

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 ain't no looker man, you're TJ Hooker.

(That's a wig!)

Grass don'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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>