

Dudes, where's my point?  
Down the drain?, sinus pain

Big boy burger man I'm the one who can  
Pizza on the house, Europe's in the can  
Jap's are all tied up, Aussie's on the run  
You don't even know, dude's I am the one

[Chorus:]

Forehead throbbing, stomach's bobbing  
It's my job and not a hobby  
Call me gumby, you don't want me  
Burgers coming, now I'm bumming

I can get some time, studio is prime  
Budget for the food, sushi's really smooth  
Release our demo tapes, the money that it makes  
Will never be enough, to reconstruct your legs  
On your visions we could choke  
Dude, you're a joke

Sound is burning, it's really happening  
Deals are churning the weels are turning around  
You're breaking, because I'm making you  
I'm not faking, I won't take you for a ride  
I'm saying, you guys will get what you want  
I'm praying, I'm gonna get a big point  
Baby it's in your mind, 'cause you never had it!!!