Tonto

Jerome Sydenham

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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