

Get Your Hands Off My Woman (Feat. Corn Mo)

[Ben Folds](#)

You were drunk and you were surly
In Latino lover mode
We all know what's on your agenda
You have broken the code Oh, I've got no right to lay claim to her fame
She's not my possession Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker Octoped, you've got six heads too many
And you can't keep them to yourself
You're too fat and old to marry
So they left you on the shelf Oh, I've got no right to lay claim to her fame
But you soiled my obsession Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Ow!
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker
Get your hands off of my woman, motherfucker Get your hands
Get your hands
Get your hands
Get your hands
Motherfucker
Get your hands
Get your hands
Get your hands
Motherfucker

Songwriters

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