

# Body Count, Smoked Pork

Yo Moose, stop the car right here.

Alright, give it here, give it here.

No man let me do it, cool ice.

Stay in the car man, stay in the car. Stay in the car.

Uh, hi officers, um, we had a flat tire back there.

Do you think you guys could help us out?

"Naw, that's not my job. My job's not to help your fuckin' ass out."

I mean, um, you know I don't have any other way to get home.

"That's not my job, asshole."

Well uh, could you tell me what your job is?

"Right now my job is eatin' these doughnuts, or maybe...

hey, wait a minute. Aren't you--"

Yup