

Malachi Crunch, Laundry For Nothin'

I want my ICC

Now look at them coops there's a bunch of loonies
All of them yahoos in the ICC
That ain't living that's a f**kin' commune
Laundry for nothin' and sex for free
Now that ain't living that's a f**kin' commune
Lemme tell ya them kids are lewd
They own all kinds of shit in common
And I hear they sleep in the nude

They got vats of peanut butter
And weird bread with crunchy seeds
They got rooms that they keep empty
To satisfy their horny needs

See that house with the purple paint job
I bet that they're all fruity in there
They got a house named after marijuana
They sit around in their underwear

They got vats of peanut butter
And weird bread with crunchy seeds
They got rooms that they keep empty
To perform their horny deeds

They got one that's named after a communist
They got one that's run by chicks
Another's full of vegetarian whiners
Munchin on their trail mix
And what's up there, what's that? A pterodactyl?
It looks like a sparrow trying to pee
That ain't livin' that's a f**kin' commune
Get your laundry for nothin' and your sex for free

They got vats of peanut butter
And weird bread with crunchy seeds
They got rooms that they keep empty
To satisfy their horny needs

Now that ain't livin' that's a f**kin' commune
All them yahoos in the ICC
That ain't livin' that's a f**kin' commune
Laundry for nothin' and your sex for free
Laundry for nothin', sex for free