

Bob Rivers, O.J.'s Trial Thing

O.J., O.J.

O.J., I think you did it.

But I wanna know for sure.

You expect people to believe that there are people actually playing golf at ten o' clock at night?

Ya wanna know what I think?

I think you're gonna get passed around like Madonna in an NBA locker room.

O.J. You slime.

O.J. You gave the devil the ball, you whore.

O.J. You love it!

O.J., O.J.

Well, we've all had enough O.J. coverage in our lives.

Me, you, nobody cares any more

and O.J. you're just sitting there looking bored,

spending two hundred thousand dollars an hour on legal fees.

I'm not impressed.

I just want you off my t.v.

Get off my t.v.

O.J. Nobody uses a cellular phone 20 feet away from their house. Come on!

O.J., How much did you pay Rosa?

And now you're going to hell and some loser named Kato has a career.

You make Ike Turner look like a pussy.

O.J. Get the hell off my t.v.

Maybe you'll get an endorsement from Slice.

O.J. You bastard.

Get off my t.v.!