

More Than Life

"Sorry Fuckers"

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Sorry Fuckers

I'm at my tittie signing at the Barnes Nobles

You brown-nose but your downloads only show
marginal

Growth

Why do you dress like a lesbian welder?

Only a middle-aged woman looks sexy in elk fur

You get injured at the hipster bar

I hit you with a ninja star and then I speed off in my
Car

My life is like a day-to-day porn shoot

You'll mayday for more troops when I say "Sorry
Fuckers"

See that girl, she's a great lay with her scorched
Roots

Plus she's got a grade-A horse caboose

That's my lady! I just squeeze her cheeks

While you sit and twitch like a Jesus freak

You're from Hollywood; you get your sphincter
bleached

Sit your ass home and eat your quiche

I'm the dude that your girl would be pleased to meet

She'll want to suck me off with those beaver teeth

But I decline the offer. I drive a flying saucer

To perform on neighboring moons

And do the giddy-up with some iffy slut

Who's drinking pick-me-ups out of those Dixie cups

To the young boozier, and the drug user

But the syringe on the baking teaspoon

That means play this it'll spike your blood sugar

I'll have your soul mate tied to the sub woofer

Sorry Fuckers

You squares fucked up plus your haircut sucks

Watch you girl upchuck

Sorry Fuckers

We get their thumbs up

Make 'em cry bleed, dry heave

Sorry Fuckers

We'll extract the bitch in you

Sorry fuckers
And dictate what you listen to

Give them face time with unloved lady's men
Eschewing life through a dumb 80's trend

With a litany of pop culture reference points
My tenor voice will make the women all wet and moist
You act gender bent
While I'm wrestling with women in boxers with leopard
Print
And yes, that's me arching a pouring glass at the tee
Off
Me getting the boarding pass at the kiosk
Me eating fish with French cream sauce
Be celebrated at the confetti toss
I'm waving from the Project Blowed parade float
Completely nude under my raincoat
While you're in your backpacker entrapments
Battle rapping with a series of gay jokes
You're welcomed to peep game
But when they start riding the jock they seldom
deplane
A deceased cock, a pudding geyser
The hung dong's the swung baton of the womanizer
But for my bitches it's a springboard
To a place where dreams are forged
And I'll smack these geeky young twerps
Out of their medium shirts

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