

## **Carly Simon F/ Linda Ronstadt, Libby Titus**

### **"Am Goin t' Jail"**

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[Flybot Van Damn]  
Well I'm mad n sick  
Fucked up and I'm cussin  
Sniffin Krazy Glue  
Drinkin Robitussin  
C'mere ya goddamn piece of fuck  
I wanna back over your face with a dumptruck  
And watch the blood come out of your eyes and nose  
Then I'm gonna drop a big rock in your bowl  
Well I'm huge, you better realize that  
Got three fuckin rows of teeth like a shark  
Chop down your tree and bite off all the bark  
So don't you make no smart ass punk remark  
Cuz I'm liable to go off on ya, bitch  
You're lookin at a psycho  
Certifiable  
I'll make ya real uncomfortable  
And I'm laughin, heh heh, cuz it's funny  
And when you see me comin you get up and get runnin  
Coverin your ass cuz you know that I will kick it  
That's the ticket  
I'munna strike and a-picket  
See my boot? I think it's time ya lick it  
Ya ain't safe in the woods when I drop out the thicket  
I'm stalkin  
Whenever I'm out walkin  
Guess what? I'm gunna jump you first  
Cuz I saw you a mile away with binoculars  
Just got done stealin your mom's purse  
And we ain't even done with the first verse  
Fuck yeah, Dipshit  
Am Goin t' Jail

[Guy Albino]  
I go all out on a fool with a blunt tool  
Swimmin in blood pools it's makin me drool  
To just think about it  
Killin n killin again  
Rip off your neck reach down and grab a vital organ  
Of my choice- heart, spleen, lung or liver  
I put it in my pocket and snack on it later

Keep your eyes peeled and keep your ears open  
Cuz I see the world through an infrared scope- n wait  
I see your jawbone startin to masticate  
A hundred eight bones in your body to break  
I curb-stomp your feet then smash them with hammers  
Literally, not metaphorically or grammatically  
I take away at humanity  
Death is for certain, my life is insanity  
My Mac-10 has a empty clip again  
I reload and show you how to kill men  
I swing the battle axe quicker than ya thinkin  
Leave decapitated heads dead and stinkin  
Cops or civilians, it doesn't make a difference  
When the Mac's spittin, they're all gonna fit  
Into a category when I decide to stick them  
Smoldering bodies of my pulverized victims

[Dook Crapmore]

Now it time to get mellow  
Cuz I'm tough like old Jello- yes  
Dook Crapmore  
And I can see- you're back for more  
Crush your head- and then choke ya  
Don't look dead- I'll poke ya  
Roll ya up- and then I'll smoke ya  
From the start  
They could tell  
I'm straight from Hell  
Born- with gun in fist  
Found out quick- I'm easily pissed  
Doctor slapped my ass and they found him dead  
Raised on dirt and beer-soaked bread  
Six foot tall at the age of five  
No one in my town was still alive  
I killed em  
Meanest motherfucker that you ever will meet  
As I grab your face and begin to beat  
Your ass  
And steal your grass  
If you're lookin for your drugs?  
I took em  
Grabbed your beer cans  
And shook em  
Up  
Then I chewed the face off your pit bull's pups  
Whassup?  
You think this mellow man is all a bluff?  
How can a slow fucker be so tough?  
Well drop to the floor  
Cuz I killed your

Mother in the Summer,  
Sister Downtown  
Wife in the street  
Kids at the playground  
When I get to you  
I'll throw you down and fuck ya  
With a rugged dry hump  
Try to get up but thump thump thump  
I'm the Dook  
Motherfuckin maniac  
Memories of me, drippin from your butt crack

Slow it back down  
N that was nothin  
Time for me to go  
With Flybot and Guy Albino  
Cuz some punk we killed, I'm tryin to rebuild  
Chopped off his head with a Boy Scout hatchet  
Duct tape- I'm tryin to reattach it  
Got myself a hammer  
And got myself a nail  
Fuck this- Am Goin t' Jail

[Flybot Van Damn]  
You?  
What the fuck ya lookin at?  
Bluh?!?!  
Can't ya see I gotta motherfuckin problem?  
I'm on drugs- and I'm slobberin  
I like to disembowel and mutilate  
Me so hard I got a AK-48  
I'm also skilled in martial arts, see  
Jump kick put a foot up your artery  
Har de Har Har I just can't seem to stop laughin  
I like to break shit and [\*\*\*haver havini\*\*\*]  
It's bafflin  
How the Hell'd I get up on this scaffoldin?  
Doesn't matter  
Cuz Flybot's goin to jail  
Goddammit better send me some fan mail  
The food I get better not be stale  
Like this here microphone  
I think it's time I pass it, yo  
To my motherfucker, Guy Albino

[Guy Albino]  
Yo fuck dat, and yo fuck dis  
I think it's time ya wake up and smell the piss  
And just so you know who ya fuckin with?  
It's Guy Albino, and you ain't shit  
And you ain't shit, and you ain't shit

And you ain't shit, and you ain't shit  
And if there's any motherfuckers out there that i  
missed?  
You ain't shit, and your dog ain't shit  
I got ten pit bulls on one damn leash  
Ready to chew your ass cheeks like raw meat  
And when I'm through? You'll wish you was dead  
And if you don't? Well then I'll still go ahead  
And kill you  
Leave you lyin there until you  
Commence to rot and start smellin like mildew  
Just like a Indian doin a rain dance  
I jump up and down on your head and do a brain  
dance, punk  
Ya jerk-ass dork  
I'm runnin through Hell with your mom on my pitchfork  
I rain on your parade  
I shit on your picnic  
I'll break my foot in your ass like a toothpick  
And then I'll sit back and have a big shrimp cocktail  
Cuz Am Goin T'Jail

[Flybot Van Damn, Guy Albino]

Am Goin T'Jail  
Goin T' Jail  
Am Goin T'Jail  
Shit, Am Goin T' Jail  
Goin T' Jail  
Goin T' Jail

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