

Gwar

"Tick-Tits"

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Let's go tick-tits

Well, have you seen her tits?
When they are covered in ticks
It's shit like that
That makes monks shag their wicks

Say, have you seen her ticks
Sucking on her-tits?
Not even dog tits are better than this
Unless of course they are covered in ticks

What could be better than ticks on your tits?
Except for dick-tits all up in the slit
And also, your mother's a whore
The ticks got so big, they won't fit through the door

Have you seen her tits when they're covered in ticks
Let's all go lick them, then pop them with sticks
Tick-tits are growing, they're saggy and grey
And once you fuck tick-tits, you'll never go gay

Tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, tick-tits
I love, tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh

Have you seen her tits
Underneath all of those ticks?
Baggy and saggy, and filled up with pus
This is your mom, she hangs out with us

Damn it, I love me some ticks
So do the wops and the micks
And if you don't you outta
The Mexicans love a bug tick-tit piñata

I am addicted to ticks
And I don't wanna sound like a prick
So many ticks, you can't see her at all
If it keeps up like this, she'll be banned from the mall

Now let's set fire to the ticks
It's as easy as flicking your Bic
The tick-titted wonder is bursting with flame
Her tits are on fire, I don't know her name

Tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, tick-tits
I love tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh

I got this job on E-bay
They sent me to scrape out her flap
Never guessed I'd be so impressed
By her tick-tit-dick-slit trap

Just a flopping mass of grayish skin
Oozing in her from every crease
Did I forget to mention
She's morbidly obese?

Tick-tits, tick-tits, oh, tick-tits
Please clean out your gash
Tick-tits, a rugby team is at the door
We really need the cash, tick-tits

Tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, tick-tits
I love, tick-tits, tick-tits
Tick-tits, dick-slit, sick shit, ugh

Her suffering is over now
She found death, I pray
Her body, so covered in insects
Haven't seen her face for days

Her mung-encrusted 'ginal hole
Became a swarming insect bowl
Baggy and saggy, and puffy and gross
The talk of the town, the toast of the coast

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