

Praise be to the working man  
I used to be a scientist working in a lab  
Creating all my viruses, creating them real fast  
67 Nobel prizes, really in my prime  
Until one day my rats they said:  
Hey boy you've got time  
I've got time  
I'm fed up with these rats  
I'm starting up a movement with a bunch of killer cats  
He's got time  
He's out every night  
Starting out with drinking and always ending up in fights  
No lazy days were ever meant for me

Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha  
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I've got time  
You've got time  
And so I went to Asia  
And so I went and ran  
Hiding from the notorious law and looking for some sun  
I was chasing that old dragon  
Got hooked on Chinese wine  
Greyhound was my middle name  
And in Chao-Min I did time  
And boy, there I really had some time