

Futuristic Sex Robotz

"Hey, Ladies"

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(sound clip)

Girl 1: Did he try to molest you in any way?

Girl 2: No, he's not that kind of robot!

[Coaxke:]

Checkin for e-mails from big titty females,
show me they puss so I know they ain't shemales.
Get you on the cam, have you whip yo' shit out,
come to your house and rain away yo' dick drought.
Bitch, I understand if today's a heavy flow day,
allergic to yo' mung so I came with some Flonase.
Maybe if you lucky, I'll take you to a con,
cosplay hoes, they wanna get it on.

[Subrandom:]

Nerd MCs with the illist style,
Martian dick, bitches call green mile.
Roll up in a Pacer, ridin' on spinners,
pull out my dick you eat it for dinner.
Sittin on a couch with a goth and furry,
fuck 'em in the ass and cum a McFlurry.
All day bitches bug me at my house,
bust in your ass then you clean it your mouth.

(CHORUS)

[BonzoDog:]

Ladies, let's have some fun.
We're gonna stick our meat in between your buns
(Recycle Bin: dinner franks).
Your pussy is the port and we're plugging it for sport.
Bitch, betta get down on your knees.

[PC Speaker:]

You don't have to go to the McDonald's drive through,
you can have my McDick up inside you.
We don't need to leave the crib if you want somethin' to
eat,
I got a deep dick pizza and a 5 for 5 roast beef.
Bitch, I met you on MySpace.
You asked if I had a log for your fireplace.
Got you on the floor and unbuttoned you blouse,

you got mad when I kicked you up outta my house.
Don't talk to me bitch, you know my M.O.
Says on my profile, I don't date a ho,
I wanna love you in your butt till you pass the fuck out,
then I lean over, take a dump in your mouth.
You're gonna have to clean my floor
if you spit that shit out, whore.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[Recycle Bin:]

Like Karl Hungus, I be Logjammin,
big-assed booties get the straight slammin'.
I saw your n00dz on show_your_boobs,
fill you up with exotic lubes.
Chill, don't trip, it's just my dick.
I know you never seen such a monster stick.
Whip off your bra and run it between your tits,
rest my balls on your juicy lips.
I'll pull your hair, suck on your feet,
and when I bust it's "Ahhh, skeet skeet!"
When I'm done scratchin' your itch,
get your ass to the kitchen and make me a sandwich.

(Repeat CHORUS x2)

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