

Jobe Bells (Feat. The 2 Zigg Zaggs)

Afroman

dashing through these hos,
cadillac's and sixty 'fo's,
on three wheels we go,
clocking lots of doe, Cellphone ringtone ring,
my song "Because I Got High",
smoking weed while I watch,
the police flying by! Oh, jinglebell, East Palmdale Jobe is back and not whack,
Oooh found your daughter and you finally caught 'er and you mad 'cuz I'm black,
ahaha I fucked her good, just like I should,
I think I blew her balloon,
I didn't use a condom and now we have a problem:
she havin' my baby in June (say what?! I know this holiday hooker,
I think her name is Jan,
and if you 'aint got no money (hell yeah),
she's got a layaway plan,
I got a blowjob from her friend,
I think her name is Gwen,
my dick plugged up her mouth; she couldn't get no oxygen! Oh jinglebell, county jail, Jobe's from the hood,
skinny women suck my dick real good but their butt cheeks feel like wood (ouch!)
I be swimmin, in big fat women, when I'm in the sack (ooh!)
why have a skinny little bicycle bitch when I can ride a Cadillac?! I met this beautiful woman,
she said she was Hawaiian,
she said she didn't like black guys, however she was lyin'
she'd seen my go detonas,
all my coupes and cash,
she licked my hairy balls, like chocolate coconuts! Oh, jinglebell, shotgun shell, sheriff got a gun,
he pulled the trigger, shot that nigger look at that mo' fucka run!
hit 'im in the head kicked him in the ass, put a kneecap in his chest,
went to the court, and told the judge, "This man was resisting arrest!"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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