

# Hey Mister

## Flapjackers

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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