

**4-4-2****"Hero Theme"**

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[Infesticon #0]

Ooh, there's big fandango in the wrangle  
Ooh, there's loads on loads of g-strings and marble  
bags  
On this beach, leave you speechless  
Like no-star Sneetches, like  
Brain cells sucked by leeches  
Short Beach is the best bash  
If I was a woman, I'd demand a tongue-lash  
Be tall and blond with ass, like that girl in Splash  
Ain't life fantastic?  
Switch-gender spastic  
Impale the she-male, down some more champale  
Bombay chicken cooked like hell  
Get arrested for sluttery and make-hell  
Posted testicles on virtual e-mail  
I'm the nouveau-beat superstar  
Super-stealin' in Manhattan  
Your girl is cattin':  
"I strictly listen to Luscious Jackson"  
Aversion to heights, got you froze up like deer in  
headlights  
And purple nights, like Heaven's Gate  
Watch the world gyrate -- fuck it  
If there's a hole in the bucket, I'll plug it  
If your fat body talkin' shit, then I'll slug it  
Scared of your girl's clit? I'll suck it  
Cheese thick from the bricks, I'll pluck it  
I like rhymin' like Mascis  
My beats are like molasses  
Sweet and slow like Jackie Onassis  
With Alzheimer's  
Social climbers  
Slip on my diarrhea  
MCs sound the same, like onomatopoeia

God bless the Infesticons! Fuck the Majesticons!  
God bless the Infesticons! Fuck the Majesticons!

Exasperated, systemic miscalculation  
Four thousand twisted roads to salvation

Choose one sand-blasted alabaster bastard  
Gilded monogram, four heads commanded their  
commanders  
Comin' up flat like South Park Marlon Brandos  
Celebrates his Contradicticons  
We assume question marks are for morons, but I'm  
askin'  
What floor are we on? Where's the connection?  
Disseminated web of 360 degrees of relations  
On juxtaposed plantation Soul Station Zebra  
This world's a two-foot closet with Taurus, Cancers and  
Libras  
Three Trent Lotts and two Eldridge Cleavers  
Five John Wayne Gacies and one Beaver  
All out to get cheese like dreamweaver  
They cops ain't nothing but lost believers  
Hiding out in the Bronx camouflage with a goatee in  
the season  
[scratch] "Nothing less... nothing more"

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