Idioth

Group X

Blade, listen to thait.
-Okay, what?
-I'm going to the doctorate, right?
-Mmm Hmm?
-And my-- and he's telling me I haive this problem
weef my fronthead, when I'm touching it it does like thait:
(bing!)
-Oh, Crapshaitt!
-Oh daim!
-You and I mowst haive been drinking
out of the saime cup, you know?
-We daid.
-Because, when I haive a saime problem, weef a laidie,
she goes to towch the testiclides,
and it maikes a sounde laike thais:
(bang!)
-Oh, that is sounding like the saime sound
owf my fronthead laike thais:
(bing!)
-Oh, crowtch, the saime as your fronthead laike thais!:
(bang!)
-You mean laike thais?:
(bing!)
Yais.
(bang!)Let me tell you about American Idioth
I-D-I-D-O-T-H
heres a couponette for an punch to the face
We break off your legs, put you in a sweetcase
You'd better run fast like a dog and cat chase
I am the dog, you are the cat
How you like that? (biggity baseball bat)
Hit to the head with a hard piece of bread like,
Doo doo doo do doo doo doo doo doo doo
Now you dead
I hate you so much I take your mother on a date
and telling her she's paying and i'm eating five steaks
I guess you to mess on us was a mistake
But you're an I-D-I-D-O-T-H
I-D-I-D-O-T-H (your faice look laike shaith)

Come and get a punch to your face
I-D-I-D-O-T-H
Time for to get a punch to the face
I-D-I-D-O-T-H (you're a dope without brothers or sisters!)
Oh look, a punch to your face
I-D-I-D-O-T-H
Time for get to a punch to your faceWink 152 and Backshott Babies,
We bite you in the leg like a cat with rabies
Take all your ladies and make them to pay late-fees
At superstacies and still make them hate me!
Cat Rock you try to sing but you cant
Maybe because you forgot to put deoderant
Now Brittany Spaiks want you to go on a date
Becuase you're an I-D-I-D-O-T-HI-D-I-D-O-T-H (You have a stupid face!)
Come to get a punch to your face
I-D-I-D-O-T-H
Time for get to a to for punch to your face
I-D-I-D-O-T-H (Stuffed weef cat tongue, Yes?)
A punch to your face!
I-D-I-D-O-T-H
Guess what? It's time for a punch to your faceI-D-I-D-O-T-H
You say your pets make on the stock trades
And your mother said
OH WHAT HAPPENED? when you came home
You got peuted and puked and abuseded
'cause we beat you in a Lexter Hubert
Head goes under our foot like shoedirt
We saw your girlfriend and do it in her blue skirt
We make your car on the street like backword
We kick you harder than washington packers
So, please take a letter for a punch to the face
Nothing could be better than a punch to the face
You not very good like Puff Doggie and Lace
So take off your socks and jump off of the race
Have another punch to you face
GO TELL YOUR MOTHER YOU GOT PUNCHED IN DA FACE!!

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