

# Prince, Illusion, coma, pimp circumstance

She knew which fork 2 use but she couldn't dance  
So he hipped her 2 the funk in xchange 4 the finance  
Who's pimpin' who if nobody gets a second chance?  
This is the story of illusion, coma, pimp & circumstance  
She was older but rich beyond compare  
She'd drop a thousand dollars at the saloon just 2 get her hair did  
He was good at compliments, better in the bunk  
She laced him with a crib in Paris, he hipped her 2 the funk  
Way 2 fine he was 4 her  
A dirty dog in expensive fur  
As long as she's providing chips and whips  
We can do this funky thang  
As long as she was playing the host  
He figured he would make the most of them hips and lips  
He hooked her up, rocked her coast 2 coast  
Ugly...  
So ugly, rich beyond compare  
She's dropped a couple hundred thousand dollars on a silver whip  
Just 2 match the color of her hair  
She said "Eye got plenty of what U need.  
Put the spoon down honey, c'mon, let mama feed U"  
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Where was Eye? Oh yeah...  
A gentleman he was  
He never spoke about her nose  
So prominent because in the dark it'd glow  
If she was only tan instead of so lily white  
Her name was Doris but he called her "Fluo";  
As in "Rescent"; - That ain't right  
Fluorescent every night  
A situation bound 2 fail  
As sure a Doris' skin was pale  
Money might talk, but what does it say?  
U better get busy if U wanna get paid  
"Boy, Eye was fine back in the day"  
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Now, dance  
Dance  
He spent her money oh so well  
Take a bath in cold Kristal  
He took a trip 2 burn an old flame in 'Frisco, like wow  
But Doris caught him in her arms  
She shrugged her shoulders and said "No harm";  
Just put Ur name on this pre-nup and we can all hit the disco  
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