## **Bagpipes from Baghdad**

Ohh, it's music to my ears Oh man, how can I describe the way I feel? Fuckin' great, man Okay, let me see, how could I begin?

Locked in Mariah's wine cellar, all I had for lunch Was bread, wine, more bread, wine and Cap'n Crunch Red wine for breakfast and for brunch And to soak it up and in between snack crackers to munch

Mariah, whatever happened to us? Why did we have to break up? All I asked for was a glass of punch You see I never really asked for much I can't imagine what's goin' through you mind After such a nasty break up

With that Latin hunk Luis Miguel Nick Cannon better back the fuck up I'm not playin', I want her back you punk This is Hello Kitty bedspread satin funk

Mixed with Egyptian, with a little rap and punk Zap and Eric Clapton shaft brings Abba crunk And yeah baby, I want another crack at ya You can beat me with any spatula that you want

I mean I really want ya bad, you cunt Nick, you had your fun, I've come to kick you in your sack of junk Man, I could use a fresh batch of blood So prepare your vernacular for Dracula acupuncture

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You can be a permanent fixture in my lyrical mixture I'm the miracle whip, a trickster My signature sound when the tube of lipsticks surround I'm bound to put it on in an instant, wow, man

What an ensemble, what an assortment of pharmaceuticals This beautiful pill dust in my palm Cuticles get residue just from touching the bottle Never knew I could remind me so much of my mama

I cut you like Dahmer, pull a butcher knife on ya The size of a sword, boy, I'm like the fuckin' Red Sonja Get it stuck in your cornea, nice knowin' ya Norman You're so fuckin' annoyin', drop the shovel, boy Eminem

You don't know what the fuck you're doin' I ain't playin' no fuckin' more Nick Cannon you prick, I wish you luck with the fuckin' whore Every minute there's a sucka born Snuck up on Malakai and made the motherfuckers suck On a shucka corn

Shucka, shucka corn, shucka corn Hit Jason in the face with a hockey puck and told him it's fuckin' on Now what the fuck are ya doin'? You're runnin' over the snow blower With the lawnmower blowing your bagpipes from Baghdad

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In the bed with two brain dead lesbian vegetables I bet you they become heterosexual Nothin' will stop me from molestin' you Titty fuckin' you 'till your breast nipple flesh tickles my testicles

Is what they said, to the two conjoined twins "How's it going girlfriends, you need a boyfriend?" You need some ointment, just set up an appointment Who's gonna see the doctor first, we'll do a coin flip

I just got my one year sobriety coin chip When the bad get goin', how bad does the goin' get? Baby, you shouldn't have any trouble rubbin' groins with Each other, especially when you're joined at the hip

I'm goin' to get the needle and thread from the sowin' kit And attempt to separate 'em, and stitch them back at the loins, shit Knew the little boy with the chocolate chips, ahoy chip Cookie looky, even took me a Polaroid

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