

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?
