

# Tig Ol' Bitties

## Your Favorite Martian

It was the first day back to school.

Cuttin' up in class.

Actin' like a tool.

Friends were rollin' in.

We started talkin' about the summer.

Deejay saw "Twilight"

Bummer!

I spoke up, and I asked my friends

"Are there any new girls? 9's or 10's?"

Hopin' a few hotties had moved from other cities

And in walked this girl with tig ol' bitties.

I can't believe my eyes.

In a contest, they'd win first prize.

Double D guarantee I was checkin' their size.

It's like two beach balls in a shirt disguise.

Or Earth and Mars having some fun.

Wait, I take that back it's like two of the sun.

But at this point I let my mind run

And drifted off thinking about them tig ol' bitties.

Tig ol' bitties.

Mt Fuji brought it's twin

Tig ol' bitties.

Two melons in a shirt.

Tig ol' bitties.

(Tig ol' bitties)

I put books in my lap.

Tig ol' bitties.

Head bobbing as she walks.

Tig ol' bitties.

Oh my god! Tig ol' bitties. Tig ol' bitties

Ek ek ek ek ek ek

Tig ol' bitties

Ek ek ek ek ek ek

Tig ol' bitties

Ek ek ek ek ek ek

Tig ol' bitties Tig ol' bitties

Ek ek ek ek ek ek

Tig ol' bitties

Ek ek ek ek ek ek

Tig ol' bitties Ek ek ek ek ek ek Tig ol' bitties Tig ol' bitties Kept trippin' in class

because of er dang breasts in a tiny white shirt

Boobs having a fiesta.

Later in lab, we were messin' with test tubes.  
Couldn't take my eyes off the new girl's chest.  
Boobeez!  
Wasn't paying attention.  
Got busted.  
Had to serve detention.  
In biology we talked about the bees.  
The best kind of bees.  
Boobies!  
I can't believe my mind.  
I old a poker face to her two of a kind.  
With each step her breasts gettin' redefined.  
I'm making my move.  
I'm thinking it's time.  
Oh snap!  
I'm gonna ask her to prom  
And in my head she responds "You're the bomb!"  
Feeling nervous so I count to three.  
"I like your boobs."  
"Go to prom with me? Tig ol' bitties  
King Kong boobs.  
Tig ol' bitties.  
Great tracks of land.  
Tig ol' bitties.  
(Tig ol' bitties)  
Like my balls. Tig ol' bitties.  
Real big.  
Tig ol' bitties.  
Oh my god!  
Tig ol' bitties. Tig ol' bitties  
Ek ek ek ek ek ek Tig ol' bitties  
Ek ek ek ek ek ek  
Tig ol' bitties  
Ek ek ek ek ek ek  
Tig ol' bitties Tig ol' bitties Ek ek ek ek ek ek Tig ol' bitties  
Ek ek ek ek ek ek  
Tig ol' bitties  
Ek ek ek ek ek ek  
Tig ol' bitties Tig ol' bitties She said yes, so I'm getting ready.  
Stain on my shirt...  
Mom's spaghetti.  
I pick her up, and I'm pretty sure  
That she'll let me motorboat like  
br-br-br-br-br.  
I try to cop a feel once we get to school.  
She said, "no touching. That's the rule."  
Principal walks up on the scene.  
"It's time to announce prom king and queen."  
"You favorite Martian and Tig Ol' Bitties."

"Congratulations to you both on winning."  
Time slowed down, and she jumped for joy. Then out of her dress jumped something more.  
Tissues flew and rained from the sky.  
Oh my god!  
You stuff your shirt?  
Your Favorite Martian in a world of hurt.  
Aw!  
Fake ol' bitties.  
Wow! Fake o' bitties!  
You're breaking my heart with  
Fake o' bitties!  
You're crushing my dreams with  
Fake ol' bitties!  
(Fake ol' bitties)  
I can't believe it!  
Fake ol' bitties.  
You really suck!  
Fake ol' bitties!  
I can't believe you would do that.  
Fake ol' bitties!  
Why would you do that when you're just trying to get everyone's attention  
Those aren't boobs. they're lies! lies I tell you!  
But you know I'm still down to make out if you, if you want to, want to come back  
with me  
Never mind

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