

# Tick-Tits

## GWAR

Let's go tick-tits Well, have you seen her tits?  
When they are covered in ticks  
It's shit like that  
That makes monks shag their wicks Say, have you seen her ticks  
Sucking on her-tits?  
Not even dog tits are better than this  
Unless of course they are covered in ticks What could be better than ticks on your tits?  
Except for dick-tits all up in the slit  
And also, your mother's a whore  
The ticks got so big, they won't fit through the door Have you seen her tits when they're covered in ticks  
Let's all go lick them, then pop them with sticks  
Tick-tits are growing, they're saggy and grey  
And once you fuck tick-tits, you'll never go gay Tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, tick-tits  
I love, tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh Have you seen her tits  
Underneath all of those ticks?  
Baggy and saggy, and filled up with pus  
This is your mom, she hangs out with us Damn it, I love me some ticks  
So do the wops and the micks  
And if you don't you outta  
The Mexicans love a bug tick-tit piata I am addicted to ticks  
And I don't wanna sound like a prick  
So many ticks, you can't see her at all  
If it keeps up like this, she'll be banned from the mall Now let's set fire to the ticks  
It's as easy as flicking your Bic  
The tick-titted wonder is bursting with flame  
Her tits are on fire, I don't know her name Tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, tick-tits  
I love tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh I got this job on E-bay  
They sent me to scrape out her flap  
Never guessed I'd be so impressed  
By her tick-tit-dick-slit trap Just a flopping mass of grayish skin  
Oozing in her from every crease  
Did I forget to mention  
She's morbidly obese? Tick-tits, tick-tits, oh, tick-tits  
Please clean out your gash  
Tick-tits, a rugby team is at the door

We really need the cash, tick-tits Tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, tick-tits  
I love, tick-tits, tick-tits  
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh Her suffering is over now  
She found death, I pray  
Her body, so covered in insects  
Haven't seen her face for days Her mung-encrusted 'ginal hole  
Became a swarming insect bowl  
Baggy and saggy, and puffy and gross  
The talk of the town, the toast of the coast

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