

Falcon, The

"The Celebutard Chronicles"

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She's got the biggest tits
He's got the longest dick
And I get to read about it every week

You hear that sucking sound?
It's culture going down
Seaward with the C-words; submerged in shit with
dreams to drown

Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Just aim for the bowl and I'll hold back your gown

This is my favorite ad I got on pay-per-view
The vacant bitch in the convertible reminds me of you
Oh baby
Oh baby

I'll watch my fuckin' mouth the day it gets a date with
Ashlee Simpson,
Or stars in ads from TRESemme

Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Just aim for the bowl and I'll hold back your gown

Is it the taste of vomit or the cocaine?
All the flashing lights or trashy magazines?
One thousand sunken eyes?
The way she shows her thighs?
The million fucking dollars, the jet-skis, or the guys?

How 'bout those fucking aspirations?
Aiming for the vacuous end
I wanna need that respiration
I wanna get some press for it

Press it on
Press it down

It's already up in my face now

Press it on

Press it down

It's already up in my face now

Press it on

(Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?)

Press it down

(Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?)

It's already up in my face now

Press it on

(Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?)

Press it down

(Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?)

It's already up in my face now

Oh baby

Oh baby

I wanna see my name in lights

I wanna see my name in lights

I wanna see my name in lights

And throw up in my purse and die

Hoo!

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