

The Song That I Wrote When You Dissed Me

Wheatus

Hey there, Mr. Marlboro man, what you gonna do
When there's nobody left but your choke smoking self to abuse?
Hey there, Mr. CEO 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, ain't it true?
But like that nasty King Kong
Cock strong and half a block long
There weren't nothing as string as the song
That I wrote when you dissed me
Hey there, Mr. Fraternity, boy, what you gonna say
When it's 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, ain't 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 strong 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 okay
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

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