

# Henrietta Longbottom

## Felt

(Chorus)

(MURS)

Have you heard the stories 'bout Henrietta Longbottom?

(Slug)

Yea i've heard a lot of 'em and everybody got 'em

(MURS)

I never really met her but i know it's all true

(Slug)

I never seen her either but my brother say she cool

(MURS)

Rumors get around through the hood wit a quickness

(Slug)

Everyone's a customer, all up in ya business

(MURS)

The ones in ya circle that don't even know ya

(Slug)

The same ones that circulate the stories for ya

Verse 1:

(MURS)

I seen Henrietta sittin down by the well

messin wit her cameltoe, talkin on her cell

breakin up some weed, gettin ready for a blunt

but she never felt the need to fix the wedgie in the front

(Slug)

She kept to herself, only had a few associates

people of the village got curious but most would just

make up stories, some rumor, some gossip

but Henrietta didnt care, hands in her pockets

(MURS)

I heard she used to kick it down by the river bed

she used to date a old man that lived out in a shed

i heard he had blue hair, honestly, who cares?

the whole town used to sit and wonder what they do there

(Slug)

Well i heard he was a bird, plus he was her dad

father of a dragon while her momma was a crocodile

they used to drag race down at the strip  
in a Chevy Nova, crossbow wit the extra clip

(MURS)

Heads up when they rollin throught ya city  
chewin on some snuff, mixed it up wit some Wrigley  
fumes from the car makin everybody dizzy  
bumpin Flamin Lips, Johnny Cash and Biggie

(Slug)

Kick in the door, beatin her dead horse  
It died, she made dog food, no loss  
she's a hooligan, amateur sex movies and fresh kicks  
but her breath smelled like chicken bullion

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

(MURS)

She had a pink bandana hangin out her back pocket  
she was in a gang that wore mismatched socks  
and met up every Tuesday for beer and some bingo  
since the horse died she had to ride a flamingo

(Slug)

He couldn't talk, but he knew how to sing, she  
hit a little dust then cut off his wings, then  
stuck em to her back, took a sniff of gasoline, and  
went door-to-door tryin to sell magazines

(MURS)

Hair in a ponytail, cocked to the side  
patch on the left opened up the right eye  
dental floss and band-aids to hold her pants up  
20-inch waist wit a double-D cup

(Slug)

W-T-Fuck, whoo, she's a true fox  
she uses hula hoops to hold up her tube socks  
she's a ninja, high score on Centipede  
played pro hockey till her body caught a injury

(MURS)

Henrietta, Henrietta, girl where you been?  
drownin in a bathtub filled up wit gin  
doesn't work a lot, but she grows her own crop

last week she killed some Navy Seals for tryin to steal her crop

(Slug)

I don't know if you care or if you invest  
but Henrietta's dead, no more, no less  
never really met her, so i'm not losin sleep  
but Longbottom is long gone, Rest In Peace

(Chorus)

(MURS)

Have you heard the stories 'bout Henrietta Longbottom?

(Slug)

Yea i've heard a lot of 'em and everybody got 'em

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Lyrics submitted by CJ.

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