

Wheatus, The Song That I Wrote When You Diss

Hey there Mr. Marlboro man, what you gonna do,
When there's nobody left but your choke smoking self to abuse?
Hey there Mr. C.E.O man, where you gonna be,
When your daughter and me hop the first cheap flight to Fiji? Or Paris?

There you go telling me how I feel again,
There you go telling me what you need again,
There you go telling me how to be again,
Just like you, aint it true?
But like that nasty King Kong,
Cock strong and half a block long,
There weren't nothing as the song that I wrote when you dissed me.

Hey there Mr. Fraternity boy, what you gonna say,
When its time to admit to your family and shit that you're gay, anyway,
Hey there Mr. Head-In-The-Clouds, you know what I found?
Got the tape of the rape and that ass that you pound, how profound, pass
Around,

There you go telling me how I feel again,
There you go telling me what you need again,
There you go telling me how to be again,
Just like you, aint it true?
But like that nasty King Kong,
Cock strong and half a block long,
There weren't nothing as the song that I wrote when you dissed me,
Just like that nasty King Kong,
Cock strong and half a block long,
There weren't nothing as the song that I wrote when you dissed me.

Everybody Lunch,
Lunch,
Lunch,
Lunch,
Yeah everything's alright,
Leave it alone tonight,
Yeah everything's ok,
Just tell your mom you're gay,

Yeah yeah,
Just like that nasty King Kong,
Cock strong and half a block long,
There weren't nothing as strong,
As that nasty King Kong,
Just like that nasty King Kong,
Cock strong and half a block long,
There weren't nothing as strong as the song that I wrote,
Motherfucker.