

Brass In Pocket

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Got brass in pocket

Got bottle, I'm gonna use it.

Intention

I feel inventive,

Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Got motion, restrained emotion.

Been driving, Detroit leaning.

No reason, just seems so pleasing.

Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Gonna use my arms,

Gonna use my legs,

Gonna use my style,

Gonna use my side-step-

Gonna use my fingers.

Gonna use my, my, my, imagination.

Cause I'm gonna make you see-- there's nobody else here

No one like me.

I'm special, so special.

I got to have some of your attention, give it to me

Got rhythm, I don't miss a beat.

I got-a new skank so reet.

Got something. I'm winking at you,

Gonna make you, make you notice.

Gonna use my arms,

Gonna use my legs,

Gonna use style,

Gonna use my sidestep

Gonna use my fingers, gon' use my my my imagination.

Oh .. cause I gonna make you see

there's nobody else here, no one like me.

I'm special, so special.

I got to have some of your attention, give it to me!

*'Cause I gonna make you see
there's nobody else here, no one like me,
I'm special, so special.
I got to have some of your attention, give it to me.*