Strumming down the river, the moonlight would shiver
Are hurting me with dance in my eyes
Im on the other side, theyre gonna have them videos
Back and back to their side
Like tears to a mouse, a biting to a clam
I was tracking to the opposite shore
A passion from a dead man, playing, burning, biting
Life from limping eyes, yeah

Theres an object of the story, dont mess with the prison women They can nothing less satisfy you, dont mess with the prison wo men

When momma wouldve done it, I tell ygon have to do me Does dancin ever come again? They came to decision and you got your body new yall Cross that never lose it, oh This going much too easy, all these women try to please me Nothing seems to going wrong Im on the other side; a bare of much too lies Now Im with prison women, ow!

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Theres an object of the story, dont mess with the prison women They can nothing less satisfy you