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Dessa "The Bullpen"

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Forget the bull in the china shop There's a china doll in the bullpen Walk with a switch, fire in her fist Biting at the bit Swing at every pitch Coach put me in like Forget the bull in the china shop There's a china doll in the bullpen It's all in the wrist, fire from the hip Talk a little shit, roll thick. Whole clique Let's begin

It's been assumed I'm soft or irrelevant Cause I refuse to down play my intelligence But in a room of thugs and rap veterans Why am I the only one Who's acting like a gentleman Good form bad taste Pity what a waste All that style, not a thing to say Looks to me like A little of your true school Is at the shallow end of the typing pool All cloak, no dagger Just smoke and swagger I hope that your battery's charged Cause I found this here ladder Now your ceilings don't matter Check me out, Now I got glass floors

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They love me, they love me not Pulling pedals off my bike You gotta strike while the irony's still hot No telling what the kids might like And I love this job, but ah, good god Sometimes I hate this business It's all love backstage but then the boys get brave Gotta say, I hope your mother doesn't listen Excuse me, where you going Doomtree, Minnesota Population's growing all the time And if you feel this You know what the deal is Grab a chisel tip and add one to the number on the sign

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