

Pizza Butt

MC Chris

I got the jam. The jam that make you go to work.
Work! Work! Now work that pizza butt!
I got the jam. The jam that make you go to work.
Work! Work! Now wooooahh ah-ah-ah-ah...

It's so hot. Burn your mouth.
Scar tissue. Make you go ow!
Cheese must cool and congeal.
Slice with a coke is a no joke meal.
It's a quick bite that can't be beat.
It's a pie chart that you can eat.
It's a done deal if you don't delete,
so bust the calories with the pizza beat.
No oregano bits in your pretty little smile.
Not even garlic bread. No Chi-town style.
Gonna split your threads. You don't moderate.
You're breaking in your fridge like its Watergate.
You're bulimic come the weekends. You would seek a pizza beacon.
Your actions speak of atkins but you're cheating when you're eating.
An emotional abortion, you're divorced from delivery.
Little league or literally some Italy wildebeest.
So begin now you're the winner in your motorized cart.
It's game over: roller coaster with your oversized parts.
In denial, it'll be awhile. You act now and submit.
I cut the crust off pizza butts and lift them titanic tits!

Lyrics submitted by Colin.

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