

The Annoyancy

BOOK 1

[What a Smell]

What a smell...
It's noisily sounded out into the night
What a smell...
It's pungently wafting towards you
Announcing with a fart
His hunger so supreme!

His cell phone rings
And it's the Space Jam theme
Sheep Eater
Rolls over, and earthquakes are felt
Sleep: Salivating when he sees you
Sheep Eater
Nibbling on your dream, Sheep Eater!

Breathing so hard, it's like he's in pain
Even though he's just sitting there like a log
Getting up, afterwards he's barely alive
And once up he'll cut on the light!

His cell phone rings
And it's the Space Jam theme
Sheep Eater
Rolls over, and earthquakes are felt
Sleep: Salivating when he sees you
Sheep Eater
Nibbling on your dream, Sheep Eater!
Nibbling on your dream, Sheep Eater!
Sheep Eater

BOOK 2

[Who Are All These Randoms?]

Sheep Eater: I am Sheep Eater! And I have called you seven here for a very stupid reason that's just so stupid!

???: He calls everything stupid...

???: GYGUGGASAAAA!

Sheep Eater: Shut up! I'm burning energy just talking here, and I've got a huge steak waiting for me under my left bosom whenever I get up the energy to fetch it... ah, so tempting... but so much effort to get it... aw... Anyway, you all know who you are, but I'll dramatically identify you anyway! You are the Gung-Ho Sheep! Those that hear your names all tremble... tremble before the might of my magnificent seven! I present to the world... The first Gung-Ho Sheep: Joegamesh, the Warrior King!

Joegamesh: MY FOOT STILL HURTS! Reminds me of the time I went to the hospital after being hit by a meteor. I was like, meh, but the doctors all showed up and insisted, calling me the bravest person on Earth! BUT NOW MY FOOT REALLY HURTS, WAAAAH!

Sheep Eater: The second Gung-Ho Sheep: Yolanda, the Wheeling Queen!

Yolanda: I can't actually start yet... I haven't gotten my immunization forums faxed in yet.

Sheep Eater: Ah, you're kidding me! I'm on a plot for world destruction here, and now *none of us* can start unless you've gotten all your forums turned in! They better be here tomorrow, *or you're getting sheepinated!* Now then, the third Gung-Ho Sheep: Thomas, the Bimbabo of Leggins!

Thomas: And like, if Biscuit tries to stop us, we can have him arrested, and, and, he can't do that because it's against the rules. Sheep Eater makes the rules here, so they've gotta be followed or you'll DIE.

Sheep Eater: The fourth Gung-Ho Sheep: Mitchell, the Commander of the Extra-Chromosome Club!

Mitchell: GWAAAAAAAH! HUHUUHUH, Fu-fu-fu-fuck s-so-solid bis-bis-biscuit!

Sheep Eater: The fifth Gung-Ho Sheep: Rob, the Historian of Sheeptopia!

Rob: Ya know, we used to have a camp fire over there, but then we moved it over here because there were a lot of ants over there and they started biting people and crawling on them so we had to move the fire over here. Also, that tree over there has something living in it, and I don't know what it is, but it's either, like, a squirrel or a raccoon or maybe even an owl, I don't know but I saw an owl once that –

[Rob can still be heard talking throughout the next introduction.]

Sheep Eater: The sixth Gung-Ho Sheep: Bug-Eyed Billy the... guy that even creeps me out...

Bug-Eye: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Sheep Eater: Fucking scary... that's stupid though. Lastly, the seventh Gung-Ho Sheep: Eugene of the No-Foreheaded People!

Eugene: Oh, me? I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked that... I mean, you're not mad at me, are you? We're still friends, right? Your birthday's on the 24th of this month. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that... hey, have you ever had sex? Like, with a girl? Think I ever will? I probably won't, I'll probably die a virgin. I don't want to die a virgin though, but no one lets me put it in them. I'm sorry, you're probably mad now, I should stop talking... but we're still friends, right? You probably hate me...

Sheep Eater: Shut up already, damn that's stupid! Anyway, I haven't assembled the world's most retched collection of scum and villainy for no reason, that would be stupid. Instead, as you all know, we're here to take this place over... Cuthbert Island! Except, it seems that an international agent has stumbled onto our plans, and he's stupid. He's called Solid Biscuit, and I need for you all to fan out and kill him!

Joegamesh: I killed him already! He was all like, trying to attack me and –

Sheep Eater: No one listen to him, he's stupid. And he lies a lot. So, alright, everyone fan out and don't come back unless you have *Biscuit's head on a platter!* I'll butter it and eat it, that's my plan! First, we conquer this island... and then I'll use my *super special and ultra secret dream eating powers* to take over the entire world! Mwahahahaha!

BOOK 3

[*Pretty Spry*]

He's the Warrior King, uh huh, uh huh
 His epics legendary, uh huh, uh huh
 He's had a thousand girlfriends, uh huh, uh huh
 And all I can say is he's none too spry... for a lying guy.

It's really kind of hard to hear anything he has say
 When deep down you know he's talking out his ass anyway
 His tales surround dramas both comical and vile
 Goddamn this boy seems to be in serious denial!

He's so irate, how'd he hit this state?
 He swears to his adventures each and every day
 His girlfriend killed herself, but she ain't real
 He doesn't know her last name, says they dated for years

He needs to take a break, his whole life contemplate
 He's trained sword fighting champions with his Star Wars tapes
 So his tale let me sing:
 Oh, hey, Joegy do your thing!

He's the Warrior King, uh huh, uh huh
His epics legendary, uh huh, uh huh
He's had a thousand girlfriends, uh huh, uh huh
And all I can say is he's none too spry... for a lying guy.

Everyone seems to hate even though he is so nice
His best friend shot at him and nearly put him on ice
But for that he was too clever, he really thought fast
He faked a heart attack when that bullet hit his ass!

He's so irate, how'd he hit this state?
He swears to his adventures each and every day
His girlfriend killed herself, but she ain't real
When she resurrected complete amnesia was her deal

He needs to take a break, his whole life contemplate
While working in construction he was crushed by a crate
So his tale let me sing:
Oh, hey, Joegy do your thing!

He joined a Satanic cult, did it just for fun
Then he ups and leave them, just like that he's done
Waved goodbye to the Satanists and they sent him on his trip
That story's utterly impossible, but this fact his mind just skipped

He's the Warrior King, uh huh, uh huh
His epics legendary, uh huh, uh huh
He's had a thousand girlfriends, uh huh, uh huh
And all I can say is he's none too spry... for a lying guy.

He's so irate, how'd he hit this state?
He swears to his adventures each and every day
By the amnesiac girl, for months he skipped every meal
Her parents just skipped town cause no compassion do they feel

He needs to take a break, his whole life contemplate
His mom seems to stroke daily...
The world hates him compassionately...
Yet that's just part of his insanity
So his tale let me sing:
Oh, hey, Joegy do your thing!

BOOK 4

[Biscuit and Otaku's Dialogue]

Solid Biscuit: Bowman... come in... Bowman?

[Enter Otaku.]

Solid Biscuit: What are *you* doing here!?

Otaku Ninja: I just happened to be around. What are you doing here though, if I might ask? You don't tend to go outside much unless something big is up...

Solid Biscuit: I... I don't remember...

Otaku Ninja: Hit your head pretty hard in that river, I guess.

Solid Biscuit: Yeah, guess I did... I mean, I was sent here by the Silent But Deadly agency –

Otaku Ninja: A famously secret organization that you have no problem saying the name out loud.

Solid Biscuit: Shut up. But yeah... and... there was something *big* on this island I needed to take care of, *something very big*. That's all I can remember though... that, and I'm amazed that I'm actually interested in this case. I usually just get sucked in through ridiculous reasons and end up nearly killing myself...

Otaku Ninja: And you came pretty close to killing yourself just then. Man, don't you know that all the bridges on this island are trapped?

Solid Biscuit: Oh? What else do you know about this island?

Otaku Ninja: Just that... oh, and that there's been a number of militant bases springing up in the area. That might be worth looking into.

Solid Biscuit: Damned amnesia! There's no telling how many dangers out there, and now I've got to reinvestigate everything all over again... who knows where I've been spotted? They may have already doubled the defenses all over the place and I could be expected everywhere, and I'll have no clue of these things as I try to figure shit out all over again.

Otaku Ninja: That's pretty messed up.

Solid Biscuit: Tell me about it! And to cap things off nicely, my damn radio's broken, so I can't even ask Bowman what's going down out here. I'm completely in the dark...

Otaku Ninja: The antenna's broken, but you should be able to get a signal from inside the island... tell ya what, I'll be hanging around for a bit, so call me if you need anything. Maybe I'll even dig up some information for you that'll prove helpful.

Solid Biscuit: Sounds sweet... say, which way to the closest militant base? I guess I should try and get started somewhere.

Otaku Ninja: Pretty much straight up from here, but you'll have to go down that way to find ledges that aren't too steep to climb up.

Solid Biscuit: Cool, so just down and around. Alright... better get started.

[Biscuit begins exploring the island, and after some time reencounters Otaku.]

Otaku Ninja: What is it?

Solid Biscuit: I finished exploring the militia base, and I couldn't find a soul to question. The guys guarding this place have no regard for their own lives, anyone I tried to question just spat indignantly... Also, a creepy motherfucker just attacked me.

Otaku Ninja: Oh? How creepy is "creepy"?

Solid Biscuit: His eyes were bugging out of his fucking skull, and his skin looked like he had some weird flesh eating virus...

Otaku Ninja: Hm... he didn't say his name was "Billy" by chance, did he?

Solid Biscuit: He didn't say anything, he just screamed a lot like a member of the extra-chromosome club. Why, think you know something?

Otaku Ninja: Maybe... can't say for sure yet, though... I'll get back to you on it.

Solid Biscuit: What? No, cut that shit. Games like this piss me off, where the main character runs around not knowing a god damn thing while everyone else around him knows everything and then some! If you have a guess just spit it out, as it'll most likely be the right one! I don't want to wait six more boss encounters and *then* you tell me what's been going on... I want to know now!

Otaku Ninja: And what, spoil the suspense? Ugh, fine, I think the guy that attacked you was a member of the Gung-Ho Sheep, a marry band of sick freaks that take orders from some unknown guy.

Solid Biscuit: And that guy is...?

Otaku Ninja: What part of "unknown" didn't you get? Christ you're thick headed, I don't know everything!

Solid Biscuit: Fine... well, at least I know now that the a group of expert killers called the Gung-Ho Sheep are out to kill me.

Otaku Ninja: No, no, no... I don't know for sure that's who they are; did you just totally ignore my earlier dialogue? Also, what part of "marry band of sick freaks" happened to scream "professional killers" to you, eh? There's nothing *expert* about these weirdos, you're just jumping to conclusions for no reason!

Solid Biscuit: Yes... Biscuit vs the Sheep people, I can see movie posters for it now... based on a true story.

Otaku Ninja: It's really a miracle that you're still alive...

BOOK 5

[*Flush the Toilet*]

Flush the toilet
And it's no lie
We'll keep it up until he cries

It's our sinister plan you see
It makes his shower as hot as can be!

Flush the toilet
Rid the smell
Makes his shower hot as hell

When his sanity snaps we'll know
He won't be foiling our scheming anymore

“But what if he hops out and comes after you?”

“He won't make it far, our rooms smell like poo!”

“So when he screams out in pain we'll know...

...that he's sick of us and just wants to go home!”

So flush the toilet
Flush it with cheer
It'll burn his skin off and scar him for years

So when his face melts off we'll know
It's the end of our foe since he just wants to go home!

But not till we flush the toilet
Flush it right here
It's the most intelligent thing we've thought of in years

And when his nerves stop working we'll know...
We've annoyed him... (We've annoyed him!)
We've annoyed him...
At the hands of our commodes!

CHICKEN SOLO!

Buck buck... buck buck buck buck!

Soooo flush the toilet
With a twinkle in your eye
It's evil genius at work and that is no lie!

It's our sinister plan you see
It makes his shower as hot as can be!

“He's bound to jump out, slip then bash in his head.”

“And we'll just keep it up till he wishes he's dead.”

And when his face melts off we'll know
We've annoyed him till he just wants to go home!

One, two, three and...
Flush the toilet
Till he cries
Retarded plumbing will be his demise!

And when his nerves stop working we'll know...
We've annoyed him... (We've annoyed him!)
We've annoyed him...
And he just wants to go home!

BOOK 6

[*Beggars*]

Beggars...
Outside,
No money,
Spots me,
Walks over,
I see you there, and you have your hand out

I see you eyeing my cigarettes hungrily
You ask for one and then ask for two or three more
I appease you yet you just keep coming right back to me

You keep asking over and over...
You snort and say

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
You got some food?
Hey now
Just fifty cent!
Hey now
Woooooah...

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
How about a soda?
Hey now
Just one more dollar!
Hey now
Woooooah...

Got twenty dollars, saving for a movie now
Buy a pack of smokes really cuts into that, wow
Try to light one up but the cig's already ganked, how?
Why they hell do people assume my resources never run out?
All these beggars making bank now, using all my stuff so theirs' stays in tact, now
Nic'n out later cause my supplies have run down
And there's not a soul around willing to give me a handout

I see you eyeing my cigarettes hungrily
You ask for one and then ask for two or three more
I appease you yet you just keep coming right back to me
You keep asking over and over...
You snort and say

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
You got some food?
Hey now
Just fifty cent!
Hey now
Woooooah...

Hey now
I need a smoke!

Hey now
How about a soda?
Hey now
Just one more dollar!
Hey now
Woooooah...

Looks like another beggar comin'
Cant get my smoke on while they're out prowlin'
Wantin' to go eat now but I can't cause I'm followed
I must admit I'm getting sick of this shit
Where did all my spare bucks start to go
Since the beggars started to show?
Can't get outside without being seen
And they keep coming back to abuse my generosity
Avoided one and I felt inspired
Hid far away till his search he retired
That's one beggar returned to his place
He shouldn't have been lurking in the first place
I don't know any other way to convey
How much I wish they'd all just go away
My financial stability's in disarray
Guess I'll just keep avoiding them everyday

I see you eyeing my cigarettes hungrily
You ask for one and then ask for two or three more
I appease you yet you just keep coming right back to me
You keep asking over and over...
You snort and say

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
You got some food?
Hey now
Just fifty cent!
Hey now
Woooooah...

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
How about a soda?
Hey now
Just one more dollar!

Hey now
Wooooah...

I'd rather be alone while I'm out smokin'
Then my gut warns me, as hairs stand up on my skin
Beggars coming here again, wearing my patience so thin
Think it might be getting time to just up and leave
Return to my room in peace...
There's a knock on my door...
It's another beggar with his hand held way out!

I see you eyeing my cigarettes hungrily
You ask for one and then ask for two or three more
I appease you yet you just keep coming right back to me
You keep asking over and over...
You snort and say

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
You got some food?
Hey now
Just fifty cent!
Hey now
Wooooah...

Hey now
I need a smoke!
Hey now
How about a soda?
Hey now
Just one more dollar!
Hey now
Wooooah...

BOOK 7

[Biscuit's Dialogue with Thomas]

Solid Biscuit: I can only presume from the expression on your face that you're a member of the extra-chromosome club, too?

Thomas: That is so wrong! You shouldn't discriminate against people with disabilities, you can go to jail for life! So, you're Solid Biscuit?

Solid Biscuit: Yeah...

Thomas: Thought so. You shouldn't be in here, if any of the soldiers wondered in here, I'd be like... I'm telling *the boss*, and they'd be like, "okay, I'm leaving, I don't want to get fired." Because they can get fired for coming in here. It's against the rules!

[Biscuit draws a gun on Thomas.]

Solid Biscuit: Who are you working for? What's going on here? *How much do you know?*

[Thomas nearly has a heart attack, and tries to run for the door. Biscuit shoots the locking mechanism, trapping Thomas inside the room with him.]

Thomas: You're not supposed to do that! You're going to get in so much trouble! When my boss *Sheep Eater* finds out... oops!

Solid Biscuit: Sheep Eater? Who the hell's that? That's your boss, I guess? What does he want, *tell me!* I didn't come here for no reason, and seeing as I'm a bit short on memories at the moment... I'll cut you some slack. Help me figure out what I need to know, and I won't kill you. How's that sound?

Thomas: You're not supposed to do that! You're gonna go to jail forever! They'll give you the chair!

Solid Biscuit: Ugh, you're not going to answer my questions, are you?

Thomas: I'll write a letter to the senator and he'll be forced to fire you! I know all about Von Baron Bowman Industries and its offshoot Silent But Deadly Agency, and I'll write a letter to your boss's boss's boss and have you all fired for doing this!

Solid Biscuit: Somehow... I doubt you can. I doubt anything you're doing here is legal. Also, I'm quite irked by the fact that you idiots know more about me than I know about you... so, last chance you little snake in the grass, tell me who Sheep Eater is and tell me what he's after!

Thomas: I'll *never* talk, I'd get into so much trouble if I did...!

[Biscuit dispatches him with zilch discretion.]

BOOK 8

[*And Would You Believe It!*]

And would you believe it
Sheep Eater took a shit
The smell of which lowered my IQ
By 10 points!

He is one of those,
 Chronically gassy lardies
 Indigestion to the bone
 No doubt about it!

Sometimes he sits in there and poos...
 And sometimes those walls can't contain it:
 Because the integrity is breached,
 The cement walls start cracking up
 And I'm not just terrified,
 I'm also boned!

His stool tends to stink
 Like a field of rotting flesh
 It brings to mind the tale...
 Of Dante's Inferno
 So I tried some Fabrees
 It animated and yelled at me:
 "Just give it up now
 Cause that smell's making me dizzy."

Sometimes he sits in there and poos...
 And sometimes those walls can't contain it:
 Because the integrity is breached,
 The cement walls start cracking up
 And I'm not just terrified,
 I'm also boned!

Ope, there he goes...
 So I better hold my nose

Sometimes he sits in there and poos...
 And sometimes those walls can't contain it:
 Because the integrity is breached,
 The cement walls start cracking up
 And I'm not just terrified,
 I'm also boned!

BOOK 9

[Smoking Soliloquy]

To smoke, or not to smoke: that is the question:
 Whether peace of mind is worth the trouble
 Of withdrawals and d'toxing syndromes,
 But at least withdrawn I could then remain,
 And is not this a good end? No lie: good choice;

No more; and by a fit to say it ends
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That lungs be damned to a consummation
 Decisively buying a new pack. No lie: good choice;
 To smoke: pursue the dream: yar, there's the butt;
 For in that smoke of death all dreams may come
 When I have parted from this oppressed cave,
 Where hassles are given: there's no respect
 Or common manners through so long a year;
 For all do lash with tongues of scorning words,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love that smokers have,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Why so concerned now,
 To grunt and sweat after a smoke consumed,
 But not the dread of something spurring death,
 The unnecessary costs chipping away
 So no cash returns, wallets lay bare
 And makes me rather bear this hunger pain
 And think of forming a better budget.
 But nic-fits would make fools of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is diced with the pale cast of thought,
 And tugs at my consciousness each moment
 With its influences my will's deemed astray,
 And lost focus on the actual goal.
 The fair Orbit gum! *Groan*, I'm in your hands
 And all my efforts sustained.

BOOK 10

[*Sheep Eating Spree*]

Twice the door shakes, his tummy really aches
 (a chi-chi-pa! a-chipa-chipa chip-papa!)
 Twice the door shakes, his tummy really aches
 He's at the room's door, starving for more!
 (a chi-chi-pa! a-chipa-chipa chip-papa!)

Guess who's back?
 Back again?
 Fatass is back.
 For the lose.

Guess who's back?

Guess who's back?
Guess who's fat?
Sheep Eater's fat.
That fat shit's fat.
And he wants in.

Fat-ass-fat-ass-fat-ass
(fat-fat-ass)
Fat-ass-fat-ass-fat-ass
(fat-fat-ass)

He's eaten so many nightly dreams
But now he's no longer simply content
For the usual nightly chomps, it seems
With Finals coming up, it's quite an event

A precise date is set for the land of sand
To face the weeks ahead, with a fortitude steady
Sheep Eater's feeling like he's in the Promised Land
With fat tongue hanging out his mouth already

Anticipating all the dreams he'll devour
His belly shakes with a mighty quake
His drool's dripping down like a power shower
No one could survive and there is no cake

Just when I thought I was off to a good start
I hear the knocking and shuffling
And an ear splittingly powerful fart
Why he'd even return today is baffling

His knees were trembling, his purpose divine
Full intentions abiding, it's feasting time!
Please hear the cry now coming from me:
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

This is going to be no ordinary meal
Sheep Eater has landed his time of destiny
Because of the timing, and odor that could kill
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

This is going to be no ordinary meal
Sheep Eater has landed his time of destiny
Because of the timing, and odor that could kill
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

That repugnant fatass is trying to kill me
And I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

From the way his cell phone's howling
I wonder if he's a bit overzealous
From the way his stomach is growling
I'd say that's not what it tells us

His goal well thought out
Heartless intentions well premeditated
My mind will surely lose this bout
The stress it's causing leaving me exasperated

Still, there I was, happy as can be
When banging sounds erupted from the door
A hungry man's what I did see
This let me know I'd never sleep anymore

Guess who's back?
Back again?
Fatass is back.
For the lose.

Guess who's back?
Guess who's back?
Guess who's fat?
Sheep Eater's fat.
That fat shit's fat.
And he wants in.

Fat-ass-fat-ass-fat-ass
(fat-fat-ass)
Fat-ass-fat-ass-fat-ass
(fat-fat-ass)

I'm turning suicidal at his hunger unbridled
Not paying for a private room bears a painful fee,
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree.

This is going to be no ordinary meal
Sheep Eater has landed his time of destiny
Because of the timing, and odor that could kill
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

This is going to be no ordinary meal
Sheep Eater has landed his time of destiny

Because of the timing, and odor that could kill
I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

That repugnant fatass is trying to kill me
And I think we're gonna see a Sheep Eating Spree!

BOOK 11

[*Further Dialogues: Rob and Eugene*]

[During his exploration across Cuthbert Island, Biscuit comes to a factory which he decides to explore, only to encounter an annoying individual.]

Rob: Yeah, ya know, you're not supposed to be up here... this factory used to supply a nearby town with emergency supplies, but Sheep Eater took it over this factory after wiping out the citizens of the nearby town. It's crazy. That door you just walked out of used to be a fire exit only, but then they changed it, I don't know why they did that. The computer techies here aren't paid very well, their salary looks good on paper but they're really just barely getting by. One of them is named Greg, he has a small dog. You're not supposed to have pets in here, but he has one anyway. Better hope no one spots it.

Solid Biscuit: *Shut the fuck up already!* Holy shit, I've never been barraged with so much *useless* information *that I could care less about!* Wait, are you still talking? I'm talking here! God damn it...

Rob: ...so yeah, I wasn't sure about joining the Gung-Ho Sheep at first, because they were originally called the Sheep-Ho Guns, and I didn't want to be a sheep's ho, but eventually figured, what they hey? But since the name was changed anyway, I guess it all works out. Hey, did you know you can see the moon overhead right now even though it's still daylight? Isn't that weird? I wonder if in the old pagan religions that believed the sun and moon were on chariots running across the sky ever noticed the moon out during the day and started rethinking their beliefs. I guess they wouldn't –

Solid Biscuit: Ugh, fuck, shut up! Shut up! God damn it, what's your problem? I'm seriously going to be doing the world a favor here by killing you...

[Biscuit is forced to kill him to shut him up.]

Rob: I don't think this is really the end, because what is the end exactly? *Huhuhuhu.*

[Deeper and deeper into Cuthbert Island, Biscuit encounters a frustrating individual at a crossroads that refuses to let him pass.]

Eugene: Oh, hey, I'm supposed to guard this path, that's okay with you, right? I mean, you're not mad or anything, are you?

Solid Biscuit: What the hell? Why would you even ask me such a question – of course I'm pissing off at you freaks that keep trying to kill me! Why wouldn't I be?

Eugene: Ooooh... I guess you probably hate me, huh?

Solid Biscuit: Unless I'm mistaken... then yes, I hate you very much.

Eugene: But we're still friends, right?

Solid Biscuit: *Were we ever friends!?*

Eugene: Hey, has a girl ever let you stick in it her before?

Solid Biscuit: ...wait, what? Why the fuck would I tell you anything about that? And how fucking random of question *is* that? Also, what's up with the fucking baby talk euphemisms?

Eugene: Alright, I gotta kill you now, that's okay though, right?

Solid Biscuit: Ugh...

[Biscuit dispatches Eugene.]

Eugene: Okay, I'm going now.

BOOK 12

[*Procrastinate*]

Procrastinate, procrastinate,
Their grades? Obliterate.
Contemplate their fate...
And epic fail doth demonstrate

Procrastinate, quite irate, their grades grinded down in a tate
The movement of time you can't see will rock your ass definitely
Want to sit around and watch TV? Your GPA's blown like currency
Your chance to pass will evaporate as I state
Grades mutilate while you wait; relax for now, but just you wait
Collecting dust, your book's spider bate, you're still just goofing off in cyberspace
Grab the broom in your room, dust off your book, final's coming soon
Least from this comes some boon, no ordering books for you come semester two

Procrastinate, procrastinate,
Their grades? Obliterate.
Contemplate their fate...
And epic fail doth demonstrate

Did no work? How about that. Dropped your grade and failed your class
McDonald's nice this time of year, so go work there and don't come back

Underrate, ignore the date, soon you'll be put in your place
Bottom rung is where you'll place, taste the tears running down your face
Case by case at this place I see so many laid to waste
Anticipate their pitiable state, as they walk for the last time out that gate
None of them can seem to even wait to be the first to fail out of this place
Finishing on time must excruciate their lazy minds content to marinate
They just relax, turn off their minds, eat some Cheetos and all that crap
Soon enough they'll wake from this nap with their GPA completely sapped

Procrastinate, procrastinate,
Their grades? Obliterate.
Contemplate their fate...
And epic fail doth demonstrate

Did no work? How about that. Dropped your grade and failed your class
McDonald's nice this time of year, so go work there and don't come back

BOOK 13

[*Gung-Ho Sheep Data Charts*]

Ben "Bug-Eyed" Billy:

Discovered in the ruins of a nuclear catastrophe, his body appears to have been terribly mutated... and not in any good ways. A nuclear catastrophe is truly the only thing that can really explain his bizarre looks and behaviors – his brain must have been melted away too. He fails at any and all standardized tests with staggeringly low grades, and at night he can be heard in his room screaming at himself and punching the walls. Truly a useless human being.

Thomas:

Living proof that if you write enough letters, you can get anyone fired. Thomas defaulted to the Gung-Ho Sheep by continually getting new recruits fired by writing angry letters stating that they were discriminating against him until finally he ended up joining himself, as there were no more candidates left. A devout Catholic to a terrible fault, he freaks out and tries to kill anyone that speaks badly about the Pope, whom he reveres as god on earth. Of course, he also acts like every single last member of the US government is also infallible gods on earth, too, so maybe that's not such a high standard for him to hold the pope. He doesn't so much follow the rules himself as he freaks out when other people don't, and then enjoys childishly laughing to himself just thinking about how much "trouble" someone will get in for failing to follow the rules.

Mitch:

The by-product of “No Child Left Behind” and living proof that this policy really just doesn’t work like it’s supposed to. His stuttering speech patterns infuriates all whom try to communicate with him, and leave many to wonder just how “there” he really is in his head. Incapable of complex thoughts and comprehensions, Mitch spends most of his days simply wondering around until he’s told it’s time for bed.

Yolanda:

A crusader for the entire world to be put on curves as she feels insulted just thinking about people using stairs... the world won’t be truly equal until everything is wheelchair accessible, including walkways that just weren’t meant to be. She enjoys crushing enjoyable activities by having them canceled due to her condition, and if it’s something that can’t be canceled because of her condition alone then she’ll go out of her way to find other ways to have it canceled, such as failing to file immunization forms, just for the sake of watching other people suffer. The bitterness she feels towards everyone that can walk knows no limits.

Rob:

Someone that has never forgotten a detail about anything in his life, and enjoys, more than anything, showing off that fact by telling everyone around him about the history of everything. However, being incapable of complex thoughts, he ends up telling everyone about simple things that are usually irrelevant to everything. He continues to speak long after no one’s listening, and can often times be heard wondering down the hall talking to himself... but in fact he’s not talking to himself, but instead carrying on a conversation he started hours ago – the other party to the conversation has simply left already.

Eugene:

Born with no forehead and a half-sized brain, his capacity to recall information is painfully limited. Because of this, he can’t really remember what anyone says to him, and ends up asking the same questions over and over again. His greatest concern above all else is how people feel about him, and he is aware enough of himself to realize that he pisses people off... so he asks them, over and over again, if they’re mad at him, until the point in which they are indeed extremely mad at him. Oddly enough, like an autistic person he can recall every birthday he’s ever been told... a fairly useless skill, but one he’s unparalleled at all the same. His greatest dream in life is to have sex, unfortunately beyond prostitutes he really stands no chance of this at all.

Joegamesh:

[The page appears to have been buried under white-out, and a piece of stained notebook paper is put in its place with nearly illegible handwriting and poor spelling written upon it with “Biagrufy” written at the top... has this profile been tampered with?]

Joegamesh is so fucking awsum! He travals th lands and writes wrongs and moves montins! and he's the greetust warrior king EVER ARE, he'll fucked u up badd. Allso, he learned Obi Wan everything he knows about Jediing, that is how bad ass he are! So wach the fuck out, muther fuckers! In fact, he IS Obi Wan, not lick those other losers in the Gang-Hoe Shep!

BOOK 14

[Out, out, get out!]

You should have left already;
 The reasons you hang around are absurd.
 You linger and you linger and you linger...
 Being, "Have any food?" first you had to say
 None here for you, not even moldy grime!
 And still you and they crowd in here like ghouls
 Let me draw here a breath: Out, out, get out fool!
 Your presence an unpleasant smell I bear
 That reeks and festers my life in a cage
 No more I'll hear less be the door's gale
 But not by this idiot who won't go...
 He doesn't want to leave.

BOOK 15

[The Epic of Austin]

This is the epic of Austin
 The theatre director who'd seen the whole world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When it came casting time...
 He picked Joegamesh

How many days till the premiere?
 His unpaid workers found nothing but deconstruction gear.
 No one could believe he was sincere,
 He wanted everything smashed apart and lugged out of here!
 As he just stood there watching,
 They smashed everything up, no time to lose!
 The stage gradually disappeared...
 Once everything was gone from what else could he choose?
 Suddenly it was show time the very next day,
 Least there's plenty of room, there's nothing to be in the way –
 But he swore he knew what he was doing with every word he'd say...

This is the epic of Austin

The theatre director who'd seen the whole world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When it came casting time...
 He picked Joegamesh

How many work hours were we expected to stay?
 Demolishing everything day after day!
 Why haven't rehearsals gotten underway?
 I couldn't believe what he suggested later that day.
 He was actually contemplating,
 Taking people at their words for the parts that they choose!
 And guess who said he had the most experience that day?
 Joegamesh spoke of his actor's tour cruise!
 And since the show started the next day,
 And since, unable to learn his lines, Joegamesh ran away –
 It seemed like this betrayal was just the price he'd have to pay...

This is the epic of Austin
 The theatre director who'd seen the whole world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When it came casting time...
 He picked Joegamesh

The whole play had to be called off later that day,
 Tired from the whole ordeal Austin went on his way –
 To carve into a stone all the things he had left to say...
 This is the epic of Austin
 The theatre director who'd seen the whole world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When he cast the lead role...

This is the epic of Austin
 The theatre director who knew the nations of the world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When he cast the lead role...

This is the epic of Austin
 The theatre director who'd seen the whole world
 Though he knew mysteries and secret things
 When he cast the lead role...
 He picked Joegamesh...
 He picked Joegamesh

BOOK 16

[*The Warrior King*]

Joegamesh: Behold the might of the Warrior King! I told you I was super badass, and *I told you* that *I* would be the one to kill the legendary Solid Biscuit! This will really help make a name for myself!

Solid Biscuit: But if you're already the famous Warrior King, why are you trying to make a name for yourself still?

Joegamesh: Because no one knows *me* for *me* is why! They just know me as *that Warrior King guy*, but if I kill you *then* they will know who I really am, and maybe even some girls will start talking to me!

Solid Biscuit: I thought you said you had a girlfriend, but she was just killed?

Joegamesh: Well yeah, but, uh, I mean, *other* girls will talk to me, besides all the hundreds of girlfriends that I've already obviously had! No more talking though, behold the power of the Jedi with The One Ring!

[They begin their fight.]

Joegamesh: When you get to the hospital, tell them I sent you – everyone knows me there from my all the times I nearly died!

[They continue their fight.]

Joegamesh: Man, everyone just hates me *so much* for *no reason*... That hurts worse than the time I saw my girlfriend swan dive to her death...

[Biscuit finally downs Joegamesh.]

Joegamesh: *Nooooo no no nooooo!*

BOOK 17

[*As You Shit*]

Fatty
Long time...
Bathroom...
Shittin'...
Many hours...
I hear you in there, and you be there shittin'

I hear him poopin' at all hours of the morning
10 shits by high noon's a small number when you're that fat
I try to enter but it's already occupied again
Smells like a mountain of skunks died

Your farts all stank (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh... (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh...

Fire up the deodorizer, Sheep Eater's on the attack now
 It's been building up from lunch and he's ready to let it all out
 Try to beat him to it, but his door's already been busted down
 How the hell did fatty bolt that fast across town?

Huggies toilet paper making bank now
 So many crates just to keep his big ass wiped down
 Try back later, and you know what I found?
 Sheep Eater's on the toilet; I wonder if he ever got out...

I hear him poopin' at all hours of the morning
 10 shits by high noon's a small number when you're that fat
 I try to enter but it's already occupied again
 Smells like a mountain of skunks died

Your farts all stank (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh... (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh...

Looks like Sheep Eater just got out of the bathroom
 It's dangerous to go in there until all the smells are gone
 Holding my nose before I enter, then I hear him enter and shit
 And I must admit I'm getting sick of it

Where did common decency and courtesy go –
 Since Sheep Eater's ass started to blow?
 Don't wanna know what's in his diet
 That makes him keep coming back and filling up the commode

Finally entered! Brought lots of fire

The corpse smell was pushed back, though not entirely expired
 I realized that the toilet will need to be replaced
 Sheep Eater's latest escapade dislodged it from the usual place

I don't know any other way to convey
 How much I wish that fat ass would just go away
 Consider the whole dorm's nostrils in disarray
 And here he comes to take his hundredth shit today

I hear him poopin' at all hours of the morning
 10 shits by high noon's a small number when you're that fat
 I try to enter but it's already occupied again
 Smells like a mountain of skunks died

Your farts all stank (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh... (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh...

I gotta take a shower, class is in an hour
 Can't go out in public with oily skin
 Suddenly the door's shakin'
 Stretching my patience so thin
 Sheep Eater enters and stays until it's time for me to leave...
 So I go on with my day...
 Come back six hours later...
 Sheep Eater's still in there after all that time.

I hear him poopin' at all hours of the morning
 10 shits by high noon's a small number when you're that fat
 I try to enter but it's already occupied again
 Smells like a mountain of skunks died

Your farts all stank (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)
Ooooooh... (as you shit)
 It's a farm of gold (as you shit)
 Tortures the toilet (as you shit)
 Time's stretching on (as you shit)

Ooooooh...

BOOK 18

[Biscuit's Origins and Sheep Eater's Intentions... Revealed!]

[Fast asleep for the first time in ages, Biscuit dreams of his origins as a stealth agent.]

[Lantis is looking at a *help wanted* poster for the Silent But Deadly agency, hung up outside of a Fred's, when Bowman spots him.]

Bowman: Hey, Lantis, you should give that a try.

Lantis: Yeah... maybe I'll stop by later and –

[Later, Lantis shows up at the trailer park to respond to the *help wanted* poster.]

Bowman: So you're the new guy around here? Let's see, what does your profile say about you... Ah, Mr. Lantis, is it?

Lantis: Damn it, Bowman, you *know* who I am. We've known each other for what, forever?

Bowman: Now, I can't just be giving this position away to anyone. This is a very low paying job with extremely low hours and unadulterated hazardous working conditions – it's the most wanted job in the world!

Lantis: Sounds like fun. So, when can I start?

Bowman: Just as soon as I think of a secret agent name for you...

[Bowman's munching on a biscuit, but eventually spits it out.]

Bowman: God damn school biscuits... I think I chipped a tooth. What do they mix in the pot when they're making those, cement?

Lantis: Forget about that, I'm sure we'll think of a cool name for me to go by soon. And you thinking about food could never possibly help you come up with a name!

Bowman: I guess so. Hey, I've gotta take a crap that would choke a water buffalo... dare me to take it with the door open so everyone in the trailer has to smell it?

Lantis: (laughing) Hell yeah, it's a bet.

[Later, when Lantis is in costume for the first time, and his agent name has been decided...]

Bowman: So, you know I do expect you to be in uniform any time you're on duty.

Solid Biscuit: Fair's fair, I make you dress in a bear suit every time you drive me somewhere.

Bowman: Yah... hehe, who's driving? Bear's driving! How can that be? Oh hey, TCHS Land seems to be at a standstill with the US military still...

Solid Biscuit: Hm... ya know, I bet I can get a good warm-up with this whole stealth agent thing if I ran out there and freed the hostages in there... I mean, so far *no one* has been able to get into that place, right?

Bowman: I guess so...

Solid Biscuit: I should so do that then.

[Without further ado, Biscuit finally wakes from his dream after an image of Sheep Eater appears and devours the world around him. Much of his memories have returned to him, but with his radio going off, more pressing matters await.]

Solid Biscuit: What? Who is this?

Bowman: Oh, there you are. I've been trying to call you.

Solid Biscuit: ...I'm still dreaming, aren't I?

Bowman: I don't think so... no.

Solid Biscuit: But my radio busted, it can't pick up your signal from here.

Bowman: That's no prob, Bob. I went to my cousin's house, you know, the snake hunter? He has a really big antenna that I was able to borrow from him and hook up back at my place to and create a good enough signal to reach you with and to pick up your limited signal with. Instead of meeting halfway, I just take the conversation straight to you, basically. Like how I explained that like in Star Trek, where they give one explanation then a simpler one for everyone to get it?

Solid Biscuit: Uh, sure... but damn, you wouldn't believe the rough nights I've been having out here... no matter how long I sleep I feel like I haven't rested a wink, it's like I've been up for several days straight!

Bowman: Well of course, don't you remember why you came here in the first place?

Solid Biscuit: ...oh shit, that's right, I *don't* remember, and I couldn't even recall that I didn't remember because of how damned tired I'm feeling! But you know, don't you? What's going on out here?

Bowman: Oh, I don't know. But what are you still doing out there if you don't know, either?

Solid Biscuit: Simple, I can't leave until the final boss has been defeated. It's impossible to leave before then.

Bowman: Why not?

Solid Biscuit: Someone smashed up the boat I came here on, that means escape is completely inaccessible now until the final boss goes down – why am I having to repeat myself here?

Bowman: Hm?

Solid Biscuit: Yeah, video game logic. Even if I had a helicopter I still wouldn't be allowed to leave this island because Sheep Eater is up to something and nothing, other than I, can stop him. That's how these things work.

Bowman: Stop screwing around, this isn't a game! And if you really can't leave the way you've come, then your next goal should be to find an alternative way out of there! You seem to have gathered enough information for us to call in the military, so we'll just go with that.

Solid Biscuit: Good to know, and I don't care. Are you listening? I asked you why you sent me here in the first place and if you knew what Sheep Eater was up to; there's no way you could simply have no idea what-so-ever. I hit my head on a rock, so a good chunk of the last few weeks are just a blank to me now.

Bowman: Well, let's see here... I know I have the mission statement around here somewhere, but I lost it when my mountain of cigarette butts collapsed. Quite the pickle... *mmmm*, pickles. I think I have a jar around here somewhere...

Solid Biscuit: Bowman! Bad Bowman, pay attention and stop getting distracted so easily – this is a high-stakes mission, remember?

Bowman: Oh, right, right... so what are you going to do?

Solid Biscuit: *That's what I've been asking you!*

Bowman: Well I don't remember what you said you were going to do, why are you asking me?

Solid Biscuit: *I never told you what Sheep Eater was up to or why I was here!*

Bowman: Then that's probably why I don't remember.

Solid Biscuit: That's... that's... goddamn it Bowman!

Bowman: These pickles are delicious, do you want me to save you one?

[Biscuit grinds his teeth.]

Bowman: Wait just a minute, my little brother just walked in... no, that's a bad dildo! You can't have my pickle, it's my pickle! Hahaha, I just said "pickle." Now get out of my room ya dildo! Oh what luck, there's a half-eaten box of fries next to my bed! Can this day get any better?

Solid Biscuit: FOCUS, BOWMAN, FOCUS! Sleep. Eating. Monster. For all I know, he could already be absorbing dreams all around the world for whatever twisted reason he has up his sleeve. You have a TV, can you at least tell me if any reports have started to surface on the News of a world-wide, or even isolated, epidemic of insomnia?

Bowman: I can't, the damn Direct TV box is acting up again. Wait, I have an idea... MOM! Hey mom! Call the Direct TV people! The Direct TV people! I said *the Direct TV people* ya deaf bitch! I need to see what's on the news! I don't care that daddy said he'd look at it when he gets home from work, I need it fixed now! And do we have any more jello in the fridge? We do? Can you get me some? I said can you get me some?

Solid Biscuit: (slowly to himself) And this guy's my only link to the outside world...

Bowman: Oh wait! I just remembered, I can look that kind of stuff up on my computer. Let's see what a google search shows... hm... nothing really comes up when I enter *Sheep Eater* into a search. What did you say your reason for being there was, again?

Solid Biscuit: Never mind that!

Bowman: Oh, hey! I just found the mission statement in My Documents – I forgot I keep vital information there. Let's see here... okay, *Sheep Eater* has been stealing and eating dreams from people across the world, slowly growing larger and more powerful. He plans on devouring so many dreams that he eventually crushes the world, and then *becomes* the world by replacing its mass with his own!

Solid Biscuit: (Stunned silence) Wait, what? Damn it Bowman, keep important stuff like that more organized – wait, oh shit, you mean he's not trying to take over the world... *he's trying to become the world!*? That explains why he keeps growing fatter...

Bowman: But there's not enough food in the whole planet to gain that much mass, naturally. But what there *is* an endless supply of is dreams... He eats dreams to grow fatter and fatter until, ultimately, he will become all-powerful.

Solid Biscuit: That does explain why I wanted to go on this mission so bad...

Bowman: Because he's threatening to destroy the world?

Solid Biscuit: What? No, fuck the world. That asshole has been Bogarting my fucking dreams! I fucking *hate* being woken up or disturbed in the least while I'm trying to sleep, and he's been doing it almost ceremonially! Yeah, now this shit is just flat out personal... that asshole has got to die.

BOOK 19

[*Mephisto*]

Hi, my name is – who?
My name is – huh?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – what?
My name is – who?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – (AHEM) who?
My name is – huh? (excuse me...)
My name is(may I have your attention)... Mephisto (for one second...)

Hi, publishers, know what talent is?
Wanna stop passin' it up every time I send a submission?
It's funny, ya'll have all that money – but how are you gonna spend it?
Another hack sent in a romance novel!? Could you please stop acting like you enjoy it?

My mind's been going since the first seeds of Legends were sown
But now it's done and I see that all of my cash is gone
And people ask me why I spit on them when they say they're writers as well?
Cause the publishers hide from a flood of submissions – so they can just rot in hell

Well, since age 12, I felt a connection between The Master and myself
So I took my story of the Phonea and propped it up on the shelf
It's not fair though, everyone tells me it was better without humans
It's not my fault Rufus's scenes keep getting extensions

I tied up that storyline fast, gave the boot to their ass
Wiped out their whole civilization, even the children were gassed
I'm not murder addicted, I just find it appealing
They didn't used to call me Mephisto the Red for no reason

Hi, my name is – what?
My name is – who?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – who?
My name is – what?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – who?
My name is – what?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – who?
My name is – huh?
My name is... Mephisto

I think that whenever I ask how it's going all of my fans lie
I talk all about what I plan for the story, yet they never reply
Yet once a publisher sent me a packet, as requested
He seemed interested, but then years went by and I was never enlisted

Time to submit again, time to google and see here...
It's a list of all the people who rejected me last year!
The queries I send to them aren't even looked at or questioned
They're screaming at me to leave them alone while I say, "Check it again!"

I spam their mailboxes all the time, because I like to
Until they get mad and block me... then I'm screwed
I fumble around to try and get unblocked till my patience wears thin
Then I just start a new email account and say, "It's me again!"

You know you screwed up when your book's being declared
As the number one hit with... the vision impaired
And by now I thought I'd be a hero, who the hell else could compare!?
I wrote a whole fucking novel series... and nobody cared.

Hi, my name is – who?
My name is – what?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – huh?
My name is – who?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – what?
My name is – uh-huh?
My name is... Mephisto

Hi, my name is – what?

My name is – who?
My name is... Mephisto

BOOK 20

[*Biscuit's Dialogue with Sheep Eater*]

Sheep Eater: That's so stupid, why did you come here? That's stupid...

Solid Biscuit: Your seven Gung-Ho Sheep have all fallen, and now the two of us seem to be alone together with no witnesses around to see just how badly I'm about to hurt you... maybe you shouldn't be talking shit right now. Just saying, as casual advise, ya know.

Sheep Eater: No witnesses? That's stupid. The Gung-Ho Sheep were stupid. But me? I'm pretty damn smart. Smart enough to... ah, damn it! I closed the glass box before getting my potpie! It's right over there in the corner, could you...? No, you're not gonna get it, you're stupid...

Solid Biscuit: Fucking Christ, is everyone around here bat shit crazy? Or maybe I'm the one that's gone mad... no way the world can be as messed up as this... *what's wrong with you people!*

Sheep Eater: I like dogs... I think I'll get a dog when I *become* the world... but what kind of dogs should I get? I hate chous, they're all gonna die...

Solid Biscuit: Hey! That happens to be the only type of dog I do like!

Sheep Eater: That's stupid, they're so ugly.

Solid Biscuit: Fuck you, buddy! And for fuck's sake, try to stay on topic here!

BOOK 21

[*Sheep Eater Powers Up*]

Sheep Eater: Hold on a second, I've gotta do my exercises! Down, up! When I up, down, touch the ground, it puts me in the mood... Up, down, in the mood... (smacks lips) for food! I am stout, round, and I have found, speaking poundage-wise, I improve my appetite when I exercise! Now where was I... oh yes, I'm rumbly in my tumbly, time for something sweet! I am short, fat, and proud of that. And so, with all my might, I up, down, up down to my appetite's delight! As I up, down, touch the ground, I think of things to chew! With a hefty, happy, appetite, I'm a hefty, happy pooh!

BOOK 22

[*Run a Lap*]

Dubyah-tee-eEf!?

What the fuck?
This is Solid Biscuit here,
See, I usually sleep for two hours a day as it is, right?
Well, that fat shit won't even let me have that!

Well, fuck all that bullshit!
I keeps it real, ya'll

Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!
Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!

Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!
Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!

R-U-N a Muth-a-Fuck-in lap!
R-U-N a Muth-a-Fuck-in lap!
R-U-N a Muth-a-Fuck-in lap!
R-U-N a Muth-a-Fuck-in lap!

Not watching TV; don't take a damn nap!
Run a lap, fatass!
A fucking lap, fatass!

Not watching TV; don't take a damn nap!
Run a lap, fatass!
A fucking lap, fatass!

Not watching TV; don't take a damn nap!
Run a lap, fatass!
A fucking lap!

Clean your room,
Clean your room,
Clean your goddamn room!

Clean your room,
Clean your room,
Clean your goddamn room!

Clean your room,

Clean your room,
Clean your goddamn room!

Clean your room,
Clean your room,
Clean your goddamn room!

Your body needs salads,
So eat that shit.

Your body needs salads,
So eat that shit.

Your body needs salads,
So eat that shit.

Your body needs salads,
So eat that shit.

Calories,
Calories,
You do not need!

Calories,
Calories,
You do not need!

Calories,
Calories,
You do not need!

Calories,
Calories,
You do not need!

Go outside,
Go outside,
Occasionally.

Go outside,
Go outside,
Occasionally.

Go outside,
Go outside,
Occasionally.

Go outside,
Go outside,
Occasionally.

Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.

Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.
Use lots of Fabreeze, fatass.

Just take the trash out,
How hard is that?

Just take the trash out,
How hard is that?

Just take the trash out,
How hard is that?

Just take the trash out,
How hard is that?

Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!
Run a lap, run a lap,
Run a motherfucking lap!

Run a...