## Rodney Carrington, Dear Penis

Dear Penis, I don't think I like you anymore, You used to watch me shave, Now all u do is stare at the floor. Oh dear Penis, I don't like you anymore.

It used to be you and me, A paper towel, and a dirty magazine, That's all we needed to get by. Now it seems things have changed, I think that your the one to blame. Dear Penis, I don't like you anymore.

Now he sings,

Dear Rodney, I don't think I like you anymore, 'Cause when u get to drinkin' You put me places I've never been before. Dear Rodney, I dont like you anymore.

Why can't we just get a grip,
On our man to hand relationship.
Come to terms with truly how we feel.
If we could put our heads together,
We'd just stay home forever.
Dear Penis,
I think I like you after all.

Oh and Rodney, While yer shavin', Shave my balls.