

Hop hop, you came along my secret labotory
Spiky, spiky bloody fangs hungry for my qi

Hold up, mister
Right there, mister
Sit down, mister
How about some retort, pouch of curry?
Pouch of chili, pouch of M.R.E
But you're rather picky

Well, I'll make you something else
Don't need to show me how
Since I'm the mad scientist, proclaimed by myself
□□ or □□, □□ or □□
(Canto or Sichuan, Jiangsu or Hunan)
No matter which one you pick I'll get it done
□□□ and □□□, □□ and □□
(Zha Jiangmian and xiaolongbao, wonton and chashao)
Delivery or takeout won't beat my retort pouch
You're loving my retort, I'm loving your retort
You're my only retort, you're my only retort

□□
□□□
□□□□□□
□□
□□□
□□□□□□
(Yīyī
Yī'èryī
Yī'èrsānsìwǔliùqī
Yīyī
Yī'èryī
Yī'èrsānsìwǔliùqī)

Crack, crack, you stretch your arms out asking for a hug
Hidden under your talisman is your practised smile

Come here, mister
Help me, mister
Right here, mister
You took up my spoon
Stirring curry, stirring chili
That's when I've realized we've become family

Then he came, a man in black and white, he's holding
Laser guns and bagua signs
Then he aimed at your slimy skin and pulled the
Trigger, your head bursts

Shh, I'll stitch you back up
Don't need to show me how
Since I'm the mad scientist, proclaimed by myself
I'll give you plastic eyes, and give you nylon hair
And I'll make sure I get your talisman repaired
Shark fin soup or dim sum
Dumpling or Peking duck

Nothing I make is gonna bring that charm inside you back
But you're still my retort, but you're still my retort
I'm seeking for retort, I'm seeking for retort