You can say that I'm one curly fry in the box of the regular Messing with the flavor oh the flavor that you savor Saving me for last but you better not eat me at all Living in a fast food bag making friends with the ketchup and s alt

People say that I'm crazy for not moving on to better things Instead I'm sitting around trash talking with the onion rings But it's much too soon to leave this easy life Pass me the spoon. Pass the analytical knife

Cause your about to get cut and get cut down
It's all about the wordplay all about the sound in the tone of
my voice

You gotta let me make my choice alone before my food gets cold Better shut up or get shot down. It s all about the know how all just a matter of taste

Stop telling me the way I gotta play. Too much food on my plate .

Believe it or not I super sized my sights on the surprise in the cereal box

My stomachs smaller than my eyes

so I went to see the doctor and he said "turn your head and the n  $\operatorname{cough}$ "

I didn't listen to what he said instead I couldn't wait to get off

He said I can have this but I cant have that

That I should keep wishing I was living the life of a cat because

I ain't the one whose gonna be missing the feast Just like you aint the one who seems to be calming the beast

Now your about to get cut and get cut down

It's all about the wordplay all about the sound in the tone of my voice

You gotta let me make my choice alone before my food gets cold Better shut up or get shot down. It s all about the know how al l just a matter of taste

Stop telling me the way I gotta play. Too much food on my plate .

Well if you are what you eat in my case I'll be sweet so come a nd get some

I'm so over it.

Now your about to get cut and get cut down
It s all about the know how all just a matter of taste
Stop telling me the way I gotta play. Too much food on my plate

(Get up and get some) there's too much food on my plate