

Ska-P "Welcome To Hell"

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Hey, this is radio station W-S-K-E-E
We're takin' calls off the wish line
Making all your wacky wishes come true
Hello
1-I wish I was little bit taller,
I wish I was a baller
I wish I had a girl who looked good
I would call her
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
and a '64 Impala
I wish I was like six-foot-nine
So I could get with Leoshi
Cause she don't know me but yo she's really fine
You know I see her all the time
Everywhere I go, and even in my dreams
I can scheme of ways to make her mine
Cause I know she's livin phat
Her boyfriend's tall and he plays ball
So how am I gonna compete with that
'Cause when it comes to playing basketball
I'm always last to be picked
And in some cases never picked at all
So I just lean upon the wall
Or sit up in the bleachers with the rest of the girls
Who came to watch their men ball
Dag y'all! I never understood
Why the jocks get the fly girls
And me I get the hood rats
I tell 'em scat, skittle, skibobble
Got hit with a bottle
And put in the hospital, for talkin' that mess
I confess it's a shame when you livin' in a city
That's the size of a box and nobody knows yo' name
Glad I came to my senses
Like quick-quick got sick-sick to my stomach
Overcome with my thoughts of me and her together
Right?
So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type
(rpt 1, 1)
I wish I had a brand-new car
So far, I got this hatchback
And everywhere I go, yo I gets laughed at

And when I'm in my car I'm laid back
I got an 8-track and a spare tire in the backseat
But that's flat
And do you really wanna know what's really wack,
What-acapo

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