

No Doctors, Box Mots

I wanna box mots
To Hold all my good
To Break into pieces
To make into bridges
To grant all my wishes
And dissapear slowly
The song that we sing
About to get in a ring
I wanna box mots
I wanna box lots
I wann drive ships and smash into yachts
I wanna wet cat
I wanna pet bat
I wanna ship albums and splash into Rat
in Miami
Booty shorts on the beach
every impulse desire and feeling is placed into reach
and then I could teach
be taught and then tell
spread the word hit the bell
and do naught withn your smell
cause youa stink
like oysters and clams
chicken nugged ceo
kill the label let it go
I wanna wanna wanna wanna wanna box mots
woo hoo
the turtleneck mocks
you cook in hot woks
and then I box mots
oh yeah
I gotta box mots
I wanna box mots

The red dot on my fist will burst into flames
First fool got the record named Jones Earl James
Grump slumpy
Making fat lumpy
Fat baby dukes
And the fat bay pukés

Freedom from getting knives to the throat
Freedom Come getting lice on the scrote
Freedom made getting gas in the face
Freedom raid and you're getting a taste

Make you
Rock a giant
Puss in boots
Bed the bunny
Loose the loot
Shake the fist
Shave your mane
Shake your ass
Lose the cane

That's right
I'm coming over to your house and sitting on your mom
California/Minnesota/USA/World
What the fuck is going on