

I Made The Bigg Times Now

Larry The Cable Guy

Thank you!

Appreciate it!

Git-R-Done! But it's good to be here, I tell you.

When I come in here this evening and see my name out front in magic marker, boy I tell you what. Daggone.

I made the big times now.

Haha.

Tears roll down my eyeballs.

I was wetter than a bus-load of fat woman on the way to see the Ricky Martin, I tell you what, I was...

A-ha-ha.

That's pretty happy right there, now.

Haha-ha. I don't care who you are, that's pretty funny right there, now.

That's right. I apologize for my outfit, I just come from a wedding.

I had to take my dad, he can't drive no more.

He's a gynecologist, and, uh, he's starting to get tunnel vision.

Haha, that's funny.

Haha.

I don't care who you are, that's funny right there, now.

That's funny right there.

That'd be a good job, gynecologist, now.

I'd be early for work every day at that job. "Why you going to work it's three o'clock in the morning!"

"I know, I gotta get there." I used to date a girl that had one boob bigger than the other boob, and, uh, she got in a wet T-shirt contest, and, uh, come home with first and third place out there at the contest out there.

I tell you...

I tell you, I was so proud of my sister, I tell you what.

She's uh...she's a good girl, now, I tell you what.

I tell you what.

She felt a lump on her breast the other day, went to the doctor, and found out her wisdom boobs is coming in there.

Went out to take the pliers, pull them out, you know. I don't like the fake ones, do you like the fake ones?

I don't like them.

If I had a dollar for every fake boob I tongue-kissed last week, I'd have--well, I wouldn't have any money or nothing, I'm just saying.

I don't like the fake boobs, you know?

I went out with this one girl, had one of them beauty marks like Cindy Crawford.

Now that's sexy right there, now.

Git-R-Done, you know.

I get to kissin' her, it was a tick!

Oh, man.

Ugh. I tell you, I had to burn it out with a lighter, you know, she...oh...she's like,

"You're singeing my beard!

You're singeing my beard!"

You know?

I tell you what, I was madder than a skinhead watching The Jeffersons, I tell you what.

I was--that's funny.

I don't care who you are, that's funny right there, now.

Yeah, but I shouldn't--Lord, I apologize for talking about the skinhead watching the Jeffersons.

And be with the starving pygmies down there in New Guinea. Amen. That's right.

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