We have to be, we have to be so small
We live our tiny lives, an' all we want to be is tall
We have to be, we have to be so small
We punch above our weight because
The world won't take us all

The mouthy Mac man got a job on tellin' me He's got his work cut out, so he better kill it clean The mouthy Mac man got a job on tellin' me He's got his work cut out, so he better kill it clean

Why d'y'all sound the same?
I came t'check it out
Why d'y'all sound the same?
I came t'check it out
I feel funky, I came t'check it out
Why d'y'all sound the same?
I came t'check it out

It stinks t'me, it stinks of all your pores
You got the bedtime stories
And I got the matchin' snores
It stinks to me, it stinks of high Heaven
You tried to pull a fast one, you pulled a ckever'un

The mouthy Mac man got a job on tellin' me
He's got his work cut out, so he better kill it clean
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