Missisippi

Pussycat

(Palmdale was like the peak of my life
But Palmdale over with homeboy
I'm fittin to go home 'cause)
Please take me back home (you know what I'm sayin)
To Mississippi
(I got my Greyhound ticket right here man
I'm fittin to go back and kick it with my family 'cause)
Please take me back home (take a couple pounds of this weed)
To Mississippi
(You shmell me homeboy
Yeah, take them fools back to '82 'cause)
Before South Central, Palmdale flossin
I stayed in a place called Palmer's Crossing
Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Smokin marijuana like a Woodstock hippy
All my homies in Laurel
Beg borrow
Buy my rap tape tomorrow
Tell DJ Pumpkin "Keep it crunckin Clyde"?
Request my tape when you go inside
So I can take Jane and girl
To Waynesboro
Fuck their little homegirl
Make her toes curl
Rock their world
Leave with their Auntie Sheryl
She sucks me sucks me
Fucks me fucks me
Cries every time I leave Biloxi
But I hops in the Coup
Cause I gots to go
Scoop another ho
From Tupelo
Hit it once hit it twice, then I hit it again
Hit it in Meridian
Make that bitch rub her clit again
Pinch the nipples on her tit again
Suck my dick until she spit again
Please take me back home (Hell yeah)

To Mississippi
Crooked letter crooked letter hump-back hump-back
Afroman's the bomb, bump that
Please take me back home (Hell yeah)
To Mississippi
From the delta to the coast
I'm doin the most
Grab your 40 ounce, let's toast
I sold rock cocaine down in Ellisville
Baseheads hit the pipe, they can tell it's real
Kept my dope stashed with this hoochie
Way down yonder in East Bouche
Cops be sweatin outta town dog
Sniffin my car with a hound dog
Separate me from my bitch and shit
Tryin to get my bitch to fuckin snitch and shit
Officer Roscoe P. Coltrane
Runnin warrant checks on the Afroman
But I can't be no hip hop star
Cuffed in the back of some police car
Did you find the gun? NO
Did you find the dope? NO
Open up the back door ???Well son, you're free to go???
A-F-R-O marijuana cargo
Flossed like a cholow
In a clean low glow
Come on let's all get drunk tonight
I hope I don't fight with a punk tonight
Get nervous
As I swerve this
Cadillac through Purvis
Hope I don't crash when I hit Petal
Get my ass kicked in the white ghetto
Prejudice police won't let me go
So I'ma drive slow
Hide my fro
I was dumb, now I'm dumber y'all
Last summer y'all
I fucked all the little girls down in Sumrall
Grabbed my guitar and started pickin a tune
For Nikki and June
Down in Picayune, baby
Just like a shovel I be diggin
All the pretty young women in Wiggins
On the boat

Gulfport
I got my dick down some girl's throat
I can't help it I'm a Crip baby
I think you need to wipe your lip baby
Hula Hula Hula
The whole house ruler
What's up with all the bitches down in Pascagoula
Small towns, small cities
But they still got big ole asses plus titties
Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
It's the hungry hustler Afroman
Flyin through the air in my underwear
Geri curl activator in my hair
I'm in control like Janet when I hit Jackson
Always gettin plenty panty action
McClaine, even McComb
Tell the whole world Mississippi's your home
Yazoo, Columbia and Natchez
I got the weed brother, who got the matches?
Who got the funky DJ that scratches?
Depend on me like my name was patches
First it was a black thing, just the big Willies
Now I roll Phillies
With all the Hillbillies
Never ever thought I'd see the Klu Klux Klan
Buying front row seats for the Afroman
Confederate flags tobacco in their mouth
It's a beautiful thing jumpin off in the South
Afroman, I'm a part of it
Hattiesburg hip hop I'm the start of it
I'm the latest
I'm the greatest
And all you haters, I'll mash you like potatoes
I'll make your girlfriend holler and scream
Then cook me some cornbread and collard greens
Please take me back home (Hell yeah)
To Mississippi
Crooked letter crooked letter hump-back hump-back
Afroman's the bomb, bump that
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To Mississippi
From the delta to the coast
I'm doin the most
Grab your 40 ounce, let's toast
1982, '83, '84

Erin, Broste, Carlos, and Tonto
Tryin to break dance in my B-Boy stance
Micheal Jackson glove, parachute pants
Calvin Gary, Garnett Jones
G-dog 'cause, I don't believe we grown
But hey G-dog, you and me'll see dog
Whatever happens 'cause, it's you and me dog
Or should I say loc
Cause you my folk
So let's take a toke
Till we croak
I'm a locsta locsta
Hundred spokesta
Drinking everyday like I'm supposed to
Bottle after bottle dog in my lip-a
Flowing on the mic like the Mississippi river
Please take me back home (Hell yeah)
To Mississippi
Crooked letter crooked letter hump-back hump-back
Afroman's the bomb, bump that
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