

Your Mother

X-Cops

Remote Control of your stinking family tree
Ain't no knight in shining armor gonna sweep your momma off her feet
Spends her life just squirting pups and turning tricks for me
The flick of my cigarette and your Mother's on her knees On her knees
Turning tricks for me
Giving up the honey
Bringing me the money Your cheap momma and her monkey and the kindness of my heart
Is all that keeps your family together in this white trash trailer park
Your wacked out momma she's a junkie, she's gotta have her stash
So she walks the street, sells her soul and brings me back the cash She's so cheap
She'll always need me
You know I own you
We own the streets Now you're starting to see just what you get
When your mother is a piece of shit Now you're starting to see just what you get
When your mother is a piece of shit

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