

Listen up! I'm an American,
and I know just what to be scared of.
When I hear the word "foreign" I go
immediately down to the GroceryCo
for my anti-terrorism do-it-yourself
home kit that they got there up on the shelf.
With my stubbornly health, I can't get exploded;
haven't got wealth enough to devote it
in such large measure to picking up bits,
so I'd better be prepared on the terrorist tip!
And I do that there in the simplest way:
by carefully considering Canad-i-a
and deeming its shiftiness quotient high
(got a notion why and it's ocean sized)
and I'm mostly fine with you people, but watch it.
Canada strikes me as unpatriotic.

Let me get this straight:
provinces, not states?
Who's your president? (nawww)
See, that's what I meant!
Post the border guard!
Prepare to bombard!
Countrymen, I say to ya:
Beware Canada!

[Jesse Dangerously]
How'd we ever get so misconstrued?
I thought I heard 'em all, but this one's rude.
Listen, dude, don't ask for favours,
then speak ill of your next door neighbor.
From West Coast ravers to Northeast seal hunt, I'm
shocked.
How am I supposed to feel, Frontalot?
Jeez, keep your guns and Glocks under locks and keys,
please!
I'm stopped and freezed, cops are easily bought for
cheap,
I know not to sleep when I walk the streets of
New York or Los Angeles, crime riddled cities:
a fine kettle of fish where you'll find little pity.
Every piddly bit of validity in me
exhibits lividity: you're an idiot indeed!
Consider me out; your beef doesn't concern me.
I'm cutting dead weight like a weekend at Bernie's.

[Wordburglar]
Yo, Jesse, I think that dude Front's onto us.
Time to let those neutron bombs erupt,
then release Snake Men in the AM
to make people watch reruns of Amen.
"Say again?" No.
Halifax-Jupiter-Mexico:
we gotcha cornered like the edge of a room.
We got alien heads in a tomb.
"Eh?" Catch my drift like slipstream;
it's better on the top like whipped cream.

Y'all can have Pamela Lee,
R&D already cloned her family tree.
We got implants for your medulla lobes.
All we want to do is rule the globe
but for now, we'll let you make believe
that we don't put microchips in maple leaves.

You put in the effort to pick up our language,
though I do notice occasional manglage
of pronunciation. The letters O U
come out your mouth oooo. Don't know why but they do.
Plus somebody told me y'all are rich,
got foliage, rock oil in pitch.
But if you don't have our freedom, you hate it.
Gonna put you on the list to get liberated.
C'mon!