

Tall Cans

Afroman

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ahh shit! Shit! ShitNow I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cansNow I'm a afroholiC, call me Afroman
Love to sag my khakis with a tall can
My homies pop the forty of some St. I's
Now that mother uh! Staggerin' from side to sideWe the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood
We look real bad but we feel so good
My thirst is quenched but my cravin won't extinguish
I need some forty ounce mother uh! Old English
Put the top in my mouth put the bottom to the ceilin'
Drink it down down until I get that crazy feelin'Now just walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'Afroman likes tall cans
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Afroman likes tall cansSee these girls be actin' all bad and rude
Always gotta bad attitude
See I just wanna dance, why can't you get the picture
Act like a brother wanna move in with chaI got no fame, I got no wealth
So I whined up dancin' by my goddamn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switchSo I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party

Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe
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Afroman likes tall cansI stepped into this party full of Mexicans
I didn't realize I was the only black man
One hand on my bottle, the other on my Peter
I barked like a dog and started freakin' senoritasI think she was embarrassed with the eight ball in my cup
She kept on steppin' back so I kept on steppin' up
This vaco strolled up, put his gun to my head
I knew if I moved I was officially deadThat had to be his woman, I know it doggonit
That ain't the first time that I got confronted
[Foreign content] get the fuck outta here
I said I'm gone mother fucker, now gimme my beer'Cause I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken
and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
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Afroman likes tall cansWell I'm a afroholic, call me Afroman
Love to sag my khakis with a tall can
My homie pop the forty of some St. I's
Now that knucklehead staggerin' from side to sideWe the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood
We look real bad but we feel so good
My thirst is quenched but my cravin' won't extinguish
I need some forty ounce mother fucking old English
Put the top in my mouth put the bottom to the ceilin'
Drink it diggy diggy down till I get that crazy feelin'I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken and a
forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
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Always gotta bad attitude
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So I whined up dancin by my god-damn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switchSo I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
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