

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!)