

Steaks 'n' Shrimp

Uncle Kracker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Clap your hands to the beat
(To the beat)
Oh just clap your hands to the beat
(To the beat)
Come on, clap your hands to the beat
(To the beat)
I say, clap your hands to the beat
(To the beat)Uh huh 'n' you don't stop
Uh huh 'n' you don't stop
Uh huh 'n' you don't stopWe in this great lakes state
Eatin steaks 'n' shrimp
It's kinda hard to miss the crew
Because we all got limps
(Got limps)We come equipped with new kicks and Stetsons
The super saggy rags and the white trash connection
No flexin', huh, know what I mean?
You can feel us cool, we don't need to be seen
(Seen)It's all about the green, not the drugs we be takin'
That shits free with an LP in circulation
And we be wastin' time
Got them all state, all county, all hood rhymes
(Rhymes)It's all good times, thank the Lord
For dumb fuckin' people and credit card fraud
We tearin' up your lawn, we got herds of Lincolns
Step into your crib and have your whole house stinkin'Don't blink and don't think we're soft
Hide your money and your gold
And don't express your thoughts
Uhh
We get mad props, wreck all shops
Puttin' stops on crews
They get confused and lose, that's what we doStyles stem from pioneers

Leavin' suckers in awe
You get jawed for lookin' queer
Can you hear me or am I talkin' to the wall?
(Wee)

That's top dog callin' out each and every one of y'all
You get balls, you come and talk that shit
But top dogs camp ain't nothin' to fuck with

And don't say we didn't warn ya
I got this Detroit thang with more love than California
Drunk DJ smokin' Cognac dips

Call me the sidekick, thug boy, kid with the limp
I rip through rhymes like a bullet in the breeze
And I float through tracks like a shark in the sea
A wee bit shy, but I comply by me

(Wee)

And I'm a mean motherfucker when I have to be
Thank young Gs' with sleeves and thieves on hold
Strategically placed in case somebody feels bold

I told you ho's you can't fuck with these
'Cause I make more papers than trees
(Trees){See we believe in brotherhood forever is criteria

You fuckin' with top dog
Your fuckin' with family

(Family)}No I ain't feelin' ya, got all that I can do to hear
Any time you see me you should stand clear
You see me in my Lincoln
I'm in the clubs drinkin'

Who you gonna check bitch, what the fuck you thinkin'?
You can check me, but that shit don't slide
You can get your life, took tryin' to take my pride

You ride with who, man that shit ain't big
I roll with dogs that'll rock your wig

And got gigs all money, Detroit to Portland

Cellular receivers and beepers is what we're sportin'

Your nothin' of importance, I don't sweat you
Yeah the drinks on me, but the jokes on you
(You)I'm all about the everyday nothin' at all

See I'm not doin' very much, I'm just havin' a ball
I'm in bed by four

(Four)

I'm up by noon

(Noon)I might sit around, I might write me a tune
I might go fishin' and again I might not
I might get me a fourty or pour me some Scotch
The watch on my wrist, that don't even exist

A lot of pissed people from appointments that I've missed
I disses everybody and their Mom for spite
'Cause everybody's barkin', but nobody ever bites
Your talkin' loud, sayin' nothin'
Get you Dad, get your cousin

Go and get your boy 'cause he's as big as a house
Now take your pussy ass clickin' and get the fuck out
(Fuck out)I'm the estranged, deranged
I got domains like states
I live in plush hotels with them hourly rates
I do big plates eight times a day
The crew be livin' large at the seafood bayGot a way with the world and now I'm lookin' to scramble
Ain't about to ass out on a no good gamble
Could handle anythin', but I ain't down for broke
So before somebody slides
Somebody's getting chokedI'm a no good freak, tweak skin like rashes
I lose a little love with everyday that passes
Ain't a masochistic, rock statistic
Vocabulary, I'm a very shy simplistic
And get this, some people say I changedI'm the same motherfucker with the same old name
A little extra game and extra cash, see
You could fuck me, but don't put it past me
You wanna bash me and got no reason
I can lay up in the Caymans for four straight seasons
(Wee)I ain't a punk, I refuse to be
I live for what is, not what used to be
Your all up in the past, that's ash
Hear what I say
"I'm all about today and I'm gonna die that way"
Bitch

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