

Little Monkey

Armored Saint

Bully around the kids on the school yard
Threw all that weight around
Put the hee bee jee bees in to someone
Sure way to earn that crown

Boy now a man but I use that word lightly
Punk ass is more your style
No compliments for all this bravado
A tub of shit in a pile

Piled high
Sky high
Your throne
Pig sty

Little money, little monkey
I really think I smell something funky
Little monkey biggest dummy
You fooled'em all but I must have been lucky
Little monkey never funny
Your true colors beam in the sunshine
Little monkey little monkey
I'll cut down your vine

Hollywood mogul making B movies
Award winners they are not
A ton of attitude for a whole lot of nothing
Small penis king of the lot

You started as a prick and you stay consistent
But assholes got room to grow
Hard to tell which is getting bigger
Your belly or your ego

Ego
Oh know
Big deal
You've blown

I'll get a punch in your face if I'm lucky
Little monkey little monkey
I'll watch as you fall from the sidelines
As I cut your vine

I'll chop down your vine
I'll chop down your vine
I can't stand your whine
You do it all the time
I'll chop down your vine
I'll chop down your vine
You dirty slime