

Yeah, boy, yeah, boy, yeah, girl  
Let's take it back  
Attention, K-Mart shoppers, jerk-jicka-jerk  
Attention, K-Mart shoppers, K-Mart shoppers  
There's a Blue Light Special, sales aren't stoppin'

Still got the radar to walk up in Target, spot a bargain like a Dalmatian  
Zippin' up the aisle, racin', got The Salvation Army, style blazer  
I'm out chasin' the gals mental hospital out patient  
A grown adult who acts like a baby, I'm so ado-lescent  
Same old Harley-Davidson coat and flannel  
Eight days in a row, Slim 'til I'm eighty years-old, fat ho  
Still a cage that you don't rattle  
Maybe that explains why you won't battle  
'Cause you was okay in my book 'til you took a page from it, ho  
My notepad'll explode next time you're in range of it though  
Danger, unknown contaminants it contains in it, yo  
Enough plutonium to blow up this whole stadium, ho, asshole  
Guess shit don't change and it won't  
Yeah, so if yesterday felt like the same day as before  
That'll explain why it's Groundhog's Day again, ho  
Skidaddle, it's been Shady since you've been afraid of your own shadow  
Aftermath to the grave and we're takin' over the radio like it's changing it  
s own channel  
And I wouldn't dial it back if it crank yanked me  
And whoa, still cranky and so zany, and oh, yeah, don't stop

So here we go  
Girl who does it better, let me know  
La-di-da, came to party soon as I hit the door  
Y'all are in deep doo-doo fo' sho'  
Better get a pooper scooper  
It's Welfare cheese, saltines and Ritz Crackers  
Faygo, no Mountain Dew  
It's just Moon Mist when I'm at the Ritz (Yeah)

Talkin' about you savin' the day, bitch, you savin' the decade  
You nuts? Take a wild guess, who's crazy as heck, wait  
Fuck you think? You expect Ma\$e, Cool J in a suit playin' the flute  
Michael Bublé doin' reggae, so much my new jewels weigh  
I get headaches, they're breathtaking  
Two huge chains, they're like pet snakes dripping candyblue paint  
With a meth face, swervin' through lanes on a segway  
Bumpin' 2 Chainz in a neck brace (2 Chainz)  
Too dangerous of a threat, bomb brain of Saddam Hussein's head in a suitcase  
When it detonates I-, hold up, hey, you get the kids from school?  
'Kay, cool, thanks  
Impregnate a dead lady, eat bath salts  
Two faces and get nak-, get wasted, got a toothpaste with a cigarette taste  
that's lead-based (Ew)  
Smells like blue paste then I'm on a peg leg in a toupee  
Sellin' bootlegs on casette tapes

So here we go  
Girl who does it better, let me know  
La-di-da, came to party soon as I hit the door  
Y'all are in deep doo-doo fo' sho'

Better get a pooper scooper  
It's Welfare cheese, saltines and Ritz Crackers  
Faygo, no Mountain Dew  
It's just Moon Mist when I'm at the Ritz (Yeah)

And I'm  
Dressed up like a million-dollar trooper  
I'm tryna break a hundred for one Big Buford

It's Welfare cheese, saltines and Ritz Crackers  
Faygo, no Mountain Dew  
It's just Moon Mist when I'm at the Ritz (Yeah)  
It's on my radar

Attention, K-Mart shoppers, jerk-jicka-jerk  
Attention, K-Mart shoppers, K-Mart shoppers  
That's your trademark if life imitates art  
K-Mart to the graveyard, safeguard it like Braveheart  
Ain't changin' a thing, dawg, my thoughts are gonna stay dark  
So cold to this day, start defrostin' to my ideas  
Even after I got 'em to cook 'em they still stay raw  
Because all them thoughts I thought of crawls back up as soon as I thought 'em  
Must mean I'm so hot, I'm cold, so cold, I'm hot, I'm like autumn  
'Cause I'm back to trippin' on all them motherfuckers  
It just sucks I had to fall on my ass to hit my bottom  
And the whole debacle was a God awful experience  
But it also gave me an awesome source I could draw from  
And don't bother callin' the law enforcement to stop him  
There's a new sheriff in town, it's a marshall it's Gotham  
Comin' through in a bra on a horse with Robin in boxing shorts  
I'm too boxy with a box of Newports and [?]  
And your problems compiled as Marshall gone wild  
And drive a car through the side of Arkham Asylum  
And park in the dining room  
Ain't no thoughts darker than mine are  
Batshit cray, sometimes I just gotta remind him  
Lady, nice bottom, it's top of the line and I'm  
Lookin' forward to gettin' behind it

So here we go  
Girl who does it better, let me know  
La-di-da, came to party soon as I hit the door  
Y'all are in deep doo-doo fo' sho'  
Better get a pooper scooper  
It's Welfare cheese, saltines and Ritz Crackers  
Faygo, no Mountain Dew  
It's just Moon Mist when I'm at the Ritz (Yeah)

(Still a K-Mart shopper, you bitch)  
Yeah  
(Still a K-Mart shopper, you bitch)  
Bitch, I'm feelin' nostalgic  
(Still a Wal-Mart shopper, you bitch)  
Suck my ballsack  
(Still a Target shopper, you bitch)  
Stiffler's back (Shit)  
Chicka-Stiffler's back  
Chick-chick-er-chicka-Stiffler's back  
Chicka-Stiffler's back  
Chick

Party pooper  
Haha