

# 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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