

Jack Foster III, Tiger Bone Wine

You say youre ripe for table scraps
The staple of the corporal zombie
Hes got six inch teeth and eyes so, black
When he stares at you he wants meat
Take it from a T-Rex dinosaur
In a jungle full of carnivores
You got to own more bite thats got teeth

Youll like the tiger bone wine
king of drinks is the nature of the beast
When you know that it takes all kinds
No fat cat wants to maul your ass
When you got canines
Say, here kitty, kitty, is the raw nitty gritty
Claw until their mortified,
Youll like the tiger bone wine

Peace of minds your habitat
Youve had it with the corporate zombie
He wants to eat your lean, chew the fat
He knows where you keep your Mommy
Take it from the T-Rex diners corp
In the jungle no ones keeping score
You got to over bite, hes got reach

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