

# 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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