El Peyote Asesino "Wanker"

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I've got no walking rimes

I ain't fucking mike-d

I got no CD

You know got no flying v

Foolin' around with a cheesy strat

Yeah!!!

Ain't no big muff

Got no pro co rat

I got my chickenhead

Cranked up to twelve

I want a twanky sound

Asian

Born and bred

I don't have a fax

I just use the wax

I don't play heavy metal but i love Antrax

I ain't faking Hendrix

Got no little wing

I can make you burn

But I can't make you Sting

Got peyote dreams in the night yeah!!!

I can't find no doctor

Set me right

I don't say bullshit

Don't give me no free line

I got no proper stuff I got no shoeshine

I like a band named Rollins

I hate Phil Collins

I don't give a fuck if the Stones are Rolling

This is the stuff

The facts

Let's make an act

Break through your level

Don't play the rebel

You know I ain't no wanker

I got to resist

I get a regular dose

From your waiting list

You know I ain't no saint

No damn funky monk

Take me home honey I'm a

Monkey bonk
Give you a little ring
With myjum-jum thing
Talk me on the phone
Get on the zone
I never said nigga
Don't make it bigger
I'm just like you
So why pull the trigger?

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