

MC Paul Barman

"The Joy Of Your World"

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Verse 1:

My brain makes the earth dark but I'm hung like a birthmark

I like to suck toes yours secrete fructose

I make paintings based on grids just like Chuck Close

I'm old school like Aztecs but new in other aspects

If you want sex with me be prepared for bad sex and slapstick

Even Chapstick won't help my chapped dick

When I'm with a naked chick I use a faker dick

A turkey baster laced with Elmer's to make it stick

My ex fled to Reykjavik, we really were trying

Ohhh your so wet, "My pussy's crying"

I need an eye exam and a vagina with no diaphragm

Or condom, I'm pond scum, I'm going to buy a lamb

And when we make love I'll picture titty humping

which looks like a Venn Diagram

Ewww, this isn't dope I feel like I'm pissing Scope

Lamby's a misanthrope

I asked her to stop moving, does she listen? Nope

The sheep was a clone so I was a creep on the phone

Now I'm sleeping alone

With her photo on my nightstand in a sepia tone

Oh yeah and you know that...

"Paul Bar-Bar-Barman"

Chorus:

The joy of your world is Paul Barman!!!

Beautiful, Beautiful Barman

Yes the joy of your wwoorrlldd is Paul Barman!!!

Beautiful, Beautiful Barman

Verse 2:

After this rap I'll be in Napoli, happily

Proposing to my chosen under an apple tree

"Let's get married," I don't walk, I get carried

By a motorcade of voter-age women on rollerblades

In cute sleeveless shirts exposing their shoulder blades

But I'm a lonely guy since my honeypie ran off with Lone
Skye

Now I've got nothing whatsoever, ugly-broke-arrogant,
but so clever

When I write rhymes on brown bags and in shower
steam

Me and Paul are the power team

We'll leave you deflowered with a mouth full of sour
cream

Gobble this obelisk

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Chorus:

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Yes the joy of your wwoorrlldd is Paul Barman!!!

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Verse 3:

My close pals, aunts, uncles, leaders, Nations, and towns

Hamlets and neighboring islands, everyone

Landlords, bosses, and relatives, moms and newborns

Somehow when I act thirteen, I'm a virgin girl's tractor beam

This one was dressed to kill from her head to my testicle

She was from west of Phil-ly and spoke well of it

She said, "Just for the hell of it let's not be celibate."

I got all higgledy piggledy, it's a big relief

When I take off my fig uh leaf

She said that, "Let's get at this" but her cat and an unpotted cactus

Sat on her mattress

that sure made it saturated with sharp thorns and cat piss

I put on a hiphop beat while she whipped off the topsheet

She said, "Come to bed I like my undergrads underfed

They amaze how they stay up days on mayonnaise and Wonderbread."

I dove in her cervix a lot like Sir Mixalot

This interlude is for the women I've interviewed about the clitoris

and how to make it less hit-or-miss

Should we be gentle?, Is it all mental?

I won't use a dental dam 'cause it discharges

my urges to submerge in her jizz

She said, "My goodness you should juss use clues
that's nonverbal

You're too vigorous if my clitoris, for example, turns
purple"

It was time to copulate but we didn't want to populate

So my bold groin reached for my gold coin
prooophylactic

I unwrapped it, you can't know how I felt

It wasn't a gold coin condom, it was chocolate
Chanukah gelt

The white part crumbled on her tummy and the rest
began to melt

Foiled again.....

"It's a classic piece, It's a classic piece,

It's a classic piece

We'd like to thank George for that and also Paaull Bar-
Bar-Barman,

Bar-Barman Barman-Barman-Barman, and also Paaull
Bar-Bar-Barman,

Bar-Bar-Barman, Paaull Bar-Bar-Barman, From Chapel
Hill

who made the contribution of 5 dollars

Thanks Charles, I mean pardon me Paul,

Charles took the pledge, No Doubt"

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