

Hair Helmet

Tesco Vee's Hate Police

Nice rug.
Two hats.
You get a receipt for that?
Chromedome,
side comb,
straight up in the wind itâ€™s a sail fin.
Your fat head sheds and I got to grin,
plaster down,
goop it up.
Looks like a drowned rat on a monkey butt.

Sky piece on your head is strangely Ernest Stangely.
You ainâ€™t no looker man, youâ€™re TJ Hooker.
Grass donâ€™t grow on the head of Kevin DuBrow.
Baldy locks your head looks like my cock.

With the light refracting off your head,
let your top ball glisten, youâ€™re better off dead.
You find it in your pillow and your hairbrush too,
*****?
Toupee?
Shave it?
Whatcha gonna do?
Itâ€™s easy to spot him from miles afar,
heâ€™s a wheeling and dealing in his compact car.
You know on his date he wonâ€™t get very far,
when the top of his head looks like the hood of his car.

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Sky piece on your head is strangely Ernest Stangely.
(Somebody kill that guy.)
You ainâ€™t no looker man, youâ€™re TJ Hooker.
(Thatâ€™s a wig!)
Grass donâ€™t grow on the head of Kevin DuBrow.
(I think he IS dead.)
Baldy locks your head looks like my cock.

Lyrics Submitted by Solid Briscoe

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