

The supervillain get kicked out your country
And said the Pledge of Allegiance six times monthly
He ain't hardly go to school
Been known to rock a party and do karate on a ghoul
Get your whole dome strangled
While in London town he sported a chrome Kangol
And did his best to blend in
Even till the endin', borderline pretendin'
Not quite, do it matter where you from?
Or more if you scared, prepared or mad dumb
Hold that thought
Youngins all thirsty, get the old man caught
That's a bad sport
And a tad short, another random thought
Show your support for the troops in the street
And for a treat he put a scoop of poop in the beat
That'll get it loopin' complete
So when she do the hula-hoop she spin it with her teeth
Ball, beat 'em all, that's the daily affirmation
Like every day the same songs play at the radio station
They need to change they compilation
Before he stomp the place in, causing complication
Watch what comes pouring out your face skin
Place it in the waste bin, boring conversation

"What do you guys do? What do you do?"

"Collect taxes"

"Collect taxis?"

"Yeah"

"What do you mean?"

"...A tax collector"

Wussy, the style is steel clad
Y'all need to practice like you need some pussy real bad
And that's the most he could emphasize
Never tell a lie, and when he boast, his temperature rise
Keep it on the humble
Speak it on the mumble, creep, dive and tumble
Back on his feet, foes tremble and crumble
Send your best wide receiver, incomplete-fumble
The whole team rumble
Remember it's just a game, keep your helmet on, numbskull!
Things could get uncomfortable and sticky
That's why he wear the metal mask, kick me
I must be dreamin' in the daytime
Company schemin', I think I see them by the layline
Near the fauna wouldn't wanna be him, he's a goner
Laid out in the gutter, see him on your corner, foreigner

"Excuse me? Can we interrupt you for two minutes? What are you doing?"