

Your Favorite Martian

"Epileptic Techno"

Visit "[Epileptic Techno](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

Chilaxin' out with Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen
They want to check this new joint, Club Convulsion
We put our ass in motion
All my stupid friends rolled up and the D.J. looked like
Superman, if he were homeless
And standing by the bar, douchebag was hitting on a
tranny
Oh wait that's Hillary Clinton there with Dick Cheney,
who was killin' a kitten

I saw Shaq, Jack Black and J-Lo
I even saw that one guy from that one show
I saw alcoholic Jews and fat truckers
And Oprah was there like: "I'm Oprah,
Fucker!"

And everything was good until the second
Homeless Superman put on this record
I stood there with my friends and the Olsen Twins
As he spins everybody had convulsions.

Dance, dance, dance like you're having a seizure.
Move, move, move like you're having a fit
Shake, shake, shake. This is causing a spasm

Epileptic Techno

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

Now I ain't trying to disrespect epileptics
But the music he played made the place go hectic
The speakers on the deck became disconnected
All the alcoholic Jews were suddenly naked
I felt my muscles expand and contract
I passed out on the dance floor laying on my back
Reality started fading, cutting in and out
I woke up when an Olsen Twin threw up in my mouth
And we were hoping we could leave at our leisure
But the whole fuckin' theater was havin' a seizure
Except Oprah, the music didn't touch her
Still standing hard, "I'm Oprah, fucker!"
I saw the D.J. loadin' another disc
With most of the party still foaming at the lips
I grabbed my friends and headed for the exit
When Homeless Superman started spinnin' that next hit

Dance, dance, dance like you're having a seizure
Move, move, move like you're having a fit
Shake, shake, shake. This is causing a spasm

Epileptic Techno

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep
Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Ep-Ep-Ep-Ep Epileptic

We woke up once again from a seizure
I wiped Mary-Kate's vomit from my T-Shirt
We slid out the back like greased up butter
We saw Oprah there, "I'm Oprah,
fucker!"
We made it out alive, booyah!
We all stood around like:
"What are we going to do now?"
We picked a new club. What'd we get?
We somehow rolled up to Club Tourettes?
The music there gave everyone a tick
And every time it played the whole place would twitch,

And shift and switch and bitch and talk shit like:
Ass, barf, barf, ass, bark, piss!
Barf, piss, ass, ass, barf, barf, piss, ass, ass, piss!
We ran away like a jet propulsion
Man, I guess we'll go back to Club Convulsion

Dance, dance, dance like you're having a seizure.
Epileptic Techno, Epileptic Techno
Ooh no not having a seizure
Epileptic Techno, Epileptic Techno
Dance, dance, dance like you're having a seizure
Epileptic Techno, Epileptic Techno
Ooh no not having a seizure
Epileptic Techno, Epileptic Techno

“You little bastards, thought you all knew
Oprah!”
Don't make me come over there and fuck you!

Visit [Your Favorite Martian](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.