

Bath Salt

Witt Lowry

[Verse 1: Witty]

I'm talking, three blind mice, three fat dykes
I take my heart out of my body just to chisel the ice
I'm a ghost to you bitch, so I'll be on life
Call my grandma a cunt, see I be all nice
You be on the right
Fuck Mark and fuck my life (yeah fuck him)
Now we should see how many faces I can fuck in a night
Now I'm starving to fight, so if you can think I'm starving you're right
See now i'm starving to get my dick into her guard-
it with life (that ain't right)
I dont give a fuck what you think
I beat the pussy up, till that shit is purple and stink
Kids think that when I spit, I'm so dirty and mean
Well is it weird that sometimes when I spit I cream
All over my whitey tightys and my Levi jeans?
Or that I didn't grow a pube until I turned 18?
Now my spleen has turned green, what the fuck does that mean?
Now I'm watching SpongeBob while she's flicking her bean
I mean...

(Mark... Mark! What the fuck?
Snap the fuck out of it!
What the fuck is wrong with you?!)

[Verse 2: Witty]

I took a teste out, just so I could slingshot it
My dick's soaked in vomit, and these girls still want it
One day I overdosed on Midol to stop my flow
It didn't work, now all greens are sold out. Sorry hoes!
Fuck rapping these words
I'll create my own language, like
Gee bit yoy bit loy bik alang dik
Mak mak aluku, bak bak ulang dik
I just made you listen to a rap where I ain't saying shit!
Flow like Goldilocks, dick the size of Dopey
Grandma, when I left, I fucking did the Hokey Pokey
Just because we're blood doesn't mean you fucking know me
If I see you again, I'll scream "fucking blow me!"
Cause you are below me, and below that, and below that
I'll cut your branch off my family tree and never look back
Balls so big, my pants can't fit the ballsack
If that's not ballin', what the fuck should we call that?

(Mark... what the fuck is wrong with you?...
Mark... Mark!!)

[Verse 3: Witty]

I asked Old Mother Hubbard what the fuck was in her cupboard
It's a whole bag of weed, and a big box of rubbers
This dude (will) be like "Bro, homie, we are not brothers!"
Call me a motherfucker cause I probably fucked your mother
My dick is in a bag of balogna for all these phonies
That won't stay off my meat and keep acting like they know me
Dreams of Freddy Kruger, nightmares of pink ponies
I fill a dumb line with a ballin' white Kobe
Ate a guy's face off, changed my name to Raekwon

Jumped out of a plane while I was strapped to a Napalm
Watch a zombie eat my leg and still I fucking stay calm
Strapped myself to a ferris wheel so I could stay on
I walked into Panera, stuck my dick in the soup
They said "What the fuck are you doing?" I said "I'm making beef stew!"
Kids, this is what happens when you don't go to school
And you sit in the back of class writing raps, eating glue, dude

(Mark.. Mark! ...
Snap the fuck out of it! ..
What the fuck is wrong with you?!?)

[Verse 4: Witty]

I stuck my butt cheeks in a blender, to see how long
I could last with the pain while I was writing this song
I lasted about two minutes, and everything went wrong
Now all I got is one butt cheek and a half-done song
Thong, bong, pong, I'll battle King Kong's dong on
With a purple dildo and a robot ???
I'm not crazy man, I just say the shit that you wouldn't
Well now I suck? Motherfucker I'm doing shit that you couldn't!
Lemme down this hundredproof and try to still walk straight
I ripped off my license plate and drove down the interstate
I'm just going for a nice drive, mooning as I drive by
But I still only got one butt cheek so they be wide-eyed
Girls wanna try I, but most of y'all are fucking hoes
But they're the ones that like the lines like this. Well, what do you know?
Turn a Barry Manilow, eat a sandwich filled with mold
Tell them that I'm never fucking stopping 'til I'm dead and cold