

Futuristic Sex Robotz, Dishwater

"Recycle Bin:"

Yeah the Robotz in the place with some nuts for your face,
too many hoes got that crotch mace.
Stinks down here like you need to do the dishes,
and this tom-cat ain't all that into fishes.
When I stuck it in, bitch busted a queef,
make your eyes water, good grief.
Shit smelled like old sushi and bakers yeast,
gotta wash that shit if you want me to feast.

"Coaxke:"

I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.

"Subrandom:"

Cootch kept talkin' like a siren in the mist,
got down to it with the thickest fist.
Little did I know the smell wouldn't go,
now my arm's stinkin' up to the elbow.
Take a lesson from this, keep your shit clean,
soap, water, or maybe Listerine.
Funk's gotta go before I go down below,
four little words you gotsta know.

"Coaxke:"

I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.

"Coaxke:"

Furries, you better scrub the cat.
You wouldn't sweat so much, if you lost the fat.
Blow out the dust in your Nintendo cartridge.
Something here stinks like Danny Partridge.
So.

"Coaxke:"

I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.
I believe in douching.