen

If you're messing with my girl  
You're messing with your life  
Cause Im gonna cut you  
With a big, big knife  
You bet your fuckin life!

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I wanna tell you a story baby  
I hope you wanna hear  
I wanna tell you a story baby  
I hope you wanna hear

Going downtown in the back of a car

Some mothafucka left the door ajar  
Remember what your parents said  
Be home by eight and in your bed

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The rollers out in force baby  
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