

Aaron Ackerson "The Artichoke Song"

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They call me Spacecat, 'cause I'm rockin' your face, cat
And you'll never detect a trace of my m4d l33t skillz
Or the Buffalo Bills playing drum fills automatically

And if you challenge me, I'll fly into a Blind Canadian
Rage
And destroy ya like my name was Latoya Jackson of the
militant faction
When I get on the Mic, there's a chain reaction

Chorus:
This ain't no joke
We're comin' baroque
Like an artichoke
Filled with Cherry Coke

Hey bloke, you got a lot of nerve, servin' me hors
d'oeuvres
E-mailing me from Compuserv
The cycloid is a special curve and I like to eat
strawberry preserves

I'm like Sex on Wheels when I close the deal
I got more rhymes than the Navy's got Seals
All the girls squeal when they hear me rockin' with
three independent lines interlockin'

[Chorus]

Bridge:
When I say "frozen," you say "dinner"
Frozen (dinner), frozen (dinner)
When I say "Walter," you say "Skinner"
Walter (Skinner), Walter (Skinner)
When I say "out-," you say "rigger"
Out-(rigger), out-(rigger)
When I say "Chrono," you say "Trigger"
Chrono (Trigger), Chrono (Trigger)

[Chorus]
(We Like to Rock)
(Like J.S. Bach)

(Straight Outta Iraq)
(Like Mr. Spock)

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