

Funkier Than A Mosquito's Tweeter

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You're nothing but a dirty dirty old man
You do your thinking with a one track mind
Keep talking 'bout heaven's glory
But on your face is a different story

Clean up your act, your story's getting dusty
Wash out your mouth, your lies are getting rusty
Can't believe nothing you say
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do
You know you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter
You got a mouth like a herd of boll weevils
Same old thing same old game
You never change
Always rapping 'bout the same old thing

Blowing minds is a thing of the past
You blew your chance, that's why you'll never last
You wanna be a graduated lover
But in reality you're just another brother
You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of greasin'
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'