

Tomahawk, Jockstrap

Jockstrap. You rap.
G-string. I sing.
Jockstrap. You rap.
G-string. I sing.
Step right up, place your bet
Steeplechase, notice me
I need skin for dancin' in
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch
High in the saddle
Make my backbone itch
And my tongue will train ya
Like a lash from a whip
I'm here, take a bow
And my tongue will feed ya
Like a lash from a whip
And i'll give you cuts
I won't need you to spit
And if you can't touch my cradle
How do you win?
Because baby, no one's shamed particularly
I dont beat you
But you can stop spreading horse shit
'Cause I'm here to take your fall
I need skin for dancin' in
I know, stop me
Send in the show
I came sharp, clean, smoking
I need you to
Watch me, watch them, watch the future
'Cause I won't hold your pan for you
I pull (teeth?), pull with your might
I'm back, push that geezer for me
Can't you
Can't you level with him?
Catch me
Behind the scene
Hello, you're nice
Better delays
To laugh the days
Know what?
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch
High in the saddle
I've got the hard-on itch
And I'll buck you off my trailer hitch
And I'll break your fall
Jockstrap. You rap.
G-string. I sing.
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch
High in the saddle
Make my backbone itch
And I'll buck you off my trailer hitch
And I'm here to break your fall