

Tommy Shaw

"On My Dick"

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* send corrections to the typist

It's Copywrite! Not the type to borrow I'm scheming

Shut the fuck up and listen to the following meaning

A role model for those willing to follow a demon

of one night stands of hoes willing to swallow my
semen

O.H. ten. Where the fuck y'all at?

Now say 'Fuck you Copy!' "Fuck you Copy!!",
motherfuck y'all back

Wanna shoot me cuz I called your man wack

But you bear no arms, therefore can't clap

Better respect your boss and accept the loss

That I.Q. rock sets metal detectors off

You got juice? That's pulp fiction

Pick up your girl and get brain in the car like Jules and
Vincent

Too fatal, unable to crash

Sluts I introduce to anal call me a pain in the ass

Buy a drink for a bitch that I think I'm a hit

Then I finger fuck her. If my finger stinks, I'm a split!

[HOOK]

Bitch! Dance to my shit!

Shake that ass slut! Get that ass up!

Bitch! Dance to my shit!

Shake that ass like a ho! Act like you know! Come on!

Bitch! Dance to my shit!

If you don't suck my dick in the club

You won't get in the club! I said

Bitch! Dance to this

Hands in my pants on my dick!

My crew don't give two fucks on the scene to ball

Twenty deep and two bucks between us all

We ain't come to dance we came to see you brawl

And while y'all fighting I'm taking your chains keys and
all

Hoes glance, no romance. We stick cock in 'em

Slow dance with hoes strictly to pick pocket 'em

Y'all bought the bar out, but can't be drunk

Cuz I pissed in your brandy while y'all was dancing to,
Ante Up

That ain't Cris y'all drinking

It's piss y'all drinking

That's why you're bitch all stinking

Megahertz profile on the low while you got no style

You ain't hostile. You HOE style

All up in the V.I.P. trying to pop Cris

Meanwhile your fiancée got her face where my crotch
is

Watch this. Pull out a twenty, she's topless

No telling what the bitch'll do when I empty my pockets

Trying to get her in the Hyatt to stick

If she ain't giving me pussy, I ain't buying her shit

Push the tired bitch from the driver's side of my whip

Jerk off. When I see my crew, lie on my dick. Come on

[HOOK]

Six foot four. Skinny white kid your bitch looks for

Not cuz I'm rich but because my dick won't fit through
doors

Fuck tipping a bartender. Let a bigger rap star enter

I'll key his paint job and dent his car fender

Give me a straight shot of the strongest shit in the
house

Sit in the couch say "AHH" take this dick in your mouth

What's all the bitching about?

My mission's every bitch in sight is stripping 'em

I'm gripping your tits and ripping 'em out

And fuck security. They don't worry me

Drinks on the house with counterfeit currency

I'm high but twenty gun packing. Nun slapping

Oh, you ran out of liquor? Better run back in

Champ war. Bending over sluts with their pants tore

But can't score since I'm throwing up on the dance floor

My mans tore the club up. Trife as fuck

Tomorrow night we'll do it again, but twice as drunk

Come on

[HOOK]

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