

Crazy Rap

Afroman

(Wait a minute, man. Hey, check this out, tell it. It was this blind man, right?)

Man, check this out- it was this blind man, right?

He was feelin' his way down the street with this stick, right?

Hey. He walked past this fish market, you know what I'm sayin'?

He stopped, he took a deep breath, he said Woooooo, good morning, ladies.

You like that shit, man? Hey, man, I got a gang of that shit, man.

I tell you what- my man on the guitar, fool on the drums

everybody just crowd around the mic, I'll tell you all these mutha-fuckin' jokes. But first, I'ma start it off like this. Hey, help me sing it, homeboy.)

Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby that's all we need.

We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed.

And as the marijuana burns we can take our turns, singing them dirty rap songs

Stop and hit the bong like Cheech and Chong, sell tapes from here to Hong Kong.

So roll, roll, roll my joint. Pick out the seeds and stems.

Feelin' high as hell flyin' through Palmdale, skatin' on Dayton rims.

So roll, roll the '83 Cadillac Coup de Ville. If my tapes and my cds just don't sell, I bet my caddy will.

Well it was just sundown in a small white town. They call it Eastside Palmdale.

When the Afroman walked through the white land, houses went up for sale.

Well, I was standin' on the corner sellin' rap cds when I met a little girl named Jan.

I let her ride in my Caddy cause I didn't know her daddy was the leader of the Klu Klux

Klan. We fucked on the bed, fucked on the flo', fucked so long, I grew a fuckin' afro.

Then I fucked to the left, fucked to the right. She sucked my dick 'til the shit turned white.

I thought to myself, Sheba, Sheba! Got my ass lookin' like a ZEBRA!

I pulled on my clothes and I was on my way, until her daddy pulled up in a Chevrolet.

I ran. I jumped out the back window, but her daddy, he was waitin' with a 2 x 4. Oh, he beat me to the left, he beat me to the right. The mutha-fucker whooped my ass all night.

But I ain't mad at her prejudiced dad, that's the best damn pussy I ever had.

I got a bag of weed and a bottle of wine. I'm a fuck that bitch just one more time.

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So roll, roll, roll my joint. Pick out the seeds and stems. Feelin' high as hell flyin' through

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I met this The Good Times in Hollywood. She had green hair, but damn she looked good. I took her to my house, cause she was fine, but she whipped out a dick that was bigger than mine.

I met this lady from Japan, never made love with an African.

I fucked her once, I fucked her twice. I ate that pussy like shrimp fried rice.

Don't be amazed at the stories I tell ya. I met a woman in the heart of Australia.

Had a big butt and big titties, too, so I hopped in her ass like a kangaroo.
See, I met this woman from Hawaii. Stuck it in her ass, and she said, Aiiiiieeee!
Lips was breakfast, pussy was lunch, then her titties busted open with Hawaiian Punch.
Met Colonel Sander's wife in the state of Kentucky. She said, I'll fry some chicken if you just
fuck me.

I came in her mouth. It was a crisis. I gave her my secret blend of herbs and spices.

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And as the marijuana burns we can take our turns, singing them dirty rap songs
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Hey, wait a minute man, check this out.

I met Dolly Parton in Tennessee. Her titties were filled with Hennessy.

That country music nearly drove me crazy, but I rode that ass and said, Yes, Miss Daisy!

Met this lady in Oklahoma; put that pussy in a coma.

Met this lady in Michigan; I can't wait 'til I fuck that bitch again.

Met a real black girl in South Carolina; fucked her 'til she turned into a white albino.

Fucked this hooker in Iowa. I fucked her on credit, so I owe her.

Fucked this girl, down in Georgia; came in her mouth. Man, I thought I told ya.

Met this beautiful sexy ho; she just ran cross the border of Mexico.

Fine young thing, said her name's Maria. I wrapped her up just like a Hot Tortilla.

I wanna get married, but I can't afford it. I know I'ma cry when she gets deported.

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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>