

King Konga

"#1 Hit Record"

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Silver Surfer on the cerebellum
MC's rhyme at the zoo and when they're wack parrots
tell em
I cut records in morse code
I'm mentally retarded but I choose my own wardrobe
Raw rap suburbanite
I'm fuckin with religion like I didn't wear the turban right
I jerk off in my cereal
You couldn't even fuck with the grand imperial
I drop suckers like Plinco
You MC's are wack, even if you don't think so
I step to it then bust a verse
I can't battle you cause I gots to get dusted first
I ain't talkin 'bout drugs neither
I'm fuckin gangsta bitches cause I caught thug fever
Punching girls and grabbin guns
I'm just doin my thing yo, I'm just havin fun
This ain't the Treacherous 3, herb
I saturate your face with the mega-dumb reverb
I stay in bed, fuck school
My folks are payin 20 g's but yo, this shit is cool
I talk shit and I rock well
I gots to do the laundry cause my muthafuckin socks
smell
Yo, that shit ain't no joke, dude
I take off my shoes and muthafuckas start to choke
food
The fliest on a 12-inch
So is your girl, and she doesn't make records
There's a midget in my neighborhood
And a one armed man and they're both my fans
They're both Vietnam vets
They like to call up Asian restaurants and make bomb
threats
I farted in the fishbowl
And then I played pinball with Zevlove X
And Percee P
And Stezo
Yo, this is a hit record, man
It's gon' be number one
It's number one

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