

## Sudden Death

### "Ozzman"

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{\*a parody of Sir Mix-A-Lot's song "Iron Man"\*}

You can come and see my band, as I command  
Heavy metal rhythms from a middle aged man  
Smack my doggies when they crap on the rug  
But then I feel bad because I love that pug  
For years I've peddled, hard rock metal  
Got a dozen lawsuits but I'm hoping to settle  
I go on tour, the fans want more  
I love to throw things at the people next door  
I got kids showing up at all hours of the night  
Can't stand it but I handle it and try to be polite  
Gettin' old before my time thanks to Kelly and Jack  
Arthritis in my knee and a crick in my back  
Now I'm back on the scene 'though some find it  
obscene  
I'll be rockin' like this till I rupture a spleen  
A lot of dummies get money in a sound-alike band  
But nothing there can compare to the true Ozzman

I hold the record in Guinness for bat heads finished  
I'm finding new ways to mutilate the Queen's English  
My son wears cammo, he wants live ammo  
I can't allow that or the house'll go kablammo  
I shave my stubble, I don't want trouble  
But the prince of friggin' darkness doesn't need no  
damn bubbles  
Like where I reside? I'll be your tour guide  
I bought it for a song I wrote about suicide  
The bad boy of rock, not to be mocked  
Move onto my block and you might get shocked  
We might seem weird but that's part of the drill  
We're sane compared to the rest of Beverly Hills

Woah! Is that Ozzy?  
Uh, huh huh huh. Ozzy's an old fart  
{\*both laugh\*}  
Yeah, heh heh. Woah, chick it out. A mini-Ozzy  
Huh huh huh, yeah. He's a dork  
Yeah. Um. Hey Butthead. What's all that beeping?  
Uh, I dunno. Maybe there's a truck backing up or

something  
Yeah, heh heh. The Ozzmobile! Hehehe  
{\*Batman theme\*} Du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh  
Ddu-nuh du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh Ozzy!  
Du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh..  
Shut up, assmunch!  
Heh, hmm heh. Sorry 'bout that  
Beavis, check it out! A chick!  
Hm, cool! Uuum. What's the matter with her hair?  
Uh huh huh. Come to Butthead  
{\*both chant Iron Man riff\*}

Long hair I'm brushin', we have a discussion  
And they bleep half the show 'cause we can't stop  
cussin'  
I crunch a quarter note, I sacrifice a goat  
I watch the weather channel 'cause I can't work the  
remote  
MTV paid it, our show's the highest rated  
Anna Nicole is just way too sedated  
But sooner or later I'll need a translator  
Mumble like Schwarzenegger in Terminator  
Guitar chord ripper, Perrier sipper  
Walk around the house in my fuzzy bunny slippers  
Flesh like leather, worn and weathered  
Take the blame a lot myself, but we're all in this  
together  
My kids creations don't cause ovations  
They don't have talent, but they have agents  
Critics wanna diss, fans don't wanna miss  
A lot of networks got a show but it ain't like this

Jack. Uh huh huh

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