

Nuts Can Surf, Greasy Spoon

I got the peanut butter an the jam,
an I'm rockin an rollin in the sand,
pointin pistols to my head,
because a hard ass ninja is like dirty bread,
strips on a diamond in the front,
desert is solid cause of Jaba the hut,
play a storm call me on more time,
rap master Jim tap dancin on a land mine,
teddybear night light and a greasy spoon,
and Fred and Wilma droppin' acid in the bathroom,
and my arm is in the fire place,
all the phony phone calls they can't trace,
an when I'm lactose its not a gift,
and the people got a problem about the snow drift,
now my mind is in the clouds,
watchin the soap cause the sky is gettin loud,
oh yeah one more time,
stole my charm but it wasn't a crime,
it all was happening oh so quick,
bologna carts were singin in the speed stick,
the Jello molds were runnin round my head,
and I suddenly got a feelin I was better off dead,
but the bed was talkin to me nice,
shoved my feet on a side of rice.
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