

El Peyote Asesino, Wanker

i've got no walking rimes
i ain't fuckin mike-d
i got no cd
you know got no flying v
foolin' around with a cheesy strat
yeah!!!
ain't got no big muff
got no pro co rat
i got my chickenhead
cranked up to twelve
i want a twanky sound
asian
born and bred
i don't have a fax
i just use the wax
i don't play heavy metal but i love Anthrax
i ain't fuckin Jimi Hendrix
got no Little Wing
i can make you burn
but i can't make you sting
got peyote dreams in the night yeah!!!
i can't find no doctor
set me right
i don't say bullshit
don't give no free line
i got no proper stuff, i got no shoeshine
i like a Band named Rollins
i hate Phil Collins
i don't give a fuck if the Stones are Rolling

this is the stuff
the facts
let's make an act
break through your level
don't play the rebel

you know i ain't no wanker
i got to resist
i get a regular dose
from your waiting list
you know i ain't no saint
no damn funky monk
take me home honey, i'm a
monkey bonk
give you a little ring
with my jum-jum thing
talk me on the phone
get on the zone (zone)
i never said nigga
don't make it bigger
i'm just like you
so why pull the trigger