

## **MC Paul Barman**

### **"MTV Get Off The Air, Pt. 2"**

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A little goon in a locker room rat tails the octoroon  
He'll be drinking vodka soon and his big brothers are  
frat guys  
Whose IQs lose to their fitted baseball hat size  
Smirkin' jocks with hackysacks in Birkenstock's and  
khaki slacks  
I'm the hypest lyricist while they're like, "What type of  
beer is this?"

The liquid is ubiquitous and has such a hold  
On all the strata, it's just got to be government  
controlled  
Behind the bottle and the throne sits an unknown man  
wiser  
And bigger for the liquor store the number one  
franchiser  
Perhaps, George Bush and his sons are relatives of  
Anheuser

I wanted to get in a pooper hole one day  
So I invited girls over on Super Bowl Sunday  
Only one showed up, Princess Superstar

Thanks for inviting me over let me look around the bed  
post  
Bad dill folds? Back to back, black dildos nice kit kudos  
Pass the cool ranch doritos, I love nachos put on Fat Joe  
Naw, that really sucks, let's put on the Beatles

Yo, let's check the half time show  
I hope it's Michael Jackson singin' 'Satisfaction' with  
Hanson  
Or Luther Van dross in a sparkling costume with big  
pants dancin'  
Or maybe I saw that in a Bud Light commercial

Speakin' of which, give this bitch a drink quick to wet  
my lips  
You got enough cheddar lyin' around this place  
To fix up my tits as if I need it

Conchetta please, If you see any cheddar

It's cheddar cheese, I'm easily great  
I don't need to be in some sort of Ken Kasey state  
To create something you can appreciate

Who are you talkin' to?  
Makin' you draw conclusions  
And superficial distinctions make you go sacreu bleu

I can speak French too, suck my nuh, nuh  
French my cunt comprande voux?  
Look Pepe Le Pieux let's cut to the, De nu mon?  
You wanna fuck me, I wanna fuck you, so it's on

Can I chime in? I'll still be rhymin', when I'm in your  
hymen  
I radiate like it was '88 and I'm searching for my lady  
mate  
I'm a hunter gatherer, a cunter latherer  
My dandy voice makes the most anti choice granny's  
panties moist

I do the new when the tried and true fails  
Plus, I'm lookin' fly in my sky blue tails  
Now, peel off your tube top so  
I can feel your boobs flop on my lubed cock

Socks up to your calf like a chick from the craff?  
I wanna put on a serrated condom and saw you in half  
My knees are weak, I need knee pads you fuck me  
blind  
I can't see, dag

Run me a hot bath add the Epsom salt  
Soak my lower half in your Mortal Combat cocktail  
sauce  
Let me head south put it in my mouth 'cause I like the  
taste

When I burst in your face  
I'll invade your personal space  
I'm like Chase, stick your card in and out  
Thanks see, look how much stacks of cream are  
coming out

I removed her sanitary napkin with my teeth  
And there was a planetary backspin underneath  
I faced her wound, let's do a pap smear with a taster  
spoon  
You can sleep on the guest cot, I'll sleep in the wet spot

I'll be your boyfriend, smooch on your pooper hole

All through the Super Bowl  
Your man doesn't even miss you glued to the boob  
tube  
Watchya gonna do dude?

I woke up sticky and quickly applied a temporary tattoo  
to a hickey  
Went to salt and shake her awake  
With orange juice, a straw and coffee cake  
After we had a bite, we pushed the canoe in the lake

You don't paddle right, look, a shooting star  
It's a fuckin' satellite  
Lady, one more complaint  
And I'll shove a rape whistle up the Mrs. Va J J

What'd you say?  
Listen Slim Shay day  
Tell Dre he better fuckin' pay may

Your talents are bite size it's no surprise you rhyme  
with white guys  
I jumped in the water, what did I want a girlfriend for?  
Just like you, you jizz on your floor  
I don't want sweet potatoes anymore, I didn't even  
leave her an oar  
Did a medium crawl stroke back to shore

Who's next to flirt with this exhausting extrovert? I  
parted some  
Guess who left me dry long johns, Uncle Ralph  
McDaniel's  
He said, what's up Paul Nathaniel Barman  
Let's get MTV off the air I deserve my own channel

I'm in love  
I'm in love

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