

Crazy Rap (Cold 45 & 2 Zig Zags)

Afroman

Wait a minute, man, hey, check this out, tell it
It was this blind man, right?
Man, check this out it was this blind man, right?
He was feelin' his way down the street with this stick, right?
Hey, he walked past this fish market, you know what I'm sayin'? He stopped, he took a deep breath, he said
Woo, good morning ladies, you like that shit, man?
Hey, man, I got a gang of that shit, man, I tell you what
My man on the guitar, fool on the drums Everybody just crowd around the mic
I'll tell you all these mutha-fuckin' jokes
But first, I'ma start it off like this
Hey, help me sing it, homeboy Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby, that's all we need
We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed
And as the marijuana burns we can take our turns
Singing them dirty rap songs stop and hit the bong
Like Cheech and Chong, sell tapes from here to Hong Kong So roll, roll, roll my joint, pick out the seeds and
stems
Feelin' high as hell flyin' through Palm Dale, skatin' on Dayton rims
So roll, roll the '83 Cadillac Coup de Ville
If my tapes and my CD's just don't sell, I bet my caddy will Well, it was just sundown in a small white town
They call it East Side Palm Dale
When the Afroman walked through the white land
Houses went up for sale
Well, I was standin' on the corner sellin' rap CD's
When I met a little girl named Jan I let her ride in my Caddy 'cause I didn't know
Her daddy was the leader of the Klu Klux Klan
We fucked on the bed, fucked on the flo'
Fucked so long, I grew a fuckin' afro
Then I fucked to the left, fucked to the right
She sucked my dick till the shit turned white I thought to myself, Sheba, Sheba
Got my ass lookin' like a zebra
I pulled on my clothes and I was on my way
Until her daddy pulled up in a Chevrolet
I ran, I jumped out the back window
But her daddy, he was waitin' with a 2 x 4 Oh, he beat me to the left, he beat me to the right
The mutha-fucker whooped my ass all night
But I ain't mad at her prejudiced dad
That's the best damn pussy I ever had
I got a bag of weed and a bottle of wine
I'm a fuck that bitch just one more time Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby that's all we need

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I met this lady in Hollywood, she had green hair
But damn she looked good
I took her to my house, 'cause she was fine
But she whipped out a dick that was bigger than mine
I met this lady from Japan, never made love with an African
I fucked her once, I fucked her twice
I ate that pussy like shrimp fried rice
Don't be amazed at the stories I tell ya
I met a woman in the heart of Australia
Had a big butt and big titties, too
So I hopped in her ass like a kangaroo
See, I met this lady from Hawaii
Stuck it in her ass, and she said, Aie
Lips was breakfast, pussy was lunch
Then her titties busted open with Hawaiian Punch
Met Colonel Sander's wife in the state of Kentucky
She said, I'll fry some chicken if you just fuck me
I came in her mouth it was a crisis
I gave her my secret blend of herbs and spices
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Hey, wait a minute man, check this out
I met Dolly Parton in Tennessee
Her titties were filled with Hennessey
That country music nearly drove me crazy
But I rode that ass and said, Yes, Miss Daisy
Met this lady in Oklahoma put that pussy in a coma
Met this lady in Michigan, I can't wait till I fuck that bitch again
Met a real black girl in South Carolina
Fucked her till she turned into a white albino
Fucked this hooker in Iowa, I fucked her on credit, so I owe her
Fucked this girl, down in Georgia, came in her mouth
Man, I thought I told ya
Met this beautiful sexy ho
She just ran 'cross the border of Mexico
Fine young thing, said her name's Maria
I wrapped her up just like a Hot Tortilla
I wanna get married, but I can't afford it
I know I'ma cry when she gets deported
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Like Cheech and Chong, sell tapes from here to Hong Kong
Have you ever went over to a girl's house to fuck
But the pussy just ain't no good?
(Say what?)
And then you're getting' upset 'cause you can't get her wet
Plus you in the wrong neighborhood?
So you try to play it off and eat the pussy
But it takes her so long to come
(Say what?)
Then a dude walks in, that's her big boyfriend
And he asks you where you from?
(Where you from, man?)
So you wipe your mouth, and you try to explain
(I don't bang)
You start talkin' real fast
But he's already mad, 'cause you fuckin' his wife
So he starts beatin' on your ass
Now your clothes all muddy, your nose all bloody
Your dick was hard but now it's soft
(What?)
You thought you had a girl to rock your world
Now you still gotta go jack off
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Songwriters

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