

## Chead

## Hyper Crush

I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill I'm ill, dale [x3]  
I'm ill I'm ill, I'm-I'm ill like Don Chead  
What you've just said is one of the most insanelly idiotic  
Things I have ever heard  
At no point in your rambling  
Incoherent response were you even close to anything  
That could be considered a rational thought  
Everyone in this room is now dumber for having listened to it  
I award you no points, and may God have mercy on your soul  
Chead!

We on that Don Chead  
I got my shoes on the wrong feet  
Woke up in the party  
Everybody looked like a Mark to me  
Handful of parsley  
Dressed to impress - partially  
That's terrible - Barkley

I like my Perrier sparkly  
I'm so unpopulor  
In a jumpsuit I rock velour  
F\*ck I need pockets for  
Everybody owes me - I'm a entrepreneur  
I ain't got no scruples  
Ego the size of my pupils  
Can you pass that chead  
Ain't no limits - Master P  
Let's go!

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And may God have mercy on your soul  
Chead!

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