

Pussy Liquor

Rob Zombie

Baby:
Gimme a B
Gimme a A
Gimme a B
Gimme a Y What's that spell?
What's that spell?
What's that spell? Cheerleader: Baby Earl had a baby
Baby was her name
He knew she was crazy
Tiny was the same
Down behind the shed
Slaughtering the hog
Slice it on the belly
Feed it to the dog
1, 2, 3, who should I kill?
Every motherfucker running up the hill
1, 2, 3, what should I do?
Get fucked up and fuck up you Pussy liquor
Make ya sicker
Pussy liquor
Do it quicker (Spoken x2)
Baby: Yeah, we liked to get fucked up, fucked up
Goober: Yeah, I like to get fucked up too
Baby: Yeah, I bet you do Earl had a baby
Otis was his name
White as a ghost, totally insane
Otis loves the girls
Young and clean
Drowning in a bucket of gasoline
1, 2, 3, who should I kill?
Every motherfucker running up the hill
1, 2, 3, what should I do?
Get fucked up and fuck up you Pussy liquor
Make ya sicker
Pussy liquor
Do it quicker (Spoken x2)
Baby: Yeah, we liked to get fucked up, fucked up
Goober: Yeah, I like to get fucked up too
Baby: Yeah, I bet you do Don't you know something
They won't tell
Send them to a hell
Burnin' in the house

Spirits are alive
A tongue lashing mama
Help 'em to survive 1, 2, 3, who should I kill?
Every motherfucker running up the hill
1, 2, 3, what should I do?
Get fucked up and fuck up you Pussy liquor
Make ya sicker
Pussy liquor
Do it quicker (Spoken x2)
Baby: Yeah, we liked to get fucked up, fucked up
Goober: Yeah, I like to get a blow job too
Baby: Yeah, I bet you do
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>