

# Rodney Carrington, Dear Penis

Dear Penis,  
I don't think I like you anymore,  
You used to watch me shave,  
Now all u do is stare at the floor.  
Oh dear Penis,  
I don't like you anymore.

It used to be you and me,  
A paper towel, and a dirty magazine,  
That's all we needed to get by.  
Now it seems things have changed,  
I think that your the one to blame.  
Dear Penis,  
I don't like you anymore.

Now he sings,

Dear Rodney,  
I don't think I like you anymore,  
'Cause when u get to drinkin'  
You put me places I've never been before.  
Dear Rodney,  
I dont like you anymore.

Why can't we just get a grip,  
On our man to hand relationship.  
Come to terms with truly how we feel.  
If we could put our heads together,  
We'd just stay home forever.  
Dear Penis,  
I think I like you after all.

Oh and Rodney,  
While yer shavin',  
Shave my balls.