

Pratt Dave And The Sex Machine Band, Anti-Jack

I'd like to say hi to all the girls in the balcony
Okay-get my Brooke Shields doll out
Get my left glove on my left hand
Are ya ready?

I'm sick of Michael Jackson
I'm tired of all that
So this is the Anti-Jackson Rap
I don't like his music
I think he's a bum
So let's keep him out of the Valley of the Sun
All right!

CHORUS

Now, Weird Al says, Michael, won't ya eat it?
I say take your brothers and beat it, beat it, beat it
Well, let me tell ya, everybody
When push comes to shove
We know what Michael Jackson can do with that glove
Somebody throw him a Pepsi
And one for Billie Jean
Now light a match for the sex machines
Brooke Shields, this one's for you!
Now, Brooke Shields says, Michael
Why do you ignore me
Well, Michael saves his kisses
For his little friend Boy Georgie

CHORUS

Now, you can have the Jackson five
And all of that jive
We'll be rockin' in the red
To keep our hopes alive
Now I hope he stays away
And never comes to 'Zona
'Cause I'm the King Salami
But he's the King Bologna
Now, the Jackson may come
Maybe, just maybe
But from all the morning people
Hey, suck wind, baby

CHORUS

Oh, many, ya got my glove all dirty
Who don't you like me, Boy George gonna hit you
Brooke, Brooke, they're pickin' on me Brooke, Brooke?
