Bubblegoose

Cartman

When I was young, Mum bought me a guitar
A microphone an' she said I'd go far
She said, "Just keep it raw, the lyrics hardcore"
Listen to my talk an' get up, I'm on the corner with my
Hey kids, gather around, it's Wyclef an' Melky Sedeck
I got a story to tell, here we go
Sit right back an' hear a tale
Of a hustler 'round my way
Who used to clock around the block
From where my grandma stayed
Black BMW with rims to match
Windows bulletproof
One night, he jumped out the car
An' caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be at the party gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your bubblegoose
Hey yo, hey yo, my pen's in my hand
Okay, what should I write next?
Oh, yeah, an' if you don't know
Success brings stress
I'm vexed, my phone rings, collect call from Jeff
The operator say, "If you accept, say yes"
"Yes, what's the deal, son?", "Yo, I got bad news"
Yo, by the tone of his voice, I heard the ill street blues
"The friends will make you, then too can break you
They plan an execution like Fu Man Chu", "Who?"
"You know the character from Channel 5 Kung Fu"
"Slow down, man, Jeff, I'm losin' you"
"Hey, yo, your cousin Rohann", "Uh huh", "Who used to sell bang" "Uh-huh", "DT's found his hand in the back of Binnigans"
"What?", "In a plastic bag with a note attached"
"Sayin' what?", "A million an' a half or he won't be back"
"So meet me by the Brooklyn Bridge, 12 o'clock sharp"
"If not, at the funeral, you gotta play the harp"
Yo, why they wanna start an' make me play my part?
Don't they know like Sting, I could turn this murder into art?
I jumped into my car, there's gotta be a joke

Traffic's backed up, who's in town, the Pope?
S-s-someone blew the horn, I turned an' looked left
To my surprise, it was my sis, Melky Sedeck
Sit right back an' hear a tale
Of a hustler 'round my way
Who used to clock around the block
From where my grandma stayed
Black BMW with rims to match
Windows bulletproof
One night, he jumped out the car
An' caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be at the party gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your bubblegoose
You're shootin' in the opposite position, I'm thinkin'
"Should I fire or hold back on ammunition on your wig transition?"
My mission, like Take 6, is spread love
But all you screwed mugs got me wearin' black gloves
You up in my face, I see the fear in your eyes
You wanna feel the pain like a grown man gettin' circumcised
Shalom, shalom, pardon my left
But my right hand's on your throat, massagin' you to death
You provoke the cycle, call Michael
You're lookin' in the mirror, well, I'm in your window, oh oh
You hear me, Urkel, your blood will turn purple
Like the color, you holler, ballin' for your mother
No one hears you even though you knock
You used to walk around the block with the [Incomprehensible]
Things done changed since your spark got hot
Now you got your knot wocked with your very own glock
Sit right back an' hear a tale
Of a hustler 'round my way
Who used to clock around the block
From where my grandma stayed
Black BMW with rims to match
Windows bulletproof
One night, he jumped out the car
An' caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be witcha girl gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your goose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose

You can be at the party gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your goose

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