

# Tonto

## Paloma

One day fishing heard Indian drums  
Saw a brother, listen too, wife kissin' too  
Then on another mission to  
The city with the sistas, though was a far distance  
There's Lone Ranger outta area that needed my assistance  
To deliver cash, last man got robbed, pimped  
He never returned, I said ok and put the money in the Fendi  
Then bumped into this girl  
Looked like that that girl on "Mork & Mindy" and  
"How" I said to the white trim, jockin' me the Indian  
Comin' in all this heat, the kind for hopin' a chance for ropin' in  
"How'd you like to put your Indian teenie in my openin'?"  
Said that would be because the nigga wasn't new to this  
True to this, double barrel slide out the uterus  
Calm, started singin' sad popular songs  
Took the money and the hon', screamin' at the top of her lungs  
Now on a hunt, "You carry leaf?" I was about to smoke a blunt  
No, not without frontal, screw girl pronto, mean Tonto  
Was extremely pissed, still picturin' screwin' this  
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo  
I don't know why the fuck I'm doin' this  
Nuisance, brother's/horse tracks, "whose to choose?"  
Saddle loose, both thirsty cuttin' a cactus for the juice and  
All of a sudden, these women like model ho's in Paris  
Ganged to rape me the Indian, I was so embarrassed  
Don't pull a kid a minute, to give in within a minute  
'Til I seen a shack yonder, or a couple livin' in it  
Shook my hand, friendly manner, though she pack her up and ran her  
Couldn't stand her, fondle her feathers like she wanted some banana  
Led me to the back of the house, the hands that started track  
Used it as my marks and then I nearly had a heart attack  
Brush it off, deal wit the floss, way past disgusted  
Said "what's the matter granny? Is your blind ass dusted"

Back in the hunt, now what do you want, poor granny offered me a blunt  
No not without frontal, screw girl pronto, mean Tonto, grandma  
Found they're small timers after all, wasn't her intent to brawl  
Pulled out my 45, "How, y'all" up against the wall  
Where's the hooker and the money, here she came, sweatin' mine

Then the bitch is pointin' a pistol at my fine behind  
Now she a smart ass, should of figured when getting' off the hottie  
So the horse busted in, startin lettin' off the shottie  
Killed the men, slapped the girl, 'cause he figured I'm stuck trapped in  
"Come on Rick, a horse cappin'?" Yeah, that's what the fuck happened  
Grieve the folks, bleedin', sides red, I'm pleased and  
Indeed, now I'll let the Apache kill the bitch, no I need her  
Playin' the role, better yet, "well is your pole up?"  
Signals from the wife sayin' "what the hell is the holdup?"  
Although he scares the honey, hit the switch dares to run it  
Caught and scalped the daffy hooker, said "bitch where's the money?"  
Gave it up hunt done, she wants a blunt and so it's frontal  
That's not what I want, so drop drawers pronto mean Tonto  
Now turn around  
That's not it  
Shut up bitch, I know what I'm doin'  
But that's my... oh!  
Oh that's it  
Stop... you're hurting me  
Bitch I could have killed...  
Oh shit feels so good  
Open your mouth  
Put it in your mouth  
Play with my balls too  
Know what I'm sayin' wake it up Slick

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