

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "Methods Of Mayhem- "Get Naked""

Visit "[Methods Of Mayhem- "Get Naked"](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Freak, freak, freak it. (Repeats)  
Methods Of Mayhem: Seventy-seven million dollars  
made from watching me cum.  
Under the sun on my vacation. (After hours on  
Spectravision),  
Shootin' my jizzy jizm, the woody has rizzy risen.  
I ain't gettin' paid to entertain your bridal showers,  
Rockin' my porno tape for hours and hours.  
The hoes are fearin' me,  
It's bigger than Ron Jeremy!  
Fred: 'Cause it's them ass cheeks that make my ass  
weak,  
And I've been runnin' with the blueballs since last week.  
And if you ask me, I'll be glad to speak,  
Until we get butt naked and break it down with nasty.  
Methods Of Mayhem: (chorus) Get, get naked. (C'mon  
baby make me hot.)  
Get, get naked. (Ride the cock till you hit the spot.)  
Get, get naked. (C'mon baby make me hot.)  
Get, get naked.  
Methods Of Mayhem: Woof woof! Doin' it doggie style!  
Bow wow wow yippie yo yippie yay,  
Bow wow yippie yo yippy yay,  
Get it on! (meow). (Repeats).  
The little Geisha hoe from Tokyo who said she could  
blow.  
"Ten dolla love me long time in a limo."  
For really dough, I'm just tryin' to fly with the flows.  
Freak up some hoe's, blow up the shows.  
Make a little dough-hoe as if you didn't know,  
Back to the strip club freakin' up some more hoes.  
Swingin' my dingaling, it ain't no thing. (Hell yeah.)  
It's those intergalactic hoes who came down in those  
space probes,  
Fine green heinies representin' with no clothes.  
(Mix Master Mike, mix Master Mike). (Oh, God oh!)  
Man, your pussy tight! No jimmy, no gimmie, no lust.  
In the Methods of Mayhem we trust.  
So rip off your clothes and expose your busts.  
Fred: 'Cause it's them ass cheeks that make my ass  
weak

And I've been runnin' with the blueballs since last week.  
So if you ask me, I'll be glad to speak,  
Until we get butt naked and break it down with (nasty).  
Methods Of Mayhem: (Chorus)  
You only love me when you want punani.  
Queen bitch, red lipstick, that all black car with the  
phony phat bar.  
Fuck a blow job, this a motherfuckin' hard.  
Under seven inches, sorry.  
Man I mean, I can't fuck the pimp.  
I like to, ride the cock till you hit the spot.  
Mmm, come on baby make me hot.  
Got a convertible? Drop the top.  
Before we do a thing I want the diamonds and the  
rings.  
The Spurs, the Knicks, the Jews, the Minks.  
Ya know I'm freaky, so you gotta keep me and I know  
ya hate it but umm...  
Methods of Mayhem: Get naked! (You think you gettin'  
this?  
You ain't stickin' this, we don't want your dick!)  
Fuck the dumb games, the girls that complain,  
And I ain't leavin' till you sleepin' on a cum stain.  
(You think you gettin' this?  
You ain't stickin' this, we don't want your dick!)  
Fuck the dumb games, the girls that complain,  
And I ain't leavin' till you sleepin' on a cum stain.  
Methods Of Mayhem: (chorus)

Visit [Wrestling Lyrics](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.