

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