

Earache My Eye

Korn

[Cheech Marin:]

Dun nun nun

Dun nun nun

Dun Dun Dun

Odale! (O-da-le)

My Momma talk to me,
Try to tell me how to live

But I don't listen to her,
'cos my head is like a sieve

My daddy, he disowned me,
'cos I wear my sisters clothes

He caught me in the bathroom,
with a pair of pantyhose

My basketball coach,
he just kick me off the team

For wearing high heels sneakers,
and acting like a queen

Gonna tie my pecker to a tree to a tree
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree to a tree
Gonna tie his pecker to a tree

Get your boogie off

Go Head

The world is coming to an end and I don't give a dam

As long as I have my bitch
Oh I'm a fuck you

It don't bother me, if people think I'm funny
'cos I'm a big rock star, and I make lots of money
Money, money, money...

Are you talking petsos?

Money, ka ching

Ha, ha, ha

Lots of money

I'm so bloody rich

Lots of money
Lots of motherfucking money
I get looks

Ha, ha, ha

I own shopping centres, parking lots,
and stocks, and all that shit

Ha, ha, ha

I own you, ha, you too, you three
For me, he he, oh oh

Get your groove off
Let's bring it back one more time Jonathan
Jonathan on them drums, getting ever slower
more grooving, slow that shit down
crazy slow, come on, death, right here, slow, ah
Don't give a fuck, break it out
You even know, Boy George is on heroin
We don't give a fuck
Rick James is in the crack house
I'm fucking paying, that's all that matters
Ha, ha, ha, ha, aahh, ha, ha, ha

The bomb is a fucking in the house
Loco! Ooooh aahhh oooo
Gimme some