Red Hot Chili Peppers, Tippa My Tongue

Ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya Well, I'm an animal Somethin' like a cannibal I'm very flammable And partially programmable

Centuries of overuse Now I wear it nice and loose

Ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya Well, it's ubiquitous Tell me, can you stick to this? I'm on the brink of this And tell me what you think of this

I'm in the Beauregard's Slow me down if I get hard

We've only just begun
Funky monks are on the run
(Gonna, gonna)
Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
And when you walk away
I know what the kiss would say
Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah
Gonna get you now

Her perfume smells like gasoline My girlfriend's trash is nice and clean Acid landing on my tongue I think you know we've just begun

She don't want the ladies room Transatlantic super groom

Your hairplane is a monument The sexy art of continence And now I know you by your scent Let it be, we both get bent

Need a minute to repair Sunny-siders always share

We've only just begun
Funky monks are on the run
(Gonna, gonna)
Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
And when you walk away
I know what your kiss would say
Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah
I'm gonna get you with the tip of my gun

Ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya Well, I believe in love Perfectly receivin' love It's vociferous Then come and get a whiff of this

I'm at the pyramids Never had a fear of kids

Ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-ya, ya I'm on the precipice I come and make a mess of this It's the apocalypse
I try to get a sock of this

I'm at the county fair Haystack ride, I'll pull your hair

We've only just begun Funky monks are on the run (Gonna, gonna) Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue And when you walk away I know what your kiss would say Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah Gonna get you with the tip of my gun We've only just begun Funky monks are on the run (Gonna, gonna) Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue And if you walk away I know what your kiss would say Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah Gonna get you now