

I'm at the Kwik-E-Mart to find where the Simpsons are  
I got money to give Bart cause he ticked me shard  
Yo someone tell me where the strippers are  
I get it popping like throwing ninja stars in a titty bar  
It might be a bit bizarre  
But I'm at my best friends funeral I'm crying, but my dick is hard  
My mate showed me his minibar  
I couldn't stop asking the cunt where the fucking midgets are  
Last week I bought a Nixon mask  
Stole Bill Clinton's car and drove it into Monica Lewinsky's spa  
My girlfriends a Gypsy with a job to do  
I'll sign your CD's, she'll rob ya shoes and your wallet too  
Drive by in a Commodore, ride right to the bottle shop  
Rock tie die, no knife fights I'm a white guy with a tomahawk  
Pause and ask the owner if he knows the fuckin' soccer score  
If our teams losing then we're fuckin' up his shop some more

I'm the kid your parents like to hate  
And I'm the kid that girlies like to taste  
And I'm the kid that cuts all the lines and shows up late  
Everything you got yah, I got it by mistake

I think from all the benders I've rocked and all the ecstasy popped  
I suffer memory loss which means I don't remember a lot  
I like machetes because it's the weapon I've got  
Use it start connect the dots and you're freckles and spots  
Even when I'm not right I'll never be wrong  
I'm levels beyond, on a level that you won't ever be on  
I'll take a photo of how Jesus died and I'll text it to God  
(Message tone) Message across  
I got a question for God, if we got the 1st Testament wrong  
Tell us where we got the second one from?  
Yo from this day I never will flop, you want proof?  
I'll stab the end of my cock with this adrenaline shot  
Hey yo my cock is a Cyclops, got nikes on and they're high tops  
Meet you then tell you that your girl got a nice box  
Everything I do in life is quite wrong  
Eat an apple a day so I stole ya fuckin' iPod

I getting it in when I get in the ring  
It's a left right to the chin, I side step then I swing  
Got two bisexual identical twins, in my ride  
Dressed up as gimps on a wild ketamine binge  
Getting more head than forceps  
You get T-bagged for sleeping I let my balls rest on ya forehead  
If ya wondering why I haven't said pause yet  
And presuming I'm talking about a dude then you're bent  
Speaking at the court, here and naked  
With my balls shaved, that's what I call a bald statement  
Whole world on my shoulders didn't think that I could balance it  
But it's lighter than you think like Michael Jackson's kids  
You don't know where the fuck you been ?  
Took your chick to go fuck ? better suck my dick till she bust a lip  
Fuck what I said before aye, ain't got no money bitch  
Girls call me an arsehole cos I'm tight as fuck and full of shit