

# Hoobastank, Prank Call To Cobalt Cafe

Cobalt.&quot;

Yeah, wassup, uh, nigga.

I was uh plannin' on uh playin with my rap band uh somewhere and we heard about the Cobalt Cafe, thought it'd be a tit out place to play, and so, I was thinkin, what's up with that?

&quot;Uh, hang on a second&quot;

Alright.

&quot;Yeah, won't you call back, uh, tomorrow at six?&quot;

Yeah, well 'bout six o'clock,

we be practicin' and shit, ya know, like,

I was just wantin' to know, you know,

if like, rap bands 'n stuff were allowed in that place 'n stuff,

cause we really, like ya know, rap the house off 'n stuff,

ya know, we call, ya know, we light fires 'n stuff, 'n stuff like that,

ya know, and throw records at people's heads 'n shit, you know,

we call, yeah, people like us, we got a catchy name,

we call &quot;Show Me Your Titz&quot; 'n stuff like dat, you know like,

they really into our music 'n stuff,

people dance around the place naked with their (laughter) hello?

I don't see what's so funny about our rap music, homeboy.

Homeboy, whats you laughin at?

&quot;That's funny&quot;

You, you would shit in your pants if you seen us play,

we rap the house off, muthafucker like,

we seriously break some fuckin' shit nigga,

we kick some ass home-boy.

&quot;Really?&quot;

We badasses, bitch. We called &quot;Show Me Your Titz&quot;.

&quot;Hmmm. Interesting.&quot;

Yeah, we...

&quot;We'll yeah, you should...&quot;

Dave, we talked to Dave,

called back and talk to Dave,

cause this's Tito in the house, wassup dude, wassup?

&quot;Hang on a second.&quot;

&quot;Hello?&quot;

Yeah wassup dude, this Dave?

&quot;No.&quot;

Dave, wassup?

&quot;No, Dave's not in.&quot;

Oh hey, who dis?

&quot;What?&quot;

Who dis?

&quot;This is Ryan&quot;.

Ryan?

&quot;Ryan.&quot;

Wassup dude? This is Tito in da house, whaduuuuup. Y

o wassup dude, I want to get my, my rap band in there,

&quot;Show Me Your Titz&quot;.

&quot;Yeah, you got to call back tomorrow dude.&quot;

'Bout what time?

&quot;6 o'clock.&quot;

Aww man, &quot;Show Me Your Titz&quot; is performing tomorrow night.

&quot;What's that?&quot;

We're performing, my band, &quot;Show Me Your Titz&quot;.

That's what we called.

&quot;Show me the tits?&quot;

Yeah, &quot;Show Me Your Titz.&quot;

&quot;Show me your tits. (laughing)&quot;

Yeah.

&quot;Wonderful.&quot;

We badass muthafuckers,

we break some records over people's heads 'n stuff on a turntable

and slap it on our asses and juicy fruits, ya know.  
We come, we crazy people man, wassup dude.  
We bring it down from the south side to the prizzo(?).  
It's crazy like that homeboy, you see how it is in the hood growin' up,  
muthafucka. You know how it is, right?  
"Yeah."  
We all good like that.  
"Yeah, I know."  
We also talk about Jesus and stuff like that, we all good, homeboy.  
"Look bud, you gotta call back, I'm really busy right now."  
Alright man,  
I'll talk to Dave or Chris or whoever the fuck that muthafucka is tomorrow,  
tell him that um, "Show Me Your Titz" will be in there, soon as possible.  
"Okay."  
"Ah, tit out."