

The Return of the Crazy One

Digital Underground

Okay, buddy, start playing
One, two
Buckle my shoe
Scooby Doo
Humpty, what you gonna do?
Lick, lick, let me lick
Smell, let me smell the flavor
And taste the behavior
The way you been kicking it
While the humpster was lamping, fishing and camping
Out renting boats in the Hamptons
Eating good, working out and giving charity
Working on my vocal cord clarity
Hell, no, I can't front, I been at the crib, G-ing
Slapping poontang, trying to be the mack pappy
40 dog and pina colada peeing
Making my rounds to keep the Humpty girls happy
If you missed me, I was laying in the cut
Wrecking big butts and scratching my knees
'Cuz my home girl's cat got fleas
That's how it goes, the beat flow, flows
Yo, peep the new color of my nose
Representing how we been living
That's how it is, I'm not the biz
But if I was to pick a booger
It'd be a big fat gooey gold plated loogie
But I was born a yankee, so I use my hanky
The way I wear my clothes, freaks the hos 'cuz I'm lanky
Speaking of hankies, I like hanky-panky
Especially when the hanky-panky's stanky
Of course, ain't gonna be too much stanking
'Cuz then my duty would be to give the booty a spanking
I like biscuits and grits on the sausage
And so you know it's me, I wrote some nonsense
Hova glova nivlan blizman glaze niull
The return of the crazy one
(You think I ain't?)
Psycho alpha, that means the crazy one
Gold nose lazy one
Skill to kill
I never worked, I never will
I'm the original high yellow rich rigger, bum
Hookers getting mad 'cuz they can't make me come
Around their way
Addicted to the way that I play
I like to chew bubblegum
Make them laugh when I'm loving them
I blew a bubble and some Bubble Yum
Got caught up in the booty
I thought it was the end of her
Gabriella needed an enema
So I put away the broom

And we broke out the vacuumSort of like spring cleaning
Humpty Hump's leaning
Into the groove from the fat beat, the pimp slap beat
The yo my head is nodding
'Cuz I'm hooked like crack beatHiva humping, rip riva rumping
Biva, biva, butt pumping
Rump riva rump pumping
And it just ain't releasing meThe beat's obesity, so fat that it makes me shout
Ah, ha, this beat's got gout
Not from the worms, from the pork
That you eat with a forkBut it weighs about a ton when it plays
Back to the honeys
The play booty bunnies
You know what's real funny to meWhen they get up for the downstroke
The look on their face when they almost choke
On the lean, butter bean brown ham hock
I got the joke in the chamber and the gun's cocked
It's time to pull out my funny bone and get ready for the funThe return of the crazy oneFive, six
Humpty's sick
Seven, eight
Just too lateTo get the man the help that he needs
Yo, how about some butter beans?

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