

## Out in L.A - 1/1

**Interprété par Red Hot Chili Peppers.**

We're all a bunch of brothers livin' in a cool way  
Along with six million others in this place called L.A.

L.A. is the place, sets my mind ablaze  
For me, it's a race through a cotton pickin' maze

The town makes me jump, it's got a bunch of bad chicks  
Well sure, it's got some chumps but I still get my kicks  
My body loves to scrump when I lick the ripe pick  
Like a come on a thumb  
Poppin' hump, hump, hump, pop out

The action never stops, I'm as wild as can be  
'Cos I'm shooting for the top and my best friend is Flea  
Oom Chucka Willy knew the balls to pop  
But he never met the Tree so he never be-bopped out hop !

Antwan the Swan, from the pretty fish pond  
Was a bad mother jumper, you could tell he was strong  
He war a cold paisley jacket and a hellified hat  
And between his legs was a sweat young lass

He threw a hundred women up against the wall  
And he swore to fear that he'd love 'em all  
By the time he got to ninety nine, he had to stop  
Because that's when he thought that he heard a phone

Last night and the night before, I heard a  
Fop outside, then I came in doors  
Freak out !

Now that I told you a little something about the Flea  
A little something about the Tree, a little something about me  
I can't leave you hangin' but my man Shermzy, he swings the yang, he bangs the yang  
And now, it's time to hear him do his playin', you better be burning Sherman !

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Step out !