Here's my situation: did my time and got probation,
did the people magazine bit.

bitches bowing when I beckoned, hit the heights and landed in shit.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Poor as dirt and des' rate for a pay-up from the past,
checks get sent from T M Z but never seem to last. And once the country chews
you up and spits your broke ass back out, there's only one thing left
that they all want to talk about. Oh, ev'rybody wants my
Little Black Book

Little black book, that's what they're all dy-in' to see.

'ry-body wants my little black book and a million little pieces of me.

Now, it's nothing shocking.

Pandering turns into hock-ing, not to mention all the macaws.
Caw! Caw! Caw! But when you stay hidden, biding time in the forbidden,

You get room to sharpen your claws. Hey! Hey! Hey! Quarter of a century has passed along the way. And Tonya and Lorena make it

look like crime can pay. But every life can't spawn a movie
deal, there’s compromises. Still, every now and then an opportunity arises. Oh, everybody wants my little black book, that’s what they’re all dying to see. Everybody wants my little black book and a million little pieces of me.
The oldest profession met an L A fantasy:

I'd provide a service that these apps all do for free.

So as times change, the nineties turn into mere history.

The ashes clear, and I'm still here, disgraced and discontent,
T. with dirt e-nough to top-ple the_en-ti-re one per-cent.

Pno

T. ev'-ry-body wants my lit-tle black book, that's

Pno

T. what they're all dy-in' to see._

Pno

T. lit-tle black book and a mil-lion lit-tle pie-ces of me._

Pno
Ev'-ry body wants my little black book, that's what they're all dy-in' to see.

Every body wants my little black book and a million little pieces, million little pieces and a million little pieces of me!