

The Irish Front

"Fire!!!"

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Woah, this is hella gnar dude!

You're the elevator, I thought you were,
You keep letting them,
In and out as you go up and down.
In and out as you go up and down.
In and out,
And with the abortionists hands on your thighs you
request.

Take it out out! Please God rip it out!
I can't be a mother yet, I don't know how!
Dr. Phil me up butter cup!
You hold your childs head like an apple and eat it the
same.

Sour Kraut!
Old rotten.
Sour Kraut!
In your ears.

Your grandma makes the best chocolate chip cookies,
She is in love with me, she is in love with me!

I am the most disgusting person you'll ever know,
Like blended baby panthers squirting through a rusty
garden hose.

I found happiness in the lunch ladys mustache,
The tiny bits of meat in her flossy lip hair.
It's so sexual!

Being polite is something I've always lacked,
I'd love to slide a card down the slit of every butt crack,
To see if it would ring up credit debit or cash!

In a situation this dire,
It's no wonder all these people are screaming,
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
I'm ON FIRE!

