

# Napoleon Dynamite

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The emperor, subjects, and his dogs  
Fuck you all Napoleon's dynamite blew up in his face  
Yoo busy handin out plates, now get yourself a taste  
Yum, gravy over lips seekin tongues  
Price that you pay for thinkin e'rybody dumb  
Green and googly wide-eyed and surprised  
Brows and lashes, honey mustaches, fried bride  
Effort to little hit now holla cry pride  
When the opposition forces came to take him back BACK  
(Always gonna be hounded fella, by the police)  
Oh-me-oh-me-oh-my, we don't assume Secretly you probably relate  
Loud lung tyrant, now YOU be quiet  
Husheth, thou dost protesth too mucheth  
Your deeds are on file, take your testament is bupkis  
I feel like Lazarus, steppin out the grave  
To give reporters of his death, the world's greatest nay  
It ain't hear or say, you can see it for your own two  
Sucker or get close and feel it if you want to  
But I know you, you won't and can't do  
Seamstress and lies are bustin up your handle  
Palms and fingertips on ultra-blister  
You crossed a good dude now he cued the ultra-disher  
Shell position fill your old tradition self  
Machine gun ran in the pad and clipped himself  
Now your project sinks up leakin  
Hand over head and the sticky red is seepin  
Weepin willow goin onry ape shit  
Little homey onlooker shout, "He ain't gon' make it!"  
The moment where bullies find God  
Dumb-ass, he been on the scene all along  
Tried to help you steer clear, you sped up to the climax  
The brick wall on your cheeks worse than Imax  
Heavy child I know you wish you never tried black  
Dante air blow craft you can't hijack  
Yes, but really I digress  
Let me step aside and let the EMS clean up the drecks  
Extra gore soak the medics to they own asshole  
I pray peace on your soul now BEGONE~!  
Movin on, to deeper brighter better and more

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