

Tracy Bonham, Bulldog

You've got a rocket
Inside your bullet head
I've seen you walk it, baby
Your knack for greatness
Has never done you wrong
You showed that sweet old lady
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog down below
You talk of genius
I feel an undertow
Which head of yours is bragging now?
One made of lettuce
Is smarter than you both
You fooled that manhole anyhow
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog down below
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog down below
He'll bend you over, little red rover
Bend you right over, some Casanova
Go to your momma, little chihuahua
Get back to your momma, little chihuahua
Oh, the bulldog, oh whoa
Oh, the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog down below
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog, oh whoa
Who's got the bulldog down below