

# Zero Dude

## Tankard

Sticky hands, smelly feet  
Badly breath, fart of death  
Please don't mind my running nose  
I've got everything you need I gotta good feet, this is a good deal  
Gimme your Dollars, make it real  
Tomorrow's too late, for every good trade  
Don't think about it, don't hesitate Come on in, look around  
Please beware, rancid air  
I sell guns and animals  
See my sex-toys? Best in town! A piece of cake, a piece of cake  
Can get ya porn-shit, or pink shampoo  
I have the coolest and lowest prices  
The people call me "Zero Dude"  
My hair is fake, my hair is fake  
No problem, man, I've got attitude  
I am the man with the million lighters  
The people call me "Zero Dude" Russian furs, french perfums  
Irish stew, british glue  
I sell safes and satellites  
Michael Jackson's silicon I gotta good feet, this is a good deal  
Gimme your Dollars, make it real  
Tomorrow's too late, for every good trade  
Don't think about it, don't hesitate Tell your friend 'bout my shop  
Come again, buy a lot  
Doesn't matter, if you're broke  
I take your wife, if she is hot A piece of cake, a piece of cake  
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