

Mutha'uckas - Hurt Feelings

Flight of the Conchords

Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
How many mutha'uckas, too many to count, mutha'uckas

I pay my mutha'uckin rent fortnightly
Mutha'uckas at the bank tryna play me
And the man from my account goes out on A.P
On A.P., yeah you know me
Those mutha'uckas charge a two buck transaction fee
Makes my payment short, my rent comes back to me
Minus a twenty-five dollar penalty, so you'll fee me
'Cause of your mutha'uckin fee

I read the word on my ATM slip
Said we're all mutha'uckas
And we're 'uckin with your shit
So come on

The muthaucka runs a racist uckin grocery
The muthaucka won't sell an apple to a Kiwi
The fight's gonna get vicious and malicious
Cut the cra', I need my red delicious
Tells me as a Kiwi that my money isn't valid
Gonna dice the m-... like a... fruit salad
Mango!
Papaya!
Avocado
Tomato
Then... and then when you
And you... And you take a...
Me
I pop an apple in his ass yeah

Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
He's gonna wake up in a smoothie
Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
Stone cold priced mutha'uckas
Too many mutha'uckas, 'uckin with my shit
Yeah, yeah, come on
How many mutha'uckas, too many to count, mutha'uckas

I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings
A lot of people think that rappers don't have feelings
But the hip-hoppopotamus and the rhyme-nocerus have feelings
It hurts our feelings when you suggest that we don't have feelings

I make a meal for my friends, try to make it delicious
Try to keep it nutritious, creating wonderful dishes
But not one of those mutha'udges thinks about how I feel
Because not one mutha-ucka compliments my meal

And I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings
I spent a long time on that casserole, as a whole
I've got hurt feelings

I've got hurt feelings
Why don't you take these profiteroles
And put them up your shitty holes, hey

Here's a little story bring a tear to your eye
I was shopping for a wetsuit to scuba-dive
But every suit I tried was too big around my thighs
The assistant suggested I try a ladies size
Well

I got hurt feelings
I got hurt feelings
I'm not gonna wear a ladies' wetsuit
No, I am a man
Yeah I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings
Why don't you get me a small man's wetsuit, bitch

We're talking 'bout my birthday, the year 2003
And I'm waiting for a phonecall from my family
It's 12:23, they forgot about me

And I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings
The day after my birthday's not my birthday mum
Thanks for the message
I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings
It's your birthday
We gonna party like your mum forgot your birthday

Well I call all my friends, say "Let's go into town"
But they're all too busy to go into town
So I go by myself, I go into town
Then I see all my friends, yeah they all in town
Yeah they all drive past in Simon's car
So I followed them down to the cinema
Yeah well seeing them without me, it breaks my heart
When they go to watch that movie, Dirty Grandpa
'Cause they know I love the work of Robert De Niro
They know Zac Efron is a personal hero
They know I suffer from chronic FOMO
It's all 'bout the movie
I sent them promo

I've got hurt feelings
I've got hurt feelings

Have you ever been told that your arse is too big?
Have you ever been asked if your hair is a wig?
Have you ever been told you're mediocre in bed?
Have you ever been described as having a weird-shaped head?
Have your friends ever forgotten you and driven away?
Yes they have, they forgot about J
Were you ever homo 'cause at school you took drama?
Have you ever been told that you look like a llama?

Tears of a rapper
These are the tears of a rapper falling down
I'm crying tears of a rapper
These are the tears of a rapper falling down
'Cause the diamond tears of a rapper, golden tears of a rapper
These are the tears of a rapper falling down

Titanium tears of a rapper
These are the tears of a rapper falling down on you mutha'uckas