

# **Uncensored ? Red Hot Chili Peppers Liedtexte**

**von Eva**

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# Einleitung

Hier findet ihr die Liedtexte von dem Album Uncensored von den Red Hot Chili Peppers!

# Kapitel 1

Blackeyed Blonde

Pumpin' the blood through the heart of New Orleans

She's the mystic heat of the Bourbon street dream

She's just made out of flesh and bones

But let me tell you little boy

You better leave her alone

Leroy Brown thought he was bad too

'Till she left him floatin' in the old bayou

She's the kind of girl

She's built like a bomb

She's the blackeyed blackeyed

Blackeyed blond, get down!

That blackeyed beauty with the golden crotch

French electric sex a cock shocking swamp fox

Heaten queen of sleeze she's hot to box

But let me tell you little boy

She'll clean your clock

A slick and sly spy

Stuck in the muck of the moat

Blew his mind to find a diamond in the boat

Double-o-dooms day for Mr. James Bond

She's the blackeyed blackeyed

Blackeyed blond, Get down!

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You Always Sing the Same

You always sing the  
You always sing the same

(Repeat 6 times)

### Subway to Venus

Step right up and listen please  
You're gonna get it with the greatest of ease  
Everybody gather round all aboard the underground  
You've got to get in before you get out  
And gettin' out is what it's gonna be about  
If you find that you are blind  
Open your bashful mind  
Let my band step inside  
And take you on a cosmic ride  
With honest sounds I'll paint your brain  
For in this song I do proclaim  
That once aboard this moving train  
I'll do my best to ease your pain  
Slinky as my speech may be  
On this trip you'll ride for free  
This axis bold as love you see comes and goes so easily  
Space is king or so I sing, subway to venus  
Once aboard and feeling smooth  
Like a liquid you will ooze  
Into a state of mind that soothes  
Aw be my quest inside my grove  
Cause what I've got to give to you  
Is gonna make you wiggle like a wiggley worm  
Cause you deserve to wiggle and squirm  
Life's too short to be in a hole  
So bust into your funkiest stroll  
Space is king or so I sing, subway to venus  
Take your body shake it around  
Do the dog on the ground  
And if I can't make you dance  
I guess I'll just have to make you piss your pants



# Kapitel 2

Buckle Down

Hah!

On the ice

No holdin'

My soul

I want men

Not mice

No stoppin'

My throw

Hah!

Get this!

Reds are

Back bills

Work

Or play ball

Or just turn me loose

I know what's fight, in life, you better buckle down

Don't give up your fight, in life, you better buckle down

Two days with might, in life, you better buckle down

Leave dreams tonight, in life, you better buckle down

'Cos I know what's right!

Hah!

On the ice

No holdin'

My soul

I want men

Not mice

No stoppin'

My throw

Hah!

Get this!

Back bills

Work

Or play ball

Or just turn me loose

I know what's fight, in life, you better buckle down

Don't give up your fight, in life, you better buckle down

Two days with might, in life, you better buckle down

Leave dreams tonight, in life, you better buckle down

'Cause I know what's right!

I know, I know, I know what's right!

# Kapitel 3

Green Heaven

About this planet, there is something I know  
There's a very big difference between above and below  
A friend foe, or bro, leave your body on the floor  
Let your spirit fly away like the soul of a crow  
Here, above land, man has laid his plan  
And yes, it does include the Ku Klux Klan  
We got a government so twisted and bent  
Bombs, tanks and guns is how our money is spent  
We got V.D., heroin, greed and prostitution  
Tension, aggravation, L. Ron Hubbard solution  
Not to mention hard-core chemical pollution  
If you think you're just away, you're in a mental institution  
And that's a heart felt shame  
'cause everyone's crazy, everyone's the same  
So, why should only Larry, Curly and Moe be to blame?  
Time now to take you to a different place  
Where peace lovin' whales flow through liquid outer space  
A groovin' and a gliddin' as graceful as lace  
A never losing touch with the ocean's embrace  
Diviner than the dolphin, that there is none  
'Cause dolphins just-a like to have a lot of fun  
No one tells 'em how their life is run  
And no one points at them with a gun  
They have a lot of love for every living creature  
The smile of a dolphin is a built in feature  
They be movin' in schools but everyone's the teacher  
Someday mister dolphin, I know I'm go'n to meet you  
Back to the land of the police man  
Where he does whatever he says he can  
Including hating you because you're a Jew  
Or beating black ass, that's nothing new  
Trigger happy cops, they just like to brawl  
They use guns, clubs, gas, but that's not all  
They got puke, ridden prisons and sex sick jails  
Fuck the poor, if you're rich you pay the bail

That's the way to open economic doors  
Why do we do it? 'Cause the president's a whore  
We assume the position to sell the ammunition  
What the fuck? It's the american tradition  
Along with going fishin' apple pies in the kitchen  
Isn't it bitchin' seeing dead men in ditches?

# Kapitel 4

Mommy, Where's Daddy?

Mommy, where's daddy?

Mommy, where's daddy?

Right here, girl

Sweet thing, you look so sad

Cheer up, don't you know your dad is bad

Give daddy a kiss, girl

Oh, dad

There ain't no problem I can't face, 'cos

Your daddy's got a bigger bag of tricks

Give daddy a kiss, girl

Oh, dad

Mommy, where's daddy?

Mommy, where's daddy?

Come on, sit on your daddy's lap 'cos

I'm the one who pats your back

Give daddy a kiss, girl

Oh, dad

Lemme see now where to begin

Lemme start by tuckin' you in

Give daddy a kiss, girl

Oh, dad

Mommy, where's daddy?

# Kapitel 5

Out in L.A.

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

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Police Helicopter

Police helicopter shot the sky  
Police helicopter landin' on my eye  
Yeah!  
Police helicopter takes a nose-dive  
Police helicopter, he ain't shy  
Yeah!  
Aw!

[Repeats]

# Kapitel 6

Good Time Boys

Indeed it may seem that we have strange ways  
But we do it with compassion and don't believe in age  
Travel round the world gettin naked on the stage  
Bustin' people out of their everyday cage  
We like to think we make a sad man happy  
And we like to make proud our mammy and our pappy  
Funky young kings we sing of truth and soul  
We're the modern day braves with one strong hold  
Through the world of song our boldness is exposed  
I'm talkin' 'bout my buddy's funk it up fishbone  
Good good time boys make me feel good  
Give me good times yea yea yea yea  
Our devotion to emotion is more than evident  
To the minds that are open it's you we represent  
We hope you have enjoyed the time that you have spent  
One day the good time boys that might jest be president  
Like a pack of mad hatters who come from outer space  
Our swinging's gonna shatter every stone cold face  
Now you may not know the exact reason why  
A band commands attention from the mountains and the sky  
Makin' more that money more than money can buy  
I stop! And take a listen to the monsters try  
Good good time boys make me feel good  
Give me good times yea yea yea yea  
If you don't believe me you can ask john doe  
'Cause his heart is made of glory and his voice is made of gold  
He'll tell you in a minute about the men he knows  
He'll tell you 'bout the band called fire hose  
To those of you who doubt the nature of our spirit  
We play it out loud for everyone to hear it  
Building up our brains with the supernatural powers  
We take it from the trees and the mighty watts towers  
Aim the flame of freedom at the lames and sours  
We're the best of the west and the west is ours  
Good good time boys make me feel good  
Give me good times yea yea yea yea

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## Higher Ground

Magic Johnson

L.A. Lakers fast break makers

Kinds of the court shake and bake all takers

Back to back is a bad ass fact a claim that remains in tact

M-a-g-i-see see you on the court

Buck has come to play his way and his way is to thwart

M-a-g-i-see magic of the buck

Other teams pray for dreams

But he don't give a [fuck]

Penetrating the lane like a bullet train

Comes the magic blood a telepathic brain

Knucklehead suckers better duck

When the buck comes through like a truck

Scott stops pops and drops it in

On his way back gets a little skin

From the hand of a man named a. c. green

Slam so hard break your t.v. screen

Worthy's hot with his tomahawk

Take it to the hole make your mamma talk

I hate to burst your bubble but triple double trouble

Is coming to your town and he's going to make rubble

L.A. Lakers fast break makers

Kings of the court shake and bake all takers

Back to back is a bad ass fact a claim that remains in tact

Lakers are the team that I watch on the telly

Cause they got more moves

That a bowl full of jelly

The buck stops here - pops - then cheers

A roar through the forum

That deafens my ears

The one and only know if his kind

Sits in a throne

Not for the records that he holds

But for being bald and bold

Kareem Abdul Jabbar

All time great super super star

I hate to burst your bubble but triple double trouble

Is coming to your town and he's going to make rubble

L.A. Lakers fast break makers

Kings of the court shake and bake all takers

Back to back is a bad ass fact a claim that remains in tact

# Kapitel 7

Nobody Weird Like Me

Pretty Little Ditty

Punk Rock Classic

I'm a radio Joe of the biz called show  
I'm a rockin' popstar with a get up and go  
Rubbin' elbows with the big wigs at my sold out shows  
I've been on every cover even rolling stone

Put us on MTV

All we really need  
Begging on our knees  
Please, please, please, please, please

Conforming to the norm straight out of the mold  
Compromising each and every ounce of soul  
I'm a doin' anything for the records of gold  
I only want what I can hold

Put us on MTV

All we really need  
Begging on our knees  
Please, please, please, please, please

We know that we'll never be better than  
Mister slick superstar David Letterman  
I promise we'll be perfect gentlemen  
Just put us on the show you'll regret us then

Put us on MTV

All we really need  
Begging on our knees  
Please, please, please, please, please

Thank you very much be sure to label us  
We wouldn't want to cause a ruckus or a fuss

Put us on MTV  
All we really need  
Begging on our knees  
Please, please, please, please, please

What I am is a picture on the TV screen  
Don't make waves don't make a scene  
What I say when I play isn't worth a bean  
I'm a video Joe in an industry

Put us on MTV  
All we really need  
Begging on our knees  
Please, please, please, please, please

Sexy Mexican Maid

Stone Cold Bush  
he's stone cold bush yea  
And baby that's alright  
She's stone cold bush yea  
And that's alright with me  
Get up off your knees, come on walk with me  
Tell me what you need to get along

A statue come to life  
I cut you with my knife  
Bleeding to the tune of dolly dagger  
She's stone cold bush  
Haight Street got nothing to show  
Except the skirt on your ass  
When you're livin' on the streets  
You've got to let it roll  
Get on with what you've got  
Awe everybody knows that it's alright  
You've got no secrets to tell  
But when you smoke that rock and suck that cock

You do it oh so well  
She's stone cold bush

Sweet china doll her thighs  
And animal in pain she starts to cry

Her pipes are open wide  
She blows more than my mind  
Echo sounds of soul  
Time after time  
She's stone cold bush