

## Trio Matamoros

### "I Keed, I Keed"

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I thought my CD was done  
But that's not what THEY say  
'Do an insult track  
We need it for radio play!'  
Cram in the names  
I'll take a long, hard pee  
To mess up the biz  
Like an MP3

American Idol  
That's who I look for  
In the 'poop' section  
Of my local record store  
Reuben or Clay  
Oh, which should I pick?  
It's like choosing which puddle  
Of vomit to lick  
And when I want something  
Even more fruity and fake  
I look up 'n' for N'Sync  
Or 't' for Timberlake  
So many skills  
Justin's making a buck at  
Does he rap, does he sing?  
He doesn't know what to suck at  
Now, as for the bitches  
Let's give Britney thanks  
For the face that launched  
A million pre-teen skanks  
You were a virgin  
That had to be hard  
You've had more bones in your mouth  
Than a St. Bernard

I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
I joke with you  
(Little dog, little joke)  
I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
You're a great actress, too

(Little dog, little joke)

Now let's go to Wal-Mart  
Where they won't sell my CD  
That company's nuts  
Are in a jar, in aisle 3  
But you can see Christina  
In all her slut-tude  
It's like watching porn  
But the music's not as good  
I want to stuff  
My TV's crotch with a dollar  
Still I'd hump you  
If I could wear my flea collar  
You're looser than my poop  
After eating honeydew  
Only 50 Cents been plugged more than you  
More than you  
And yet you're too old  
For Fred Durst to desire  
He's checking out the cast  
Of Lizzy McGuire  
Soon Fred'll try  
To get Mandy Moore  
To open for him  
And I don't mean on tour  
You're not the first, Durst  
For R.Kelly  
His videos premiere  
At the LAPD  
I believe they set up  
An innocent guy  
and you know what else?  
I believe I can fly

I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
I joke with you  
(Little dog, little joke)  
I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
I believe Michael, too, yeah  
(Little dog, little joke)

Now look how friggin' cool  
Those guys from The Strokes are  
Their riffs are three times  
As old as my jokes are  
Hey White Stripes guy  
Is that your wife or your sister?  
Shouldn't you be playing

Country music mister?  
Hey Coldplay  
Maybe you should be 'Coldsore'  
Back when you were U2  
I liked you so much more  
Somehow your song 'Yellow'  
Reminds me of pee  
I think 'cause when it's over  
It's a big relief to me  
Yo, Pink -  
Is that your hair or a tattoo?  
I didn't know Supercuts  
Had a drive-thru  
Yo, Nelly  
What the hell kind of name is that?  
That's about as gangster  
As an Easter bonnet hat  
And Snoop says he's clean now?  
You make the call  
The guy's higher  
Than Billy Joel's cholesterol  
Snoop . . .  
There's only room for one dog, putz  
And I can rap  
Can you lick your own nuts?  
Poop Diddy  
Are you in showbusiness still?  
I didn't know wearing  
A suit was a skill  
J. Lo, J. Lo  
The giant tail-o  
For a doggy's nose  
That's the holy grail-o  
Shakira's butt's fine  
But it won't hold still, you see  
I sniffed Elton John's tush  
Just for all the history  
I sniffed J. Lo's ass  
And got too touchy-feely  
She let loose a bomb  
That was bigger than 'Gigli'

I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
I joke with you  
(Little dog, little joke)  
I keed, I keed  
(Nothin' wrong witcha butt)  
I even like . . . I don't like Affleck  
(Nothin' wrong witcha butt)

Avril Lavigne, punk queen?  
Now there's a kidder  
Go back north  
Celine needs a babysitter  
Phillip Glass, atonal ass  
You're not immune  
Write a song with  
A fucking tune  
And on the list of pussies  
Don't leave off MTV  
I scare them and Eminem  
So they gave the hook to me  
Slim Shady  
Why do you find me so scary?  
We're just two regular dudes  
Who banged Mariah Carey  
Wipe of that frown  
Just do without it  
Hey, my mom was a bitch, too  
But I don't go writing songs about it

I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
I joke with you  
(Little dog, little joke)  
I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
You know I never meant to hurt you  
(Never meant to make you cry)  
I keed, I keed  
(He just make a little joke)  
It's a joke, you see?  
(Laughy, laughy, laughy, ha, ha)  
Let's stop hating each other  
(He just make a little joke)  
Leave the pooping to me  
(Rock it to me, sock it to me)  
Rock it to me, sock it to me  
Rock it to me, sock it to me  
Rock it to me, sock it to me  
I'm a rapping dog  
And I'm here to say  
Rappa, rappa, rappa  
Tappa, happa, happa

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