

Tito And Tarantula "Bitch"

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She dances on the street
As her marbies rollaway
She keeps an eye on her feet
While she slams her toes
On her mother's kimono
In her torn lingerie
She's spitting tires
Through her napalm window
My chola freak
She'll never bury

She always plays with danger
Five feet of anger
Always plays with danger

Ice cream roller blades birthday cakes
Nothing makes the little bitch behave
Nothing makes the little bitch behave
But me

As the colors fade away
She pokes the eyes of her daddy's photograph
Her mom would say
You're gonna bury me

She always plays with danger
Five feet of anger
Always plays with danger

Ice cream roller blades birthday cakes
Nothing makes the little bitch behave
Nothing makes the little bitch behave
But me
Nothing makes the little bitch behave
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