

## Pre-Skool Prostitute

GWAR

I saw a friend just the other day  
he didn't have too much to say  
He looked crazy, he looked insane  
He couldn't talk because his tongue  
was inflamed  
And then he tried to run away  
From some chick that was coming this way  
I think I thought I knew who she was  
A little junkie whore that's a big ugly scuz

I didn't have to go to far  
Flashed 20 bucks and then she got in the car  
Tried to talk to her but she called me a fool  
I tried to give her money  
And put her family through school  
Cause she's a real tough mama when she wear's women's clothes  
Everybody knows she she's got a bone through her nose  
She's really hot, he's hot to trot, but when she gets home  
Daddies all over her twat

Pre school prostitute  
All the drugs that you can shoot  
Pre School prostitute  
Slave to the brute

I finally gave up, let her do what she please  
Wouldn't have sex with her cause I got a disease  
But she told a sad story 'bout a family in woe  
She was getting fingered by her Daddies big toe  
He was the first  
It was the worst  
She came in a limo and she left in a hearse  
She became five  
She's still alive  
Better call the bug man cause your twat is a hive

Preschool Prostitute  
All the drugs that you can shoot  
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Slave to the brute

Tried to talk to her but she called me a fool  
I tried to give her money  
And put her family through school  
She's a real tough mama and she wear's women's clothes  
Everybody knows she she's got a bone through her nose

You're barely out of diapers and you're wearing a wig  
You might be a baby but you smell like a pig  
She got to five she's still alive  
better call the bugman cause your twat is a hive.  
A naughty nanny  
Your grumpy Granny  
A rusty tire iron hanging out her fanny  
Oh, you little English schoolgirl you

Vengeance is mine

drunken, drunken, drunken, drunken, drunken, drunken...  
Preschool Prostitute