

Scabs, Big Butts And Blow Jobs

Big butts and blow jobs
They go together like
The sun and the sky
Like whiskey and rye
Like ice cream and pie
Like lovers and sighs
Big butts and blow jobs

Big butts and blow jobs
They go together like
The beach and suntan lotion
Like gypsies and magic potions
Like instant replays and slow motion
Like Jacque Cousteau and the ocean
Like whippersnappers and newfangled notions
Big butts and blow jobs

Big butts and blow jobs
They go together like
The birds and the trees
Like honey and bees
Like pretty and please
Like legbones and knees
Like toastbread and cheese
Like cowgirls and lees
Like deadbolts and keys
Like carrots and peas
Like sailors and seas
Like golfers and tees
Like vaginas and yeast
Like the beauty and beast
Like my baby like my baby
Like my baby and me

Big butts and blow jobs
Go together like
Politicians and lies
Like burgers and fries
Like hippies and tie-dyes
Like bikinis and thighs
Like bankers and ties
Like bakers and pies
Like cowturd and flies
Like mascara and eyes
Like hellos and goodbyes
Like my baby like my baby
Like my baby and I