# Napoleon Dynamite

## KJ-52

The emperor, subjects, and his dogs
Fuck you allNapoleon's dynamite blew up in his face
Yoo busy handin out plates, now get yourself a taste
Yum, gravy over lips seekin tongues
Price that you pay for thinkin e'rybody dumb
Green and googly wide-eyed and surprised
Brows and lashes, honey mustaches, fried bride
Effort to little hit now holla cry pride
When the opposition forces came to take him back BACK
(Always gonna be hounded fella, by the police)
Oh-me-oh-me-oh-my, we don't assumeSecretly you probably relate
Loud lung tyrant, now YOU be quiet
Husheth, thou dost protesth too mucheth
Your deeds are on file, take your testament is bupkis
I feel like Lazarus, steppin out the grave
To give reporters of his death, the world's greatest nay
It ain't hear or say, you can see it for your own two
Sucker or get close and feel it if you want to
But I know you, you won't and can't do
Seamstress and lies are bustin up your handle
Palms and fingertips on ultra-blister
You crossed a good dude now he cued the ultra-disher
Shell position fill your old tradition self
Machine gun ran in the pad and clipped himself
Now your project sinks up leakin
Hand over head and the sticky red is seepin
Weepin willow goin onry ape shit
Little homey onlooker shout,"He ain't gon' make it!"
The moment where bullies find God
Dumb-ass, he been on the scene all along
Tried to help you steer clear, you sped up to the climax
The brick wall on your cheeks worse than Imax
Heavy child I know you wish you never tried black
Dante air blow craft you can't hijack
Yes, but really I digress
Let me step aside and let the EMS clean up the drecks
Extra gore soak the medics to they own asshole
I pray peace on your soul now BEGONE~!
Movin on, to deeper brighter better and more

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