

## Sudden Death

### "Silicon Valley"

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At home, Friday night, and I'm checkin' out the Playboy  
Channel  
But it might be too much for me to handle  
'Cause I start to drool as she's gettin' undressed  
I see a beautiful woman with a speed bump on her  
chest  
Yo, what the Hell, who's idea was that  
Those things look defective, she should take 'em back  
I'm sick of it, this ain't what I paid for at all  
If I wanted fake breasts I would have bought a Barbie  
doll  
Why would a woman do something that drastic  
Lookin' like a mannequin, rigid and plastic  
Don't deny it, that's a design  
Of the ACME Inflatable Bustline  
To the untrained eye, yo, they may look fine  
But to a pervert like me, yo, they're easy to find  
I can pick out the point where the breast begins  
Like she's hiding two basketballs under her skin  
Big or small it doesn't matter at all  
As long as they're not made from a silicon ball  
Fake breasts don't bounce, don't move, don't try  
So you'd better be careful, you might lose an eye  
Eighty-four, twenty-four, thirty-four, please no more  
They're so big they don't fit out the door  
Artificially implanted sex appeal  
I'm givin' new meaning to the phrase "get real"  
("Do you like boobs a lot?") More than you know  
But I don't like pizza made of play-dough  
Are those things real? My oh my  
Or did an animal crawl up your shirt and die  
How much did you pay for what we see  
Did it come with a thirty year warrantee  
Did you have the choice of size, shape and design  
You made your points, I just made mine

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