

Pitchforks

Boondox

Welcome to the south
You got a pretty mouth
And if it make sound and I'll take ya tongue rip it out
And please excuse tha mess
I wasn't expecting guest
But since ya here we might as well just try and make tha best

Why ya out here all alone
On ya own so far from home
And who thinkin bout callin stop with the squallin
And give me that fuckin phone
Ain't nobody gone hear you scream
And hell naw this ain't no dream
You dancing with devil now
And some things is about to get extreme
Ya seem a little tense and once again excuse my manners
It must be little of stressful me here standin with a hammer
But I promise it don't matter
I got something else in mind
And even though I love the splatter
I think I'm gone take my time

She my baby, my darlin'
She harvest the garden
She precious like death is
She thirsty, that bitch starvin'
All we do is sit around soakin' in the blood
It's a flood, soak it up
I'm in love with my pitchfork

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My girl is starvin
Yeah I call her Clementine
And oh my darlin
I think that you gone like this friend of mine
She all about tha lovin
And her kiss is soft
But if ya keep on strugglin bitch
Then I promise you gone piss her off
Isn't she lovely
Just beautiful from head to toe
Not very cuddly but when she grab
You ain't no lettin go
And she just let me know she ready to play
So I'll undo this rope
And then bitch you need to run away

I'm playin we ain't chasin but ya should'a seen ya face
I think it's time to feed her cravin she been waitin for a taste
When she enter you I promise you ain't ever felt this way

She my pitchfork your goddess predator and you tha pray

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