

X-Rated

Retard-O-Bot

Rave. Rave. Rave.
Rave. Rave. Rave.
Rave. Rave. Rave.
Rave. Rave. Rave. Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up
Touch me, I'm blowing up So roll on down to
The common sense store
And please don't come back
'Til you got some You're all dumb when
You're done blowing up, son
You're bleeding in the brain
And you're burning up some Rock the glow sticks
And rock your world Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop Rock the glow sticks
And rock the glow sticks Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the party don't stop
Pop them pills and the mother fucking party don't stop

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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