

Hyper Crush

"Chead"

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I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill I'm ill, dale [x3]
I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill like Don Chead

What you've just said is one of the most insanely idiotic things I have ever heard.

At no point in your rambling, incoherent response were you even close to anything that could be considered a rational thought.

Everyone in this room is now dumber for having listened to it.

I award you no points, and may God have mercy on your soul.

Chead!

We on that Don Chead
I got my shoes on the wrong feet
Woke up in the party
Everybody looked like a Mark to me
Handful of parsley
Dressed to impress - partially
That's terrible - Barkley
I like my Perrier sparkly
I'm so unpopulor
In a jumpsuit I rock velour
F*ck I need pockets for
Everybody owes me - I'm a entrepreneur
I ain't got no scruples
Ego the size of my pupils
Can you pass that chead
Ain't no limits - Master P
Let's go!

I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill I'm ill, dale [x3]
I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill like Don Chead

And may God have mercy on your soul.
Chead!

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And may God have mercy on your soul.
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