

No Bite

Momma

Am I a vessel with no bill?
A pleasure center siphoning your fill
The appraiser knows the price
When you're coming at me from behind

Hold me like a gun, I'll do it
Hotter than a thousand degree knife
Muddled in the sound of your spit
Cleaning every tooth I use to bite

You hide, but there's no one
Looking over shoulders for the fun
Tell me when you come

Hold me like a gun, I'll do it
Hotter than a thousand degree knife
Can't you feel my face in a fit?
Look over my shoulder and there's no bite