

Sandler Adam**"Right Field"**

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Russel: [Shouting] "Come on Robert! Pitch it in there, baby! We're behind you here in right field! One down! Two to go! Hum it now! Yeah! Show 'em the magic! This chump can't hit!"
[Whispering to himself] "Please God, don't help him hit it to me.
Anywhere but to right field. Please God, I beg you."
[Shouting] "Come on now! No batter! No batter! Big whiffer! Big whiffer!"
[Whispering] "Oh please, don't let him hit it to me. My God, not to me."
[Shouting] "Steam it baby! Steam it!"
[Whispering] "Oh God no, Oh God no, Oh God no, Oh God no."
[Ball is hit]

Russel: [Shouting] "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
[Whispering] "Oh good! It's not to me."
[Shouting] "Good catch, Steven! Nice glove! You da man! Two away now! Lookin' good! We're all looking good out here! Come on Robert! This lump of crap can't hit!"
[Whispering] "Oh God, he's a leftie! A big leftie! Total power to hit it. He's gonna pile it right to me and there's nothing I can do to stop him."
[Shouting] "Pitch 'em the funny one, Robert! Big whiffer! Big whiffer!"
[Whispering] "Oh he is a natural athlete and I am so worthless. Please God, take his life. Make him die."
[Shouting] "No batter! No batter!"
[Ball is hit]

Russel: [Whispering] "Oh God. This is not happening. No, don't do this to me. Please. Make it stop."

[Ball hits Russel]
Russel: "OWWWW! My elbow!"
M1: "Throw it to second! Pick it up already!"
Russel: "Take it! Just take the ball!"
[Russel tosses the ball]
M2: "Nice throw, you pansy!"
Russel: [Whispering] "Ok, get under control. Easy now, easy. Say something to the team."
[Shouting] "Good hustle everybody! Yeah! Nice work! Play's at third!"
[Whispering] "That wasn't funny, Lord. I've been so good and for what!?"
[Shouting] "Come on, Robert! Settle down! Just throw straight! You get it across the plate! We'll take care of the rest!"
[Whispering] "Oh no, another lefty."
[Ball is hit]

Russel: [Shouting] "NOO! Why me again!?"
[Ball hits Russel]
Russel: "OWWWW! My neck!"
[Panting & Whining] "I can't breath. I can't breath."
M2: "Pick it up and throw it, you moron!"
Russel: [Whining] "Here..come on, here.. Take the ball! Take it!"
[Russel kicks ball]
M1: "Way to kick it in, Pele!"
Russel: [Shouting] "Oh hahaha. Pele! Good one! Hehehe.. Ok! Come on! Suck it up guys! We'll get those runs back! This is where we dig down! We just need one more out!"
[Whispering] "Oh look! A rightie! Oh Lord, thank you. Thank you so much. I owe you."
[Shouting] "This loser can't hit! No batter! Come on, this is where we take them out!"
[Whispering] "Uh oh, what's happening? Where's the rightie going? What? Who's this guy? He's a leftie and he's pinch hitting. No! No!"
[Shouting] "Why's he pointing at me!?"
[Ball is hit]

Russel: [Shouting] "Oh my Lord! What have I done to deserve this?!"
M3: "I got it! I got it!"
[Running over to the ball near Russel]
[Thud! Crashes into Russel]

M3: "Whoa! Sorry about that, Russel. Are you ok?"

Russel: [Shouting] "HELL YEAH! We're up now! It's our turn to kick a little ass!"

M3: "All right, Russel. I think you're up first."

Russel: "NOOOOO!!!"

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