

I'm A Man

Pissed Jeans

Hey office lady. I see you there with your rolodex
You know what I'm going to do for you?
I'm going to change out this water jug one-handed
But first Imma spill a few drops into your lap
And dab them up with this powerful organ in my mouth
And by that I mean my tongue
Because I'm a man
And I can tell by my reflection in this duck painting that I look good
You know what a man does?
Lays his finger to the side of his nose to catch the grease
Then dips that finger into his beer head and that head goes down
Yeah I mentioned going down
You heard of it?
I just want to take that packet of pens and spill it on your naked back
African rain I call that
Where's your boss?
Don't answer that because he's right here
I'm pointing at me. I'm your boss
Get me a coffee and dip your undies in it because I like my coffee with a nip of cream
I'm a man, Miss Office Lady
Who's in that picture frame?
I like kids but I don't like boyfriends
And I don't like husbands
You ever been to a zoo and seen the apes?
You ever seen the apes and thought
Those hairy abominations
That hairy one in the corner touching himself with his leatherfingers, that's a man?
When you think of that you think of me
You take dictations? You get it?
You ever been stapled?
Never mind. We'll get to that
You cold?
Put on that cardigan you got hanging over your chair

Do it slow
Pick up that phone and dial S-E-X-F-U-N and guess what
My belt's gonna vibrate and Imma put you on speaker so you can hear yourself begging
Imma pick up the phone saying
What am I and you know how you'll answer?
A man
Go ahead and cry if you need to because I love being flattered
Yeah lick that envelope
Get that corner real good
Let's refill your stapler. Go on
Get out them post-its and write yourself a reminder to thank God for man
You got too much shit on your desk
You like foreplay? Because I don't
I like to cut to the chase
Call a spade a spade
I'm a straight shooter
I'm a man among men
I'll take the milk and the cow
That's you, you're the cow
I'm easy breezy

Gonna measure your entry spot with that ruler you got from the work picnic l
ast summer
I already know you're a size Q pantyhose
Q for Quit talkin' chubby
I hope you know how to cook because Mother don't wake up until noon
And by that time I'll be here with you
Refilling your water cooler and watching you suck on that hard candy like you
never heard of a innuendo
So get ready because come 5 I'll be in the van outside waitin
Rubbin at myself like that ape in his cage
Thinkin about you and your nasty, nasty, nasty desk
And so help me don't you forget the paper clips