

# 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