

Sudden Death

"Kicked In The Balls"

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{*a parody of Wyclef Jean's song "We're Trying to Stay Alive"*}

Kicked in the balls!

Looki-looki-lookin' sharp on a Saturday night
Hangin' out with my friends at a club and everything is
alright
Pickin' up a hot lady is the plan
With a skirt short enough to wear as a headband
I step to a girl and I make my moves
Then I step right back with a nice fresh bruise
I found another woman lightin' up the place
She took one look at me and then slapped my face
But worst of 'em all was a woman named Louise
Who channeled all her power to a point on her knees
She hit me so hard that I felt time freeze
And I thought that my nuts were gonna split like peas
I can not describe all the pain I had inside
Prayin' for a quick death, let me take a breath
(inhale) Someone run
Get on the phone and call 911

I do more than write rhymes I don't step out of line
I like to take a lady out and show her a good time
Every minute planned out nothin' can go wrong
And I don't put my hands where they don't belong
A girl better know that she's lucky to be
With a guy like me 'cause I'm the best you see
I'm one of a kind, what can I say, I'm great
And no woman of mine better ever gain weight
Right about then it's time to say goodbye
And I get these weird looks from her I don't know why
And instead of a kiss I get a hell of a kick
And I get all shrivelled up where I should be thick
I'm quite surprised by my sudden condition
Hunched over on the ground in the fetal position

Kicked in the balls!

Well you can tell by the way I hold my nuts

I'm in lots of pain, I might bust a gut
Crawlin' on the floor tryin' hard to inhale
Hope my vision comes back because I don't know
braille
I got a bad feeling that I ruined my clothes
And I hope my stomach don't come out my nose
If I make it to the door then I stand a chance
Gotta find some ice to put down my pants
I don't understand why this happened to me
I just asked if she was Debbie from this movie I seen

Yo, I slip up, slip up, then she kick up, kick up
And I throw up, throw up, and now I'm coughin' up
blood
Then I hiccup, hiccup, try to shut up, shut up
And I pick up, pick up myself and die on the rug

Hey yo Spice is cryin', I think he's dyin'
I don't think he can breathe but he's tryin'
That's what he got and he got it good
Hit right there where he stood
In the balls, yo!

Kicked in the balls!

Aaah, aaah, aaah, aaah
Kicked in the balls!
Kicked in the balls!

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