

Klan Kookout

Bo Burnham

Grab a seat
Have something to eat
Help yourself, it's all right
If you want a beer, they're over here
But we only got Coors light
Try a chip with my homemade dip
The stuff is outa sight
Right before bed, we'll shave your head
It's a good thing you're dressed in white

Cos it's a Klan Kookout
Cos it's a Klan Kookout

Here's my wife, slash sister
She brightens up my day
She went away and I missed her,
Cos my Mum's a lousy lay
Don't hang with foreign fellows,
It'll only be your loss
Stay here and roast marshmallows
Beside the burning cross

At the Klan Kookout
Just the black people
Klan Kookout
Dad's on lookout
At the Klan Kookout

And if you're black
Don't want to see your face
They're like a high school track
Just a stupid race
We got a plan
Kill all the Jews
Are you a Mexi-can
Because you seem confused
(Señor, KKK?)

It's a Klan Kookout
It's a Klan Kookout
Mein Kampf?
Check that book out
At the Klan Kookout

All men are created equal,
Man that shit gets me pissed
Here's an idea for a sequel
Someone loses Schindler's List
I cook, I clean
Cos I'm the hooded host
And on Halloween,
I dress as a ... slave owner

We hate Hispanics
Hence the 20-foot walls
And all you God-damn dirty Catholics
Can Catho-lick my balls

Ethnics give off weird aromas,
And I can't understand
Why we need High School Diplomas
With a Bible in hand

At the Klan Kookout.
I have black friends.
I was just kidding. I don't have black friends.