

MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Retard-O-Bot "Piggly Wiggly"

Visit "Piggly Wiggly" on MotoLyrics.com

Gotta go slow Gotta go slow

Pig without wings Is just another pig And a prick that's not hard Is just another dick

Open real wide and in goes my fist Wasn't that just so delicious Peddling backwards, great exercise Monopoly's a way of life for some

That perfect car, the house, the pool That fucking girl from high school The spoon, the spoon Oh, fucking christ, the spoon

Cutting lines Oh god, it's finally time to party Dirty (x8)

Delivery, I'm fucking starving Sounds good, let's get it going Bury me up bread and a rocket Expect no delays

Topsy turvy Driving on the curvy To the sounds of

Mail boxes knocking over Help my aim, oh please In a search, maybe Don't tell anyone where I be

My sticky situations Hiding, I'm flying I keep them From you

Fucking motherfuckers

Fucking motherfucker

A pig without wings Is just another pig And a prick that's not hard Is just another dick

Nickles and dimes and pennies count That's like sixteen cents to go toward a blow job Know you've all been there before, Fell face first, god makes you fall from grace

Sick, up late, don't call me names What's all this shit on my face The spoon, the spoon Oh, fucking christ, the spoon

Cutting lines
Oh god, it's finally time to party
Dirty (x8)

Delivery, I'm fucking starving Sounds good, let's get it going Bury me up bread and a rocket Expect no delays

Topsy turvy
Driving on the curvy
To the sounds of

Mail boxes knocking over Help my aim, oh please In a search, maybe Don't tell anyone where I be

My sticky situations Hiding, I'm flying I keep them From you

Fucking motherfuckers Fucking motherfucker

A pig without wings
Is just another pig
And a prick that's not hard
Is just another dick

Smiling kids make me think
Do I have the right
To swing from the monkey bars

Candy hearts and lucky charms
Where the fuck is my delivery
At the playground going for a swim in my cereal
The spoon, the spoon
Oh, fucking christ, the spoon

Cutting lines
Oh god, it's finally time to party
Dirty (x8)

Delivery, I'm fucking starving Sounds good, let's get it going Bury me up bread and a rocket Expect no delays

Topsy turvy
Driving on the curvy
To the sounds of

Mail boxes knocking over Help my aim, oh please In a search, maybe Don't tell anyone where I be

My sticky situations Hiding, I'm flying I keep them From you

Fucking motherfuckers

Visit Retard-O-Bot page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.