

# Bad Catholic Schoolgirls, The Punch in the Stomach

AG = Awesome Gorgeous' lyrics

ST = Special T's lyrics

ST:

listen to bob barker, have your slut spayed or neutered  
you need a lesson in sex? baby i'll be your tutor  
but you have to understand i will never be called daddy  
i'd rather have a nice cold beer, roll a fuckin fatty

AG:

i'm into casual fuckin', fuckin' that's fun  
don't ask me what i'm thinking just suck me and we're done  
sex is part of my diet ...

ST:

like milk and dairy  
but i wont stand for kids i'm the punch in the stomach fairy

AG:

hand me a preggo i'll unclog 'er with my auger  
captain abortion and i'm full of fuckin lager  
when it comes to rippin babies out the uterus  
i find a drain-snake is pretty fucken useful shit

ST:

penny royal tea?

AG:

that's my favorite drink  
i don't need your vaginal discharge, your cunt already stinks  
captain abortion is a fuckin solo act  
but the punch in the stomach fairy's got my back  
why waste nine months we could use to screw

ST:

if you want babies .. special t dont want you

ST:

why does god hate me so, set me up with a dirty hoe  
but i ain't gonna touch her, cuz i don't got a rubber

AG:

fuck a rubber i don't need none of these fancy tricks  
i got one method of protection : pull out my dick  
i say why not get risky, when baby's getting frisky

ST:

i'm the punch in the stomach fairy, dont you fuckin diss me

AG:

just sayin, you don't want another five pounds of issue

ST:

i'm not that desperate i'll just use a fuckin tissue  
on the other hand, if i knock her up, that wouldnt really scare me  
solve the problem with violence, i'm the punch in the stomach fairy

AG:

was the punch in the stomach fairy late this year?

ST:

yeah yeah we fuckin heard that already, get me a beer  
i dont need no coathangers, draino, boots etcetera  
my motherfuckin fists are my only damn weapons, ya  
think i'm talkin shit but you know that i'm the best  
i don't give a fuck wether or not you're impressed

AG:

punch out the babies and pull back the crest  
before you miscarry let me drink from your breasts

ST:

well i was late one time, (uh huh?) slept through my clock  
the night before i had my sister bouncin up on my cock  
see she tired me out, but not anymore

she got one in the oven, i better discepline the whore  
bitch i don't love you, where'd you get that idea?  
get the fuck out my house, and don't forget your chlamydia

AG:

i don't got nothin for ya bitch but a plunger, get lost  
your lucky you got a sweet ass, or you would've been tossed  
on the floor, or if you're lucky just out the door

ST:

baby come and see me if you want some more

AG:

punch in the stomach fairy leavin' you sore

ST:

got preggos lined up at my door like bums at a liquor store

AG:

killin fuckin babies is what we like to do

dippin my noodle in some preggio ragu

ST:

i got the fuckin special sauce

but if you think its goin in your uterus - get tossed