Malachi Crunch, Hey Spudman

It's spud Makes a drug deal Tio's Makes another meal

You may have noticed that he always hangs around He can't relax you know he's always tightly wound

Euchre Play another game Puker Showing no shame

He's a drug gourmet of the first degree Enchiladas that are laced with LSD

Please don't talk to me Please don't talk to me Please don't talk to me Make my taco but don't talk to me

Bus ride Sat behind me I died Couldn't get free

He talked for hours about his latest trip I swear it felt like a verbal pistol whip

Please don't talk to me Please don't talk to me Please don't talk to me Make my taco but don't talk to me