

Edan, Sing It Shitface

Din effects, lyrical asshole, taking shitty Mc tongue to the frozen flagpole
I farted family functions, landing punches in the face of life
I paid the grand and three hundred for my beat machine,
(my body)I keep it clean, by eating vegetables, while you claim indestructible
I made 'em feel uncomfortable by talking about my hemroids
And now my parakeet's unemployed, I enjoyed watching old men
put Penzoil inside their engines, while eating cookies kept in tin foil
I been spoiled, like the underwear that's been soiled by my opponents
When I assemble my microphone kit, most kids are mere domeless
I wonder what they folks did to make 'em think they flow swift with broken focus
Folk hymns are sung, while my guitar is strung, and then plucked to make the hip-hop purists tense
sure it's ten bucks to come and see me at a show
But when I stage dive into jell-o you won't care about the dough
But if you still think my shit is wack, you'll get your money back
And then you leave the show, running into two men in funny hats
They'll beat the fuck out of you and take your wallet out of your back pocket
After that you swell up in the eye-sockets, then I'll finish my show and go to
The parking lot and meet the two men, who then put your loot in my pocket
I tried jocking myself but that didn't work, after I realized that God was
watching with a hidden smirk, I shit a turd that stunk the house for three weekends
Instead of R'n'B bitches, I do my hooks with Japanese kids

(Chorus: Japanese)

(So Sing it Shitface)

Ooh, I love farting in the bathtub, at clubs, at home
On the road, in your face unload, in your eyeball
Fart while walking on the sidewalk, after nightfall
To the point you spray Lysol, despite all the things
That the people might say, I grab my genitals and tell 'em have a nice day
The right way, to grab a mic is constantly exhibited
By me, and the MC knows he's unlimited, it's imminent
like water splashing on the coast lines
where I go to town meetings
And on the bulletin board I post rhymes, most times
don't give a fuck about what you telling me
I get excited and crash a third grade spelling bee
and just as a girl named Bethany is about to win my spelling "cheese",
I interrupt the train of thought by yelling "Freeze!"
And when she sees that I'm nothing but a prankster
she tells the teacher, but I proceed to go
And yank her for her title, of third grade vocabulary champion
she starts to cry, I say : "That's what you get for tampering
with the wordsmith, with the verb gift,"
The principal got nervous, when I ran into his office shirtless
what's the purpose of terrorizing elementary schools?
I don't know, but I penetrate your brain with entry tools
Narratives from the battletongue
my record collection consists of twenty-two copies of Aqualung
half a lung is what I need to rock a venue
I then do some Herculean shit on the wheels to code: end you
got the versatility of ten dudes, next stop my little shitfaced friend
Serves a chorus up from the menu

(chorus: Japanese)

(So sing it scumbag... yeah!)