

How many people have kids? Applaud. If you have kids, applaud real big. Yeah. How many lady in the blue?

Three. Three. You like them? I hate my children.

My kids remind me of my hemorrhoids.

Every time I sit down, they start irritating me.

I got three boys and a girl. Uh 17, 16, 13, and my youngest boy, he's eight. Uh he started kindergarten this year.

Yeah. I got me a real valictorian on my hands.

Poor little guy can't even spell GED.

And I don't care cuz he's stupid, but dang, he's mean.

Three weeks ago, I had a beautiful Persian cat. He decided to give it a bath in N.

I am now the proud owner of a giant Chihuahua that meows.

My 13-year-old though, he's my pride and joy. He is straight A student, gets all A's, going to go to college, be the first one out of our family to go to college. I'm so proud of him. And he'll get straight A's in college. I just know it. And he'll graduate top of his class.

That kuna matata That's a college term skater.]

Hey guys, I'm sorry to interrupt the the special, but I need to get a message to my son who's got his head buried in his phone. Look, I've told you to take the garbage out five times. I'm not going to ask the sixth. I'm going to take that garbage. and I'm going to dump it in the room that you're not paying rent for and it's going to start to stink more than it already stank. Okay.

Also, you know the argument we got in yesterday that I got a snowballs chance in hell of getting more supporters and

likers and subscribers to my YouTube channel than you do. Well, let me tell you something, folks. Let's just blow

him out of the water, okay? Like me, support me, follow me, and all that. and I'll show you a picture the look on his face when we just blow right past him.

Okay, back to the special. My oldest boy, 17.

He's been driving for two years. He's had 27 accidents. Thank you very much.

In fact, I call him the David Copperfield of drivers. Oh, yes. Cuz it's magic.

Because to hear him tell the story, stuff just appears out of nowhere and he hits it.

And he always comes with the same excuse. I had to swerve to Mr. deer.

27 deer. Son, maybe we need to get some deer whistles from a car.

I said, "Son, we need mailbox whistles cuz that's the only thing you've been killing.

Mailman can't even deliver to our neighborhood no more." He just hands me the mail and he goes, "You figure it out."

This boy has totaled four cars, people. Four.

I got smart after the second one he crashed up. started shopping for cars for him at these little county fairs.

Yeah, buddy. You know the old county fair. Anything that survives the demolition derby. There's your new ride, boy. Woo. Ain't she pretty?