

## Richard Cheese "Smack My Bitch Up"

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Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up  
I said, change my pitch up, smack my bitch up

Thank you ladies and gentlemen  
I'd like to introduce a little thing I like to call, the band  
Let's start with the man behind the piano  
He's a maestro, a master, a man of many melodies  
Including the melody who's the hostess of the Daily  
Grill

If you lose your keys, he can find them  
He's a Prodigy, as in psychosomatic addict insane  
He's sitting on his stool, Bobby Ricotta  
Thank you, Bobby

And now on bass, he's high-strung  
He's a stand-up guy, he's in an upright and locked  
position  
He knows the basic programming language  
He's the low man on the totem pole  
He's Deep Gordon Brie  
Danke, Gordon

And now on drums, on skins, on the trap-set  
The cocktail kit, the thing you that you hit with the  
thingies  
He's a slick click to pick with a stick  
He's back with another one of them Block Rockin' Beats  
His middle name is Tom

He's cymbalic, we're talking 'brush with greatness'  
He likes to bang the drum slowly if you know what I  
mean  
And I think you do, am I right people?  
Mr. Buddy Gouda

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up  
Change my pitch up, smack, bitch, up  
Whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up  
Ouch

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