

Drop It

Rupert Holmes

You and me can beat this rap
It's a rat race headin' for a mouse trap
Let's drop it
Mmm, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Who's got what and what's got who?
Ain't got one damn thing to do with me and you
Let's drop it
Mmm, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Drop these games of droppin' names
They can't impress me less
Drop a stitch 'cause some rich bitch
Tells you how you should dress
Styles and trends are all dead ends
Just smoke rings in the air
And you know it's true that I love to see you
When you ain't got a thing to wear

Mmm, let's get off the assembly line
I want to make your body a friend of mine
Hmm, drop it
Whoa, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

Who is in and who is out?
Is not exactly what I thought we'd talk about
Let's drop it
Oh, honey, let's drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it

What we've got and what we've not
Will change from week to week
We could stash a pile of cash
If cash is all we seek
Why not blow a wad of dough
And see the world at large?
If the world should end, least we'll know, my friend
That we both beat out Master Charge

All our cares and all our woes
And all our so-called friends who treat us more like foes
Let's drop 'em

Spend it as they lend it
Better us than them, I guess
What we don't spend now finds its way somehow
To a guy at the IRS

All my talk's gone on too long
We'll let the guitar player take out this song
While we drop it
Mmm, honey, let's drop it
Mmm, please don't stop it
Drop it
Whoa, baby, don't stop it
Mmm, drop it
Mmm, stop it
Oh, honey, let's drop it