

# Lemon Demon, Zander Vs. Crunchy

&lt;strong&gt;Crunchy:&lt;/strong&gt;  
Chimy-changa. Feel my anga'  
See my wrath like a cartoon manga  
Did you catch my drift Bambino?  
I'm defective as a bottle of Beano  
You're in my casino now Biatch!  
Spin the wheel and wiatch  
As I clean your clock  
Don't make me get my glock  
Cause' the shock's gonna make you screech like a hawk

DAMMIT! Expletive deleted!  
Your brain's been depleted, I sound so conceited  
But it's kosher to rap like an egomaniac  
You'd pimp yourself out and everybody craps  
My train of thought tends to derail  
My mind frame tends to fall off the nail  
My music's sick, my blood is thick  
My style's like a goddamn magic trick  
Don't understand, it's all slight of hand  
It's all smoke and mirrors and a rubber band  
Y'know it's like they say in Japan  
[Gibberish?]

&lt;strong&gt;Zander:&lt;/strong&gt;  
Spinning out the beats like a type of crazed dreidel  
Raps been alarmed it's considered a fable  
Y'know I'm willing and able to cradle any young rapper along the road of Mabel  
Crazed, confused, dazed, it's all good  
Cause' I'm doing as good as a rapper should  
Representin' Dead Rabbits America  
Sworn against (?)(sounds like Massfield), chumps in that area  
You reminisce like a lifeless army  
Unable to stop, and it's quite alarming  
We battle top to the quarry  
Buildin' a religion, it's a big frickin' story  
So shut your mouth, here's a burrito  
I'm known as the rapper's great Bambino  
Squad clears out of the park  
With a bottle of cleaner  
Raps so fast it's uncomprehensible  
Using rubber bands for your magic tricks  
All I do is flick my frickin' wrist  
Then I come out with death's kiss  
And now it's game set and match, bitch!

&lt;strong&gt;Crunchy:&lt;/strong&gt;  
I'm a rodent, cuz  
Seize the moment  
While you watch Bonanza in bed with Tony Danza  
And this will shock ya, my name's Willy Wonka  
My chocolate factory's the bomb  
Crunchy's pimpin' dot com  
Are you dead yet? Full of lead yet?  
Stuck in a closet with Bill and Ted yet?  
Medicated love is a terrible deal  
Nonetheless it's like an SOB, it is real.  
I hear a distant rumbling: the sound of an empire crumbling  
It's pretty sweet, if humbling  
Manamanamana-mumblin'  
Are you scared, or are you stoners impaired?  
I'm like an evil President with a secret lair  
You might find that the world is gone  
The hero turns out to be a pawn

Do you catch my drift?  
Cuz I lied  
I lit Grandpa's hair on fire  
He said, "Ow" and he died.

<strong>Zander:</strong>  
Little gangsta, singin' "Hard Knock Life"  
Living with his dad who he never had a wife  
So he learned in strife to stay calm  
And decided when he was older he was gonna show 'em.  
Topped over a light, the light boy singin'  
Spacecat, all the usual gangsters took a step back  
But through the black came a burning light  
And turned to day from night.  
I tell you what, go hop into bed with a pink nightie  
Close your eyes and I'll read you a story  
Cuz you're a youngun in this rap game, Crunchy  
Crunchy, ha! That's really funny  
What kind of name is that, honey?  
What, did your mom help you come up with that?  
Does she still wash your hair in the bath?  
I'm seasoned, please believe in  
Crowd pleasin' every damn season  
They believe in me so it's meant to be  
That I'm the top in this breezy-heezy game  
Representin' the name, once again  
Dead Rabbits for life PG-13  
I know you know it's me  
I got it in for life, dogs  
And now I'm squeaky clean  
Crunchy, I got a big hunchy  
That you ain't got no talent in this rap game  
And you know what?  
I'm kinda hungry,  
so I'm gonna swallow you up  
Cuz I've got the munchies!

<strong>Crunchy:</strong>  
Dear Lord, you must be bored  
Tryin' to pick a fight with the dark overlord  
Crunchy sees no worthy enemies here  
Just a little queer with a disturbing ghetto rear  
Ghetto mike gear, it's time to teach you a lesson  
Now I'm confessin' you're just salad dressin'  
You smell like a phony with 3 times for messin'  
Smell this, you puppy pants dork  
I'm gonna stab you in the face with a fork  
Then I'll beat you with twigs and a chair  
Chop you up with an ax and feed you to a bear  
I'll hang on to your spleen  
Keep it clean  
I'll put it on the wall  
That oughta help my self-esteem  
You're full of crap  
You're all bark and no bite  
You roll in the sack with a fat ho all night

<strong>Zander:</strong>  
Props to Neil, he's got the goods  
His look's like a hobo and Tiger Woods  
A scrawny white boy who needs his good looks  
He's got his nose stuck in the books  
If he's in the rap game he'll fake it  
Crunchy looks kinda funny, come on dog, try and keep up  
I'll leave you huffin' in the dust

Puttin' us through another round of torture  
When the words come up out of your mouth they're like murder  
It's some kinda disorder  
Keep being an illiterate bringin' down world order  
And you said yourself you're a rodent  
Too small, livin' in the garbage  
Watchin' reruns of I Love Lucy  
And makin' up songs to Captain Planet  
Takin' showers once a year  
Keepin' the world oil supply nice and near  
But don't fear, no one's gonna cheer  
No one's gonna cheer

&lt;strong&gt;Crunchy:&lt;/strong&gt;  
That had to be the worst piece of garbage that I've ever heard  
Didn't anybody tell you you couldn't polish a turd?  
I'm gonna polish your ass  
I'm gonna make you eat grass  
Sassafrass  
Word up G  
I gotta pee  
But that's just me  
You know there once was an old lady who swallowed a fly  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly  
But you're a pansy  
I need candy  
I want candy  
I want an autographed picture of Randy Savage  
Printed on cabbage  
Pandora's box is fulla blue porridge  
Blue porridge  
I don't have a clue what the hell's up with you  
There could be a pebble in your shoe  
For all I know you're overcompensating  
Having trouble dating  
Or having trouble mating  
But I'm just stating what I think  
Your hair is hot pink  
That's OK, we all know you're gay

&lt;strong&gt;Zander:&lt;/strong&gt;  
OK, overlord, I'm the mandate of heaven  
Chosen to send a floatie to show you a true onion  
Born I was going to accomplish  
And even anyone who raps was telling you to stop this  
Flawless what these rhymes bring  
Foolishness is what happens to any Crunchy overlord chump that tries to stop to top this  
Hey Crunchy, Halloween's over  
You don't have to act like a Class A Shroeder  
And your rap's borderline asinine  
A stupid overlord dressed in the worst of the times  
So get a new style  
While I'm here burnin' it up  
You've been chokin' on my dust  
So you're buildin' up to rust  
So small you're lookin' like a dunce

&lt;strong&gt;Crunchy:&lt;/strong&gt;  
ZanderZanderBoBanderBananafanafofander  
MeMyMoMander  
Zander likes to pander to the dorks of the nation with  
No consideration for things like style  
It's all imitation  
Go back to your home  
Let your mommy spank you

I'm sure you'll enjoy it  
Cue rimshot, thank you  
May a thousand locusts prey on your region  
You're just another member of the wannabe legion

&lt;strong&gt;Zander:&lt;/strong&gt;  
You're right, I shouldn't even fight  
I am the best, I've finally seen the light  
There's really no reason to go through the hassle  
Crunchy should take a hint  
And shut his motherfuckin' trap  
Let this be a warning to any other fool  
If you stand up to Zander  
He'll kick you in the family jewels.  
Bye bye.

&lt;strong&gt;Crunchy:&lt;/strong&gt;  
Bye Bye!