

# 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