

# Tito & Tarantula, Bitch

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  
But 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  
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But me ...