

Scabs, Bullet Proof Body Rubber

I don't want no h.i.v.
I don't want no bullets inside of me
I don't want no d.w.i.
I don't want satan sticking that fork in my big eye

I don't need no driveby in front of my crib
I don't need your father to find out what I did
Last night with you baby in the back of that cab
In fact I don't even want to meet your dad

I need a bullet-proof-body-rubber-evil-shielding-device
Something that'll let me park my car
When I'm f**ked up in the middle of the night
I need a bullet-proof-body-rubber-evil-shielding-device
Something that'll let me park my car
When I'm f**ked up in the middle of the night
Call you up the next day and act real nice

I don't want to live on the mean streets of Chicago
I don't want you to call me Bobo
I don't need to watch t.v. twenty four hours a day
I don't need some motherf**king ad exec trying to tell me what to say

I need a little more gravy on my potato
I need a little more pepper on my big ole pink tomato
I need a little more treble in my stereo
I need a little more blonde in my haireeeooo

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I need a risk free money back guarantee
Don't need no problems hounding me
I need to make sure my girlfriend's not got mafia ties
Don't need nobody coming after me
I need to make sure that I keep my door locked try to keep my gun stocked try to keep it cocked try
Late at night at my head when I'm in bed trying not to think about the things that I said to you yeste