

# 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 battle tongue  
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!)