

# Adam Sandler, Technical Foul

Look you've got to understand  
It's just been me and Eleanor for sixty-seven years  
So she gets nervous around strangers  
I wouldn't show that picture to any one  
Or they might try to take you two guys back to the laboratory  
Listen we got rules in this house, and you better follow  
Them or you'll find yourself outta of here  
This might be harder then I thought  
If you're coming from street, with dirty shoes on your feet  
That's a technical foul  
If you switch the radio to some modern music show  
That's a technical foul  
If you don't shut the door after using the fridgerator  
That's a technical foul, a technical foul  
If you touch the thermostat, you'll get hit with a bat  
'Cause that's a technical foul, you'll feel my wrath  
If your hair clogs the drain, you'll know the meaning of pain  
Cause that's a technical foul, I'll show you no mercy  
This is such bull shit, hey in this house we say bull spit  
Or it's a technical foul, a technical foul  
Let me get this straight  
You expect me to change my entire lifestyle in one night  
Because you guys are a couple of psychotic control freaks  
You got it bub or you can go rot in the gutter  
It's up to you Yankee Doodle  
Well, I don't want to do that  
But let me run a few questions by you  
So I don't screw up accidentally  
If I don't spray Lysol, after moving a bowel  
That's a technical foul, okay?  
If I decide to wash my ass with your monogrammed towel  
That's a technical foul  
Please say, hieney  
If I make fun of your crazy feeties  
Or give sugar cookies to Miss Diabetes  
That's not only technical foul but, possibly a homicide  
Can I sleep past three?  
If you do you'll get a T  
Take a wizz in those flowers  
I'll say hit the showers  
Use this horn as a bong  
Adios Tommy Chong  
Make some long distance calls  
You'll get a kick in the balls  
Can I walk around with my morning erection?  
If you want an automatic ejection  
'Cause that's a technical foul  
But I'd like to see it anyway, just kiddin'  
There are certain rules which apply in one's life  
With your sister, friends or imaginary wife  
I can't believe, I haven't killed myself  
Respect carries over me on the court  
Here with Wigs Magee, and a fury elf  
Whether you're Jewish diabetic or especially short  
She's ironic and he's a troll  
I see, she's strange in my royal carry  
My imaginary wife is short and hairy  
They took my wig, I remember the look in their eyes  
How did my life get stuck in this shit hole?  
Why oh why won't someone retrieve my wig, wig, wig?  
Guess I have to deal with your demands  
But please don't touch me with your alien hands  
I got no right to growl  
The whistle she's on the prowl

Without my wig, I look like an owl  
Oh, my God, don't laugh at her  
Or it's a technical foul  
Or it's a technical foul  
Or it's a technical foul