

Throttle Bottom

The Hellcopters

Got a chip on my shoulder that's the size of a car
My personality sucks like a drain.
An ego that shines like a bright, burning star.
A cock so heavy that it hangs like a chain.

I like to rock, baby, kick it on high.
In my cave, I'm just hangin' low
When it's time for dinner, then I'm always on time.
And when I find myself, you'll be the first to know.

I'm gonna throttle high.
I'm gonna throttle down.
I'm gonna stick it where it don't belong.
Gonna throttle bottom...out!

I dig the taste of the whip as it cracks
You treat me like a rented mule.
Sweet bloody kisses smacking my back
So, forget my dirty past just because I rule.
Like a punk in Copacabana.
Like a kid born in Havana.
I make a raft and drift out to sea.
And get the best tan that you've ever seen.

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