

Crazy Drunken Style

Masta Ace Incorporated

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[lord digga]

Good good mornin, this is a warnin

You slept on me last night, so stop the fuckin yawnin

You shouldn'ta dialed 540-wake

You made a mistake, now your funeral's gonna take place

I'm not the nigga that you really wanna fight, right?

Cause I put my foot in gladys, cause I thought she wore my nikes

And I just might fuck your wife, cause I'm livin trife

I gives a fuck about a punk pussy rapper

Cause I break the dawn in the p.m. to the day after

You little punk bastards, the digga's comin after

Ya, strictly on a rub-out mission

Say your prayers like a christian

Or your punk ass will be missin

Like jimmy hoffa, it's the drunken hip-hopper

Comin to kick your ass proper to a slow beat or some opra

But check me on the next verse, cause I'm out like cindy lauper
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger

(I'm drunk, so what?)

I got the crazy drunken style

Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger

(give the man a taste, and he's gone)[masta ace]

I could freak a flow, fresh like fish in the fryer

It's the fat rhyme supplier on the 5 train attire

Goin uptown, kickin with the songs that be hittin

I'm swingin like my dick on the toilet when I'm shittin

I try to eat right, so don't even talk of swine

Gettin mine on tracks that are rough like a porcupine

The mathematical abstraction, I'm waxin

Maxin with action, shootin like paxton

Ring goes the ? ? ? , ding-ding goes the bell

It's the man with the clientele, here to rock you well

Knock the red out your socks, now it don't match your necks
It's the crazy drunken style like a big glass of beck's Drink, drink, drink, oh, come and get a drink
Of the lyrical intoxicants to make your breath stink (2x) We got the lyrical - hangover
Check it out
If the mic was a 40 (I would never be sober) (2x) (drunk on friday night) Here comes the crazy drunken style,
take a swigger
(I'm drunk, so what?)
I got the crazy drunken style
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger
(give the man a taste, and he's gone) [lord digga]
When I'm brainstormin I do more than just rain
Cause i'ma get you and throw your mama from the train
I'm kinda vain, that makes me wanna slaughter
Doin shit you never thought of
So don't cross the digga, cause I'm a nigga over drunk waters
So heat up the skillet, so I can cook mc's like gizzards
And beat that ass when you're off to see the wizard
Oh is it, that bad muthafucka? word to scouts honor
The nigga from saturday night that rippin shit like sinead o'connor
So I wanna be startin some with muthafuckas that'll front when
They really know they really don't want nothin
Over here, cause I get heads fly like mike and a pair of nike airs
Agressive like a grizzly, so fuck a care bear
Rapunzel, suck my dick... and cut the weave out your hair

Lyrics provided by

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