Dead Insects

Mondo Generator

Well, someone liked my girl and I, I don't mean
Nose picking soapbox some which just stand
I'll chafe red from scratching from the fleas
The couch that came to call me as she steps on meSomething about her that would melt a man
I'm not hitting in streaks
But I sure nail some assWell I was about to touch myself when
When I get nice
All the coal could turn to pure water
Peering out bug eyes
I board the air express, yeah, well
I'm real clean
Real filth in tired matches
It can't be seen
Yeah, puts up and milks it
He's gotta look out
Randy little bastard skipping stars just to get to meSomething wrong with the steps of man
Think I'll go down to Roswell and get me an alien handCan I push you over my knee
But it's not enough for your insipid ass
I found dead insects and cockbull
Last time you left with that yellow trash
Her mind can't budge, she sees a frigid ass
YeahRepaint the lines
So you believe the stuff raid
Repaint the lines
So you believe the mistake

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