

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort "Ozzman"

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{*a parody of Sir Mix-A-Lot's song "Iron Man"*

You can come and see my band, as I command
Heavy metal rhythms from a middle aged man
Smack my doggies when they crap on the rug
But then I feel bad because I love that pug
For years I've peddled, hard rock metal
Got a dozen lawsuits but I'm hoping to settle
I go on tour, the fans want more
I love to throw things at the people next door
I got kids showing up at all hours of the night
Can't stand it but I handle it and try to be polite
Gettin' old before my time thanks to Kelly and Jack
Arthritis in my knee and a crick in my back
Now I'm back on the scene 'though some find it
obscene
I'll be rockin' like this till I rupture a spleen
A lot of dummies get money in a sound-alike band
But nothing there can compare to the true Ozzman

I hold the record in Guinness for bat heads finished
I'm finding new ways to mutilate the Queen's English
My son wears cammo, he wants live ammo
I can't allow that or the house'll go kablammo
I shave my stubble, I don't want trouble
But the prince of friggin' darkness doesn't need no
damn bubbles
Like where I reside? I'll be your tour guide
I bought it for a song I wrote about suicide
The bad boy of rock, not to be mocked
Move onto my block and you might get shocked
We might seem weird but that's part of the drill
We're sane compared to the rest of Beverly Hills

Woah! Is that Ozzy?

Uh, huh huh huh. Ozzy's an old fart

{*both laugh*

Yeah, heh heh. Woah, chick it out. A mini-Ozzy

Huh huh huh, yeah. He's a dork

Yeah. Um. Hey Butthead. What's all that beeping?

Uh, I dunno. Maybe there's a truck backing up or

something
Yeah, heh heh. The Ozzmobile! Hehehe
{*Batman theme*} Du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh
Ddu-nuh du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh Ozzy!
Du-nuh du-nuh du-nuh..
Shut up, assmunch!
Heh, hmm heh. Sorry 'bout that
Beavis, check it out! A chick!
Hm, cool! Uuum. What's the matter with her hair?
Uh huh huh. Come to Butthead
{*both chant Iron Man riff*}

Long hair I'm brushin', we have a discussion
And they bleep half the show 'cause we can't stop
cussin'
I crunch a quarter note, I sacrifice a goat
I watch the weather channel 'cause I can't work the
remote
MTV paid it, our show's the highest rated
Anna Nicole is just way too sedated
But sooner or later I'll need a translator
Mumble like Schwarzenegger in Terminator
Guitar chord ripper, Perrier sipper
Walk around the house in my fuzzy bunny slippers
Flesh like leather, worn and weathered
Take the blame a lot myself, but we're all in this
together
My kids creations don't cause ovations
They don't have talent, but they have agents
Critics wanna diss, fans don't wanna miss
A lot of networks got a show but it ain't like this

Jack. Uh huh huh

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