

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.