

To Think I thought

New Radicals

Sweet greet drizzle, oh that's so high
Says givin' delirium tremors
Takin' off everything, knife of the crowd
Says somebody makes him do better

Her lags are blailing, She's having babies
That does not metter cause there's just one thing to know
That said, my baby's on something
My baby's on something good
My baby's on something
So shut up, bitch and give me some of that shit.

Hoo-ooh, ooh-hoo

I'm drivin' down San Diego, the fat police all stare
Ah, the cop car does not matter
Hell, modern this summer
I just wanna make all your crazed illusions of me be shattered!

She's lag are flailing, She gave me rabies
That does not metter cause there's just one thing to know
That said, my baby's on something
My baby's on something good
My baby's on something
So shut up, bitch and give me some of that shit.

Hoo-ooh, ooh-hoo

Unh-huh, uhh-huh

Yeah-yeah, YEAH yeah!

Aaow!

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Yeah-yeah, YEAH yeah!

Aaow!