

Kid Rock, Cucci Galore

Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Everybody ***** in the hot tub
Everybody want a baby oil back rub
Drinkin' Champagne from your belly button
Lickin' it up like wine
Everybody wanna make it with a playmate
Everybody wanna drive through the front gate
In a jet black Lamborghini
Leopard print fur lined
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
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Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Everybody wearin' edible bikinis
Everybody want a chocolate martini
Naomi Campbell on a polar bear rug
Afternoon delight
Hangin' out with Hef down in the grotto
Heartbreaker farm fresh from Ohio
Prove it to me you're a natural blonde
Caught a bunny in a lie
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
What the ***** d'you say?
*****, go get your clothes
Hell no, you can't sleep here
Huh, me?
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
They call me Bobby, Bobby Shazam
*****, my name is Bobby Shazam
Pamela's here hangin' with a douchebag
I'm sippin' on a full fifth of Red Stag
Short stories and a couple of vials
Detroit city style!!
Don't you wanna go down?
Come on, come on, come on
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore
My name's Cucci, Cucci Galore