

## Bus Stop

### "Sorry Fuckers"

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Sorry Fuckers  
I'm at my tittie signing at the Barnes Nobles  
You brown-nose but your downloads only show  
marginal  
Growth  
Why do you dress like a lesbian welder?  
Only a middle-aged woman looks sexy in elk fur  
You get injured at the hipster bar  
I hit you with a ninja star and then I speed off in my  
Car  
My life is like a day-to-day porn shoot  
You'll mayday for more troops when I say "Sorry  
Fuckers"  
See that girl, she's a great lay with her scorched  
Roots  
Plus she's got a grade-A horse caboose  
That's my lady! I just squeeze her cheeks  
While you sit and twitch like a Jesus freak  
You're from Hollywood; you get your sphincter  
bleached  
Sit your ass home and eat your quiche  
I'm the dude that your girl would be pleased to meet  
She'll want to suck me off with those beaver teeth  
But I decline the offer. I drive a flying saucer  
To perform on neighboring moons  
And do the giddy-up with some iffy slut  
Who's drinking pick-me-ups out of those Dixie cups  
To the young boozier, and the drug user  
But the syringe on the baking teaspoon  
That means play this it'll spike your blood sugar  
I'll have your soul mate tied to the sub woofer

Sorry Fuckers  
You squares fucked up plus your haircut sucks  
Watch you girl upchuck  
Sorry Fuckers

We get their thumbs up  
Make 'em cry bleed, dry heave  
Sorry Fuckers  
We'll extract the bitch in you

Sorry fuckers  
And dictate what you listen to

Give them face time with unloved lady's men  
Eschewing life through a dumb 80's trend

With a litany of pop culture reference points  
My tenor voice will make the women all wet and moist  
You act gender bent  
While I'm wrestling with women in boxers with leopard  
Print  
And yes, that's me arching a pouring glass at the tee  
Off  
Me getting the boarding pass at the kiosk  
Me eating fish with French cream sauce  
Be celebrated at the confetti toss  
I'm waving from the Project Blowed parade float  
Completely nude under my raincoat  
While you're in your backpacker entrapments  
Battle rapping with a series of gay jokes  
You're welcomed to peep game  
But when they start riding the jock they seldom  
deplane  
A deceased cock, a pudding geyser  
The hung dong's the swung baton of the womanizer  
But for my bitches it's a springboard  
To a place where dreams are forged  
And I'll smack these geeky young twerps  
Out of their medium shirts

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