

Henrietta Longbottom

Felt

Have you heard them stories bout Henrietta Longbottom?
Yeah, I heard a lot of 'em and everybody got 'em
I never really met her but I know it's all true
I never seen her either but my brother say she cool
Rumors get around through the hood with the quickness
Everyone's a customer, all up in your business
One's in your circle that don't even know ya
The same one's that circulate the stories for ya

I seen Henrietta sittin' down by the rail
Messin' with a camel toe, talkin' on her cell
Breakin' up some weed, gettin' ready for her blunt
But she never felt the need to fix the wedgie in the front

She kept to herself
Only had a few associates
People of the village got curious
But most would just make up stories
Some rumors
Some gossip
But Henrietta didn't care
Hands in her pockets

I heard she used to kick it down by the river bed
She used to date an old man that lived out in a shed
I heard he had blue hair
Honestly, who cares?
The whole town used to say, "I wonder what they do there?"

Well, I heard he was bird
Plus he was her dad
Father of a dragon ball
Her momma was a crocodile
They used to drag race down at the strip
In a Chevy Nova
Cross bow with an extra clip

Hands up when they rollin' through your city
Chewin' on some stuff, mix it up with some Wrigley
Fumes from the car makin' everybody dizzy
Bumpin' Flaming Lips, Johnny Cash and Biggie

Kick in the door
Beatin' her dead horse
It died
She made dog food
No loss
She's a hooligan
Amateur sex movies and fresh kicks
But her breath smells like Chicken boullian

She had a pink bandanna hangin' out her back pocket
She was in a gang that wore miss matched socks and
Met up every Tuesday for beer and some bingo
Since the horse died she had to ride a flamingo

Ha, he couldn't talk but he knew how to sing she

Did a little dust then cut off his wings then
Stuck them to her back
Took a sniff of gasoline
And went door to door tryin' to sell magazines

Hair in a ponytail
Cocked to the side
Patch on her left, open up the right eye
Dental floss and band aids to hold her pants up
20 inch waist but a double D cup

W T Fuck
Whoo
She's a true fox
She uses glue to hold up her tube socks
She's a ninja
High score on Centipede
Played pro hockey till her body caught an injury

Henrietta Henrietta, girl where you been?
Drowning in a bath tub filled up with gin
Doesn't work a lot but grows her own crop
Last week she killed some Navy Seals for tryin' to steal her crop

I don't know if you care or you invest
But Henrietta's dead
No more no less
Never really met her so I'm not losin' sleep
But Longbottom is long gone
Rest in peace