

# Tomahawk, Jockstrap

Jockstrap. You rap.  
G-string. I sing.  
Jockstrap. You rap.  
G-string. I sing.  
Step right up, place your bet  
Steeplechase, notice me  
I need skin for dancin' in  
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch  
High in the saddle  
Make my backbone itch  
And my tongue will train ya  
Like a lash from a whip  
I'm here, take a bow  
And my tongue will feed ya  
Like a lash from a whip  
And i'll give you cuts  
I won't need you to spit  
And if you can't touch my cradle  
How do you win?  
Because baby, no one's shamed particularly  
I dont beat you  
But you can stop spreading horse shit  
'Cause I'm here to take your fall  
I need skin for dancin' in  
I know, stop me  
Send in the show  
I came sharp, clean, smoking  
I need you to  
Watch me, watch them, watch the future  
'Cause I won't hold your pan for you  
I pull (teeth?), pull with your might  
I'm back, push that geezer for me  
Can't you  
Can't you level with him?  
Catch me  
Behind the scene  
Hello, you're nice  
Better delays  
To laugh the days  
Know what?  
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch  
High in the saddle  
I've got the hard-on itch  
And I'll buck you off my trailer hitch  
And I'll break your fall  
Jockstrap. You rap.  
G-string. I sing.  
You're riding on the tail of a son of a bitch  
High in the saddle  
Make my backbone itch  
And I'll buck you off my trailer hitch  
And I'm here to break your fall