

Earache My Eve

Dun nun nun

Dun nun nun

Dun Dun Dun

Odelay!

My Momma talk to me

Try to tell me how to live

But I don't listen to her

'cos my head is like a sieve

My daddy, he disowned me

'cos I wear my sisters clothes

He caught me in the bathroom

with a pair of pantyhose

My basketball coach

he just kick me off the team

For wearing high heels sneakers

and acting like a queen

Gonna tie my pecker to a tree to a tree

Gonna tie my pecker to a tree to a tree

Gonna tie his pecker to a tree

Get your boogie off

Go Head

The world is coming to an end and I don't give a dam

As long as I have my bitch

Oh and my fly gear

It don't bother me, if people think I'm funny

'cos I'm a big rock star, and I make lots of money

Money, money, money..

Are you talking petsos?

Money, ka ching
Ha, ha, ha
Lots of money
I'm so bloody rich
Lots of money
Lots of muthafuckin money
I get looks
Ha, ha, ha
I own shopping centres, parking lots
and stocks, and all that shit
Ha, ha, ha
I own you, ha, you too, you three
For me, he he, oh oh
Get your groove off
Let's bring it back one more time Jonathan
Jonathan on them drums, getting ever slower
More groovin, slow that shit down
Crazy slow, come on, death, right here, slow, ah
Don't give a fuck, break it out
You even know, Boy George is on heroin
We don't give a fuck
Rick James is in the crack house
I'm fuckin paying, that's all that matters
Ha, ha, ha, ha, aahh, ha, ha, ha
The bomb is a fuckin in the house
Loco! Ooooh aahhh oooo
Gimme some