

Ricky Shabazz... I hate you
I hate you

Yeah!

Let's Go...

If it ain't about boobies, then I ain't part of that
Rocksmith wear, Louis belts, and starter caps
I be from where spaceships come, where craters are, where Martians at
"Screw you guys, I'm going home"
I'm Eric Cartman
When I'm chillin' in a hoopty
Rolling like the finest
Address me as your Highness
Boy I'm sicker than a sinus
When I'm reclinin'
Kind of fine with the fact that I'm ridin' peaceful
Timeless as time goes by
When it's empty I get a refill
What's the deal with you?
Sorry, what's the deal with me?
Shinin' like a silver peace
Hot girls wanna chill with D
But they only like me for my bill
Like they're Hilary
I Hit a chick like Giggity
'Till she's killed, like her chivalry
Haters threat and groom me please
Your something like my bill receipts
Over due
Sorry dude, I'm up in little Italy
Swerbin' up spaghetti
With Sicilians that be in to me
Cause, I'm so decorated and lit up, Mr.Christmas-Tree
And everytime I hit the beat
I'm something like a legend, gah
Call me Mr.Pryde
Address me as the upper echelon
And every time I mess a song
I wreck with any texter phone
I call any instrumental, my PS aresison
So, I'm gettin' on
So timeless
I kill it by the summer
While you stupid teeny-boppers
Always live your life on Tumblr
Sucka
Now bring that fat butt back
And baby let me put a flag on that... (put a flag on that)
Flagship