

# Naked City (love To See U Shine)

Imani Coppola

Thursday came, I was tired of the fire engines  
Tired of the taxi cabs, tired of the elevators  
Tired of the door-man smiling, when I know he wants to  
Kick off his shoes and jump around like a fire cracker

From the sidewalk trains about to pass  
It smells like, hot open steaming ass  
I gotta get out, gotta get the hell out  
I gotta get out, get the hell out

Ran through the streets  
Threw off my clothes, onto the ground  
Laughed as we danced around  
One with the city  
Drank from the fountains  
Swam through the pavement

Nice to see you shine again  
Good to know you've got a friend

I built a campfire in my, in my 14309  
West 17th Street apartment complex  
Marshmallows roasted by a candlestick  
Quick, get the water, it's gettin' out of hand, yo

Little glowing constellations, on my ceiling, everywhere  
House plants covering, our naked butts are bare  
Grab the kitten, 'cos the critters getting bored  
I'm gonna pick a big fat booger for the Lord

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Threw off my clothes, onto the ground  
Laughed as we danced around  
One with the city  
Drank from the fountains  
Swam through the pavement, suddenly I looked around

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