

The Lonely Island "ZanZabar"

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I was trotting along
The desert was hot
[Wolf howls]
And I sang this song:

Yo, I'm rugged
My camel's got the three-wheel motion
Every word I say you want to put it to your quotient
Zanzabar!
Raised by the wolves
Oxford education as phrased by the wolves

My khaki shirt tucked into my tight khaki pants
I drink too much and do my white wacky dance
To hell with that I'm a man without shame
Listen to the howls on the wind there's my name
ZANZABAR

Oh yes bitch say it loud
I see the shape of vagina in every passing cloud

In my weird state I thirst for bread
But settle for sketches of vagina clouds instead

I hunger for water, ache for my wolf friends
I have jerked off to vagina clouds at least 73 times now
Vagina clouds... vagina...
They look so pretty
I wonder if people suspect that I'm a wolf
As opposed to a manly adventurer

Man it's hot
Sun all around me
I'd better focus on a vagina cloud to ground me

Ah that's better
Whoops there's the wolf cock
I think that I'll rape my sidekick with my name
ZANZABAR

Sidekick:
Goddamn is it hot

What's the deal,
It seems we haven't been talking for hours
The sun is so hot
I've been eating sand mixed with flowers
Zanzabar, he calls them sand pops
I call them disgusting,
He likes them a lot,
He says "They're tastier hot
Better strike that match up"
I said "maybe you're right
Could you pass the ketchup?"
And that's about it on the conversation front
What he could he be thinking as he sits on his hump
I bet he just hates
The rice pilaf I made
And seems less than impressed
With the souffle I souffleed

In fact he's never impressed with anything I cook,
He just points to the sky
Turns to me and says "look
That vagina cloud there, I think it winked at me"

I say that's great, double Z, I just saw a bunny
And that one there kind of looks like a gun

ZanZabar:
A vagina gun?

Sidekick:
No a regular one
Like this one here that I'm pointing at you
Filled with poisonous darts that stick to you like glue

See, I'm sick of your crap
And your vagina rap
So I leave you to die
As your spinal gets tapped
Slowly losing your mind
And start hallucinating
So you can watch your clouds and keep masturbating
[Snuffling sounds]

ZanZabar:
Whoa...
Zanzabar feels funny
I'm floating up to the clouds and everything looks
runny

Sidekick:
Z. come back, I feel terrible

But the heat and the verbal abuse was unbearable

ZanZabar:

Worry not, toady sidekick, I don't hate ya,
Though I wish I had time to come down there and rape
ya

Sidekick:

You don't mean that I'm sure that's the poison that's
talking

ZanZabar:

With my new wings I prefer flying to walking

Sidekick:

You're just flapping your arms in the sand!

ZanZabar:

Your delusions of grandeur are certainly grand
Now if you don't mind I'll be flying to China
Oh look! there's a cactus that's shaped like a vagina

Sidekick:

Wait you fool I stepped in some shit

ZanZabar:

Observe as I tickle the cactus's clit

Sidekick:

I just bought these shoes
Holy crap I am mad
Now I'll have to return them
I've lost the receipt
It must be here somewhere... in the trash
Aw, who took out the trash?
Mom, I told you not to come in here
It's my room,

Mom:

Honey...

Sidekick:

It's my, my space

Mom:

But I pay the bills

Sidekick:

Don't you see the side of the door I've got to cut keys

Mom:

Where's your friend Zanzabar?

Sidekick:

Mom, what do you care?

Mom:

Well, he was supposed to come over...

Sidekick:

You're always spying in here and trying to tell me what to do!

Mom:

Hey...

Sidekick:

I'm sick of this song, really sick of this

Mom:

I'm telling your father we'll have to make some cutbacks

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