

Piss Up a Rope

Ween

My dinner's on fire while she watches TV
And if you ever wondered what it's like to be me
She takes all my money and leaves me no smokes
Yells at my buddies and insults my folks
I'm breakin' my back, doin' the best that I can
She's got time for the dog and none for her man
And I'm no dope, but I can't cope
So hit the fuckin' road and piss up a rope
You can piss up a rope
And you can put on your shoes, hit the road, get truckin'
Pack your bag, I don't need the ag
On your knees, you big booty bitch, start suckin'
You ride my ass like a horse and a saddle
Now you're up shit's creek with a turd for a paddle
And I can't cope, piss up a rope
You can piss up a rope and feel the pissy dribble
You can piss up a rope and watch me giggle
For the last six months I've been packin' your bag
You can wash my balls with a warm wet rag
Till my balls feel smooth and soft like silk
I'm sick of your mouth and your 2% milk
And I'm no dope, but I've lost all hope
So hit the fuckin' road and piss up a rope
You can piss up a rope
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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