

Captain Dan And The Scurvy Crew "Calypso's Crabs"

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(Cap D)

Calypso, you's a nasty ho
You know you got crabs
So many comin' at me nethers
That I can't even stab
Too much lovin' them lads
Who's not wearin bags
You know a 50 foot mast
Could stick in yer vaj
Populations of Crustaceans
From relations with them nations
Whole generations banged
Without discrimination
Plantations in yer basement
A jungle of fungal
Makin a wig replacements
Rollin pubes up in bundles
What else is hidden
Or what's been given
By the sea of sailors
Whose boats you've ridden
Ain't kidden
I'm admitten
That I'm scared
Of what yer dishen
You give it up so easy
Might just be a tradition
My suspicions we correct
Admission of objects
Whose size can be from pinheads
To entire ship wrecks
Now keep them crabs in check
Or else I'll stab yer neck
Ye give a whole new meaning
To hittin the deck!

(Chorus)

Calypso's got crabs!
Yar Yar Yar Yar

(Scott Free)

This ho, Calypso

Is nothing but sick yo,
The bitch is so greasy
She looks covered in Crisco
I even heard she's got
One hell of a cyst bro,
They say she's seductive
But I can resist though
I can't stand her sight
Cause she's covered in parasites
And you know if ye share a night
Then surely you'll share her plight
A colony of crabs livin next to her vaj
If ye ran through that, yer deservin a badge
We makes men compulsive even though she's so
repulsive
One whiff of that puss will turn you convulsive
But it doesn't matter if you puke she's not after your
Loot
She's just looking for some fun knocking some boots
It may sound fictious but she's not like average
Bitches
Know to be so vicious to get chasing men to get them
Out they britches
It's what her niche is, the snatch is malicious smells
Of them fishes
Don't be falling for her pitches or give into her
Wishes

(Sea Dawg)

Whether crabs or fleas,
Because you please with ease
You've become a museum of stds
Touch you? I'd rather fall off a cliff
I know sailors who are dead from just takin' a whiff
I wanna capture a fort
Sneak you in at night
You're there for 3 days, their men are too weak to
Fight
Take the treasure and leave, ye be the ace up me
sleeve
Show those doctors somethin' that they can't believe
It's said that the pen can kill more than the sword
Well the pens got nothin on you ya whore
On the bed or the floor, against the mast or the door
You do what ya do, and he can't do anymore
You're life on the outside, but death to the core
The stuff of campfire legend and lore
Ye got rapport up and down the shore
Yer the first official weapon of biological war

