

Fig Jam

Butterfingers

I woke up this morning, but I didn't wake
'Til the afternoon, because I slept in late
With a great mental state and a date with destiny
I'll roll down the block without a copper even stressin' me
Let alone arrestin' me or giving me a ticket
It's coming into summer, and the weather's fucking wicked
So I figured I'd be hitting the beach
Look at skinny-dipper's titties and get something to eat
After half a pound of chips and a flounder burger
I was sitting on my arse like a council worker
Reminiscing about being pissed off about
My house burning down to the ground, and being out on my arse
Before my change of fortune
Now I score tunes, don't get up before noon
So your mama's on the head of my knob
And it's better than heading to my dead-end job
Because the boss was a cockhead when I was a clerk
So I clocked him - and now I don't work
It's beautiful day, and I can use a cliché, cause
"I am the greatest!" ...like Cassius Clay

I got the world at my feet, and my toe jam's nasty
Figjam!
Fuck I'm good, just ask me
I couldn't give a shit about your corporate hierarchy
Figjam!
Fuck I'm good, just ask me

Ahhhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man
Ahhhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man
Ahhhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man
Ahhhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man

I rock around in trucker thongs
Fucked off a buck-of-bongs
If you don't like it, you can come suck a long dick.
'Cause I'm brit pop, all the way to hip hop
I get so plastered, you'd think I'm drinking gyp-rock
But I'm shit-hot, no matter how you look at it

And my lyrics make you wanna read the book-a-let'
Don't - 'cause I'm cooking it like the iron chef!
That's why I'm deaf, up to the high clef

Figjam!

The rhymes are fat like Chief Wiggum and in fact
I never lack it's like a magic pack of Tim Tams
Where the duck nuts and you suck and I don't give-a-damn, so good on the cut
They should call me Edward Scissorhands

So give a hand for me and my associates ... (You suck!)

Well that's just inappropriate

Smoke me a kipper, bitch

I'm from the Ipa-switch

Side of town, don't forget to write it down

(West side, eeee!)

What the fuck? It ain't gangster rap!

Think you're tougher, then you'd probably suffer wanker's cramp

And I'll thank you to fuck right off

Professional fuckwits, take one night off

I'm Evil Eddie with a rock-steady microphone mastery

Figjam!

Fuck I'm good, just ask me

As a concept, the intellect can't grasp me

Figjam!

Fuck I'm good, just ask me

Ahhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man!

Ahhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man!

Ahhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man!

Ahhhh! I can't believe how good I am, I'm the motherfucking man!

I got the strong profile, without the help of rhinoplasty

Figjam!

Fuck I'm good, just ask me

Kicking arse in the cha, but you can't class me

Figjam!

Fuck I'm good, just ask me

I just had a threesome with ya moma and your aunty

Figjam!

Fuck I'm good, just ask me

And they're coming back this arvo for the bukkake party

Figjam!

My dick is bigger than a wigwam!

And you can see my peepee three feet above the tv
And if you are getting very sleepy, wake up!
(these cunts need a shake up)

I'm a jet-set, go-getter, but I got a vendetta
Just got a death threat over the phone
Better go lay low, under ground, like a bilby
Figjam!

Chill man, people wanna kill me!
But I don't let that bullshit sweat me
I'm at ya mama's if you wanna come and get me,
You shady fuck, I may be stuck
In a crazy situation but I'm favoured by lady luck
You wanna stop me? You'd wanna do it properly?
[Blam blam]
Ah fuck! Somebody shot me!

Lyrics submitted by israel.

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