Hey Mister

The Hated

Hey mister I really like your daughter
I'd like to eat her like ice cream,
Maybe dip her in chocolate
Hey mister on your way to work,
In your Volvo, suit and tie
We'll be crawling in your bed sir,
Messing around, maybe getting high.
Its not what you did, its not what you didn't
God gave her the perfect body now I'm all up in it
Its not she's a tramp, its not she's not pure
she just likes getting her fuck on and its a good one of that I'm sure
Hey mister I really like your daughter
when I'm horny like thirsty she's a bottle of water
hey mister, how'd it get so bad
you raised her so well now she's calling me dad
in the back seat naked of her new Volkswagon
the perfect little gift for high school graduation
Its not what you did, its not what you didn't

God gave her the perfect body now I'm all up in it
Its not she's a tramp, its not she's not pure
she just likes getting her fuck on and its a good one of that I'm sure
(Rap Part)
I eat all the food in your fridge
Call my friends around the world
Rack up your long distance too
Breakstands neutral drops
Wreck all your cars
Drink all the booze in your cheezy ass wet bar
Order stuff on your credit cards
Leave boogers in the skippy jar
Smoke your cigars
Answer the phone tell your boss you moved to mars
When you call in late from work tell your wife
You're at the titty bars
Its not she's a tramp, its not she's not pure
she just likes getting her fuck on and its a good one of that I'm sure
I hope I never have a daughter

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