

## Bones

## The Scabs

Bruce lee pack punches like brown bag lunches  
He get busy on the bad guy now why you want to flow fly  
Float like a butterfly sting you in the sphincter  
I got flavor like jolly rancher be taking you out like cancer  
Always got the answer I'm easy on the eye kid  
Candy's what I taste like you're like a Madonna hybrid  
Booty booty that's right be taking you out on fight night  
Be flippin' Smith Barney outta the back of the coupe your pants  
droop  
Baggy baggy britches I'll be leavin' you in stitches  
I knew this chic in Pasadena'd grant me sixty-nine wishes  
Now you're waiting on your savior trying to change your behavior  
'Cause nineteen ninety nine be rollin' out the box soon exavior  
Hollander the prostitute be booty bangin' out the chute  
Be lookin' good in a three piece honey but baby you're so wack  
you got

Bones

Skeletons in the closet

Everybody's got some

But seein' is believin' and I think I've seen enough of your bones

Stick it in your wallet call it whatever you want to call it  
In the business they call me sire I ain't ready to retire  
Buster good stuff baby baby oh you drive me crazy  
I been shaving my pussy clean for years cause that's the way you likes  
Button down I'm off the hook Marilyn Manson got the look  
You want to party with ole king pancho you know that I am the head honcho  
Oh yeah I'm ready ready now get set don't fret my punch goes power  
I'm a lover not a buster baby don't kick me in my nuts I got bones

Pussy gonna getcha if you don't watch it it'll let ya  
Throw your pride right down the drain you got that pussy on the brain  
Babylon five Mr. Goodbar in bangelamaine chasing the dragon your wagons sagging  
I think you know what I'm sayin'  
I'm saying your fishin' for fanny spankin' your