

# Tall Cans

## Afroman

Ahh shit! Shit! Shit  
Now 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  
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Afroman likes tall cans  
Now 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 side  
We 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  
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See 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 cha  
I 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 switch

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I 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' senoritas  
I 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 dead  
That 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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My homie pop the forty of some St. I's  
Now that knucklehead staggerin' from side to side  
We 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'  
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