

Sudden Death

"Rabid Chipmunks"

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Dave: "Are you ready, Sherman?"
Sherman: "Yeah, sure, Dave."
Dave: "Are you ready, Bob?"
Bob: "Yeah, whatever, Dave."
Dave: "Are you ready, Melvin?... Melvin,... MELVIN!!!!!"
Melvin: "Shut up, Dave!"
Dave: "Melvin, we have a song to do!"
Melvin: "Not now, Dave."
Dave: "Yes, now, Melvin..."
Melvin: "Don't make me kick your ass, Dave!"
Dave: "Melvin, get over here and do this song!"
Melvin: "Now, anybody else want to do that song?"
Producers and engineers: "Uhh, no, no, that's OK,
It's a stupid song anyway."

Comin' down from the tree, you know me
I'm a rabid menace to society
Take a nibble at your neck and put you in traction
Had it up to here now it's time for some action
Fraction of the pain I'm inflictin'
Puff on an acorn, so addictin'
Run up your leg and bite impolitely
And then you'll sound just like me
Reach for a forty-ounce, dive in take swim
Killed him on a whim now the maggots are makin' him
Into a sandwich, I'm just watchin'
Just stole Dave's car, an '84 Datsun
Comin' out hard, so hard, I'm a gangsta
Chipmunks never take no for an answer
Step to me, and you know I'm-a sweat ya
Run for your life, 'cause we're comin' to get ya

When the chipmunks come around better run son
'Cause we reach for the gun and the job gets done
Take no prisoners, shootin' up everyone
Here come the chipmunks, better run, better run

Got two buck teeth that are sharp as a razor blade
Kill you with my singing, a hardcore serenade
Christmas
Christmas time is near

Time for me to go get some more beer
I shoot 'em up till his head looks like a sieve
And I do pretty well in this Hell where I live
Collected walnuts, get enough in there
That I'll be bustin' nuts all winter
Do you understand where I'm goin' 'cause I've had it up
to here
So I'm throwin' out this lame-brain career
And now I'm doin' what I rightfully should
Shootin' up punks in this neck of the woods
Rabies is what I'm-a give you a case of
If you say I'm cute then I'll chew your face off
If you don't think I'm rough, tough and spectacular
You better run now, 'cause I'm comin' after ya

When the chipmunks come around better run son
'Cause we reach for the gun and the job gets done
Take no prisoners, shootin' up everyone
Here come the chipmunks, better run, better run

Take a hit from the acorn, get me all blunted
Three inches high 'cause my growth was stunted
I try to talk tough but it just won't work
'Cause it's hard to sound tough when you talk like Urkel
So I don't try to talk when the punks start to walk
In my face pretty soon they're outlined with chalk
And I walk away with my chipmunk pals
And we go to try and pick up some chipmunk gals
Livin' like a rodent who done lost his mind
Ain't never gettin' stuck in some guy's behind
'Cause I take control, and then I take your wallet
Already today I got three in my pocket
Rock it like I'm a heavy metal rock star
Matchbox car souped up like a stock car
And now there's no way you could ever stop me
Now I'm comin' to get ya, you and your family

When the chipmunks come around better run son
'Cause we reach for the gun and the job gets done
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