

# Piggly Wiggly (Clean)

## Retard-O-Bot

Gotta go slow  
Gotta go slow Pig without wings  
Is just another pig  
And a prick that's not hard  
Is just another dick Open real wide and in goes my fist  
Wasn't that just so delicious  
Peddling backwards, great exercise  
Monopoly's a way of life for some That perfect car, the house, the pool  
That fucking girl from high school  
The spoon, the spoon  
Oh, fucking christ, the spoon Cutting lines  
Oh god, it's finally time to party  
Dirty (x8) Delivery, I'm fucking starving  
Sounds good, let's get it going  
Bury me up bread and a rocket  
Expect no delays Topsy turvy  
Driving on the curvy  
To the sounds of Mail boxes knocking over  
Help my aim, oh please  
In a search, maybe  
Don't tell anyone where I be My sticky situations  
Hiding, I'm flying  
I keep them  
From you Fucking motherfuckers  
Fucking motherfucker A pig without wings  
Is just another pig  
And a prick that's not hard  
Is just another dick Nickles and dimes and pennies count  
That's like sixteen cents to go toward a blow job  
Know you've all been there before,  
Fell face first, god makes you fall from grace Sick, up late, don't call me names  
What's all this shit on my face  
The spoon, the spoon  
Oh, fucking christ, the spoon Cutting lines  
Oh god, it's finally time to party  
Dirty (x8) Delivery, I'm fucking starving  
Sounds good, let's get it going  
Bury me up bread and a rocket  
Expect no delays Topsy turvy

Driving on the curvy  
To the sounds of Mail boxes knocking over  
Help my aim, oh please  
In a search, maybe  
Don't tell anyone where I be My sticky situations  
Hiding, I'm flying  
I keep them  
From you Fucking motherfuckers  
Fucking motherfucker A pig without wings  
Is just another pig  
And a prick that's not hard  
Is just another dick Smiling kids make me think  
Do I have the right  
To swing from the monkey bars Candy hearts and lucky charms  
Where the fuck is my delivery  
At the playground going for a swim in my cereal  
The spoon, the spoon  
Oh, fucking christ, the spoon Cutting lines  
Oh god, it's finally time to party  
Dirty (x8) Delivery, I'm fucking starving  
Sounds good, let's get it going  
Bury me up bread and a rocket  
Expect no delays Topsy turvy  
Driving on the curvy  
To the sounds of Mail boxes knocking over  
Help my aim, oh please  
In a search, maybe  
Don't tell anyone where I be My sticky situations  
Hiding, I'm flying  
I keep them  
From you Fucking motherfuckers

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>