

Lavern Baker

"Flying Killer Cobs From The Planet Bob"

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Too much too high
You smoke, you die
Flying killer cobs from the planet Bob,
His mega mental shooter stuck in your gob,
Flying killer cobs from the planet Bob,
You're in big troud now, you're starting to sob.
Just one smoke that all it takes,
Take a couple of drags, see purple lakes,
You've smoked toomuch, you're starting to sob,
Now you're going toanswer to the planet of cobs.
His teeth are sharp, his teeth are big,
The chainsaws he uses, ain't not for cunning twigs.
Too much, too high,
You smoke, you die
Hey, what's the problem with drugs these days,
I mean, what the fuck does it matter,
If I get a goddamn acid tablet,
And shove it down the end of my penis.
Too much, too high,
You smoke, you die
Flying killer cobs from the planet Bob,
His mega mental shooter stuck in your gob,
Flying killer cobs from the planet Bob,
You're in big troud now, you're starting to sob.

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