

# Bob Schneider, Bullets

I gotta freak I gott flow  
I gotta throw my ass overboard dont you knowThe tip I'm on yeah it's the bomb  
Did I ever tell you that you look a lot like my mom  
Yeah and your smart I can tell you pull me apart as well  
And then you put me back together hey hey don't break my heart and sell it for  
Ice cream and fudge give me a nudge  
Yeah is it live or is it dope honey I'm not the kind to judge

If you got the bullets I got the time  
You bring the bullets I'll bring the wine  
You bring your bullets I'll bring my bat  
I can tell you where it is but I can't tell you where it's at

Now money honey's your only friend  
You know your friends may take a walk but money'll be there till the end  
You're in a spin it ain't no sin  
To drink some gin and have yourself some fun oh every now and again  
Oh man I'm bleeding so I'm going to bed bro  
Because the mad hatter's crazy and having a party in my head and though  
I don't mind big baby 'm getting sleepy  
And baby that look that you've been giving me is getting kinda creepy

If you got the bullets I got the time  
You bring the bullets I'll bring the wine  
You bring your bullets I'll bring my bat  
Let's get the hell out of town before they find out where we're at  
I can tell you where it is but I can't tell you where it's at

And I gotta pig p it wears a wig see  
It tells me every single morning boy you're going to be big b  
It's kinda cutie it plays the flute g  
And yeah a flute playing wig wearing pig's a fucking hootie  
I ain't no blowfish I'm light as air so  
I've got a million dollar smile and I take it everywhere I go  
But you know I keep it hidden deep inside my big ole head  
And I only take it out at night when I'm alone in bed