

The Excited Southerner At a Job Interview

Adam Sandler

J.n.: "i can make a bigger splash than you!"
jimmy: "oh yeah, give it a shot." [while jumping up and down on diving board]
j.n.: "can opener!"
[big splash]
jimmy: "man, that one was huge."
j.n.: "you go." [while running towards pool]
jimmy: "ahhhh, jackknife!" [jumps in and small splash]
tracy: "that was a dud, jimmy."
jimmy: "shutup, tracy."
tracy: "you shutup." [door opens, walks over]
momma: "lunch time kids."
[kids yelling happily]
momma: "i made some jelly sandwiches and sliced up some cantelope. i figured you could eat a little food and and then maybe play with yer cock and balls fer a while."
j.n.: "i'm just gonna eat, mom."
momma: "all right. and then maybe a little later, you can play with yer cock and balls fer
momma."
j.n.: "i don't think so."
momma: "ok. slow down jimmy, yer already halfway done with yer sandwhich. you're gonna get a belly ache."
jimmy: "no i'm not. i'm hungry."
momma: "i know, but you shouldn't so fast. you're rushing honey, you're gonna choke. put down your sandwhich and beat off your cock and balls for a little bit. pace yourself."
jimmy: "oh god." momma: "tracy, do you want some fruit or a sandwhich?"
tracy: "no mom, i'm trying to lose weight. guy said i'm getting fat."
momma: "what? you look beautiful honey. he's crazy."
tracy: "guy said last summer i looked better in a bathing suit, so i'm gonna try to lose like three or four pounds."
momma: "awww, sweetheart. you've got so much to learn. guy doesn't want you to lose weight, baby. it's just his way of telling you he wants you to smack around his cock and balls some more, honey. he's got some balls and some cock. you gotta stroke his schlong or at least bite his nuts."
tracy: "mom!"
momma: "you're scared, aren't ya honey. you want momma to help you? momma will stroke guy's penis for him. no one has to know. i'll sneak in when it's dark."
tracy: "no! mom, please!"
momma: "you don't know how to tug on the cock and balls? you need momma to show you? get me a carrot, sweetheart. where are you going!?"
j.n.: "mom, where's the suntan lotion?"
momma: "it's under the chair baby. you gonna lube up yer cock and balls and wack it for a little bit?"
j.n.: "uhh, no. i'm just going to put some on my face so i don't get sunburnt."

momma: "smart thinking honey. and while yer at it you can put some on your brother's ding dong and knock around his nuts for him."
jimmy: "mom!"

momma: "what jimmy. why don't you let your brother wack your cock and nuts for a little bit. you're not playing with them right now so why not let him. share, baby!"
jimmy: "you're weird mom! i'm going swimming!"
momma: "oh, you shouldn't swim for a half an hour. i read that."
jimmy: "why?"

momma: "because you just ate, honey. and you'll get cramps. why don't you just lay on the side of the pool and jiggle your balls for momma."
jimmy: "it's ok. i'll stay in the shallow end."

momma: "ok, baby. but don't hurt yourself with that big juicy hog of yours." jimmy: "hey, j.n. throw me that frisby."
j.n.: "here! whoops!" [sails over and falls to the ground]
jimmy: "nice throw. right over the fence and into the chasen's yard."

momma: "don't get all huffy puffy. i'll get it. momma will make everything all right. j.n. you watch jimmy and make sure he's safe in that water."
j.n.: "ok, ma."

momma: "and if you want you can beat your cock and balls. hi mr. chasen!"
mr. chasen: "oh, hi emily. how are you?"

momma: "oh, the boys threw the frisbee over the fence again. and there it is under the bush."
mr. chasen: "i'll get it for you."

momma: "sorry. thank you. and while your under that bush, why don't you jack around your cock and balls for yourself. you can stare at my jugs and play with that healthy wang of yours."
mr. chasen: "no, i'll just. i'll just get your frisbee."
momma: "all right baby."
mr. chasen: "here you go."

momma: "thank you. thanks. thank mr. chasen, boys!"
boys: "thanks mr. chasen!"
mr. chasen: "you're welcome fellas."

momma: "have a good day. oh, and. and tell your son tommy, if he wants to come over later and play with his cock and balls with the kids he's always welcome. i don't know what happened with him and the boys, but they don't seem to be friendly anymore."
mr. chasen: "i'll do that emily."

momma: "all right. he's got a big one. you know that." momma: "tracy! you're boyfriend guy's car just pulled up."
tracy: "ok mom. please don't embarass me!"

momma: "everything embarasses you at this age, but i'll do my best. don't worry."
guy: "is it ok to come in?"
tracy: "come on back here guy!"
momma: "oh!"
tracy: "thanks for coming over!"
momma: "nice to see you guy."
guy: "hi mrs. tucker."

momma: "why don't you go for a swim with the others?"
guy: "i didn't bring a bathing suit with me."

momma: "oh no! you don't need a bathing suit. just pull off your clothes and let your cock and balls feel the nice warm water."
guy: "uhhh, that's ok, mrs. tucker."

momma: "come on! pull out your cock and balls. the water's heated. you'll love it."
tracy: "mom! stop it! now!"
momma: "what are you talking about, honey!? this way his balls are out, you can stroke his ding dong in front of all of us. come on, pull out that hog of yours. i wanna see it anyways. i wanna know what my daughter's been stroking."
tracy: "mom! stop it!"
momma: "in fact, everybody, pull out your cock and balls and rub it for momma. play with yourself. it'll be good. everyone. wack away!"
j.n.: "you're sick mom! i'm leaving."
jimmy: "i'm going to billy's house. i can't take this anymore."[walking away]
guy: "come on, let's go."
tracy: "you've humiliated me and guy. we are so outta here."momma: "what did i do? what is the matter with you all? come back here! you're ruining the day! it's so beautiful out. this is too much of a..."[picks up phone and starts dialing while car drives off]
"i can't take these kids anymore..."[phone rings and gets picked up]
grandma: "hello?"
momma: "momma, it's me, i'm very upset,"
grandma: "oh, what's the matter, baby?"
momma: "the kids are yelling at me and they left me here all alone."
grandma: "did you tell them the kids to play with their cock and balls?"
momma: "i told them to play with their cock and balls."
grandma: "and what did they say?"
momma: "they don't wanna play with them anymore."
grandma:"why don't they wanna play with them anymore?"
momma: "i don't understand. they've got cock and balls. they should play with them."
grandma: "poppy always loves when i play with his cock and balls."
momma: "you smack around daddy's cock still, why shouldn't they beat theirs?"
grandma: "tell them to come over to grandma's house. i'll play with their cock and balls."
momma: "oh momma."

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>