

# Jodi Benson, Perfect World

The are despots and dictators  
Political manipulators  
There are blue bloods with the intellects of fleas  
There are kings and petty tyrants  
Who are so lacking in refinements  
They'd be better suited swinging from the trees

He was born and raised to rule  
No one has ever been this cool  
In a thousand years of aristocracy  
An enigma and a mystery  
In Meso American History  
The quintessence of perfection that is he

He's the sovereign lord of the nation  
He's the hippest dude in creation  
He's a hep cat in the emperor's new clothes  
Years of such selective breeding  
Generations have been leading  
To this miracle of life that we all know

What's his name?  
Kuzco, Kuzco (That's his name)  
Kuzco (He's the king of the world)  
Kuzco, Kuzco (Is he hip or what?)  
Kuzco (Ya)

He's the sovereign lord of the nation  
He's the hippest cat in creation  
He's the alpha, the omega, a to z  
And this perfect world will spin  
Around his every little whim  
'Cos this perfect world begins and ends with

What's his name?  
Kuzco, Kuzco, Kuzco  
Kuzco (That's his name)  
Kuzco, Kuzco (Is he hip or what)  
kuzco (Don't you know he's the king of the world?)  
Kuzco-(oh ya)-oooo (ow!)