

Bulldog

Tracy Bonham

You've got a rocket inside your bullet head
I've seen you walk it, baby
Your knack for greatness has never done you wrong
You showed that sweet old lady Who's got the bulldog? Who's got the bulldog?
Who's got the bulldog down below? You talk of genius, I feel an undertow
Which head of yours is bragging now?
One made of lettuce is smarter than you both
You fooled that manhole anyhow Who's got the bulldog? Who's got the bulldog?
Who's got the bulldog down below? Who's got the bulldog? Who's got the bulldog?
Who's got the bulldog down below? He'll bend you over little red rover
Bend you right over some casanova
Go to your momma little Chihuahua
Get back to your momma little Chihuahua Oh, the bulldog! Oh, the bulldog!
Who's got the bulldog down below? Who's got the bulldog? Who's got the bulldog?
Who's got the bulldog down below?

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