

Smack My Bitch Up

Richard Cheese

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up
I said, change my pitch up, smack my bitch up Thank you ladies and gentlemen
I'd like to introduce a little thing I like to call, the band
Let's start with the man behind the piano
He's a maestro, a master, a man of many melodies
Including the melody who's the hostess of the Daily Grill If you lose your keys, he can find them
He's a Prodigy, as in psychosomatic addict insane
He's sitting on his stool, Bobby Ricotta
Thank you, Bobby And now on bass, he's high-strung
He's a stand-up guy, he's in an upright and locked position
He knows the basic programming language
He's the low man on the totem pole
He's Deep Gordon Brie
Danke, Gordon And now on drums, on skins, on the trap-set
The cocktail kit, the thing you that you hit with the thingies
He's a slick click to pick with a stick
He's back with another one of them Block Rockin' Beats
His middle name is Tom He's cymbalic, we're talking 'brush with greatness'
He likes to bang the drum slowly if you know what I mean
And I think you do, am I right people?
Mr. Buddy Gouda Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up
Change my pitch up, smack, bitch, up
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up
Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up
Ouch

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