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Got a flashy car,
And a druid's smile.
Got a shooting star,
Shape of a crocodile.
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I'm your sassy girl,
I'm your pop machine.
I can make you hurl,
I can make you clean.

The anole is going crazy. He has higher aspirations.

Got my third eye open,
And a brand new skin,
Got the whole world hoping,
That I'll let them in,

Cause I'm a Russian Czar, In a new disguise, But I can see the bars, And I can feel your eyes.