

Triumph "I Keed"

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[Intro]

I thought my CD was done,
But that's not what they say
Do an insult track,
We need it for radio play

[Verse One]

American Idol, that's what I look for,
In the poop section of my local record store.
Ruben or Clay, oh which one should I pick,
It's like choosing which puddle of vomit to lick.
And when I want something even more fruity and fit,
I look up N for NSYNC or T for Timberlake.
So many skills Justin's making a buck at,
Does he rap, does he sing, he doesn't know what to suck at!
Now as for the bitches, lets give Britney thanks,
For the face that launched a million preteen skanks.
You were a virgin, that had to be hard,

You had more bones in your mouth than a St. Bernard.

[Chorus]

I Keed, I Keed

He's just making little jokes,

I joke with you,

Little dog, Little jokes,

I Keed, I Keed,

He's just making little jokes,

and your a good actress too.

[Verse Two]

Now lets go to Walmart,

Where they won't sell me CD,

Those company's nuts are in a jar in aisle three.

But you can see Christina in all her sluthood

It's like watching porn but the music's not as good.

I want to stuff my TV's crotch with a dollar

Still I would hump you if I could wear my flea collar.

You're looser than my poop after eating honeydew,

Only 50 cents can flunk more than you!

And yet you're too old for Fred Durst to desire,

He's checking out the cast of Lizzie McGuire

Soon Fred will try to get Mandy Moore,

To open for him and I don't mean on tour!

You're not the first person for R Kelly

His video's premiere in the LAPD.

I believe they set up an innocent guy.

You know what Kel? I believe I can fly

[Chorus]

Now look how frickin cool those guys from the Strokes are

Their rifts are three times as old as my jokes are

The white stripes guy, is that your wife or your sister

Shouldn't you be playing country music mister.

Hey Coldplay, maybe you should be Coldsore.

Back when you were U2, I liked you so much more.

Somehow your song yellow reminds me of pee

I think that when it's over, it's a big relief to me

Yo Pink, is that your hair or a tattoo?

I didn't know Supercuts had a drive through

Yo Nelly, what the hell kinda name is that?

That's about as gangster as an Easter Bonnet hat.

And Snoop says he clean, well you make the call

The guy's higher than Billy Joel's cholesterol,

Snoop there's only room for one dog putz,

And I can rap, can you lick your own nuts?

Poop Diddy, are you in show business still?

I didn't know wearing a suit was a skill.

J.Lo, J.Lo the giant tail-o

For a doggie's nose, that's the holy grail-o

Shakira's butt's fine, but it won't hold still.

I sniffed Elton John's butt for a thrill.

I sniffed J.Lo's ass and got too touchy feely

She let loose a bomb that was bigger than Gigli.

[Chorus]

Avril Lavinge, punk queen, now there's a kidder,

Go back up north, Celine needs a baby-sitter

Philip Glass, hey tunnel ass, your not immune

Write a song with a f***** tune

And on the list of pooches, don't leave off MTV,

I scared Emineminem, so they gave the hook to me.

Slim Shady, why do you find me scary?

We are just two regular dudes who banged Mariah Carey.

Wipe off that frown, just do without

Hey my mom was a bitch too, but I don't go writing songs about it.

[Chorus]

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