

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
'cause my homegirl'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 'cause 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
'cause 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 niullThe 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 'cause 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 vacuum
 Sort 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 'cause I'm hooked like crack beat
 Hiva-humping
 Rip-riva-rumping
 Biva-biva-butt-pumping
 Rump-riva-rump-pumping
 And it just ain't releasing me
 The 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 fork
 But it weighs about a ton when it plays
 Back to the honeys
 The play-booty-bunnies
 You know what's real funny to me
 When they get up for the downstroke
 The look on their face when they almost choke
 On the lean butter bean brown hamhock
 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 fun
 The return of the crazy one
 Five, six
 Humpty's sick
 Seven, eight
 Just too late
 To get the man the help that he needs
 Yo, how about some butter beans?

Songwriters

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HUMPHREY III, GEORGE CLINTON JR. Published by
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