

Sleepin' On My Couch

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It seems nowadays friends step to me bogus
and end up on my couch at night without notice
it's cool to have a friend over every now and then
but I gotta have my space
and I don't wanna see their face
like every single day of the week
talk is cheap
you betta find yourself another place to sleep
it ain't my fault that ya moms got fed up
and now you wanna come to my crib and wet my bed up
you better find a job so you can get an apartment
and you can save your crocodile tears
don't even start
with the sob stories
I got enough from the other seven brothas
in the den playin' Genesis
damn I can't win at this
seems like I'm gonna have to flip
and tell those other brothas
that they're gonna have to skip
I've had it up to here with these lazy cats
sleepin' on my couch and I'm tired of that
[Chorus]
People come to my house
and kinda wonder where the squadron's at
they're not gone
they're just down at the laundrymat
because they wear the same pairs of clothing
I'm taking up crazy patience just holding
my temper
I'm about to start charging rent for
every single brother

that kicked it with my mother eating biscuits
on Saturday morning like a family
the minute they step
it's like mom's is crazy mad at me
'cause they're in my mother's room watching television
I feel like giving 'em the boot
and say the hell with 'em
but if I give 'em the boot
I'm not a friend though
even though my room
smells like dime bags of indo but
I can't pretend like I haven't been peepin' it
even mom knows that my brothas been sleepin'
on my couch for weeks
so your speeches fall flat
sleepin' on my couch and I'm tired of that
[Chorus]
Maybe this was just my upbringing perhaps
but I was taught that I shouldn't
take seven day naps
at other brothas' cribs like I don't have a home
brothas on my couch so much there's like foam
coming out the seams
and a pair of jeans is missing from my closet
I wonder why I even bother being friendly
they're running my ass like the Indy 5000
they went and wrinkled my mother's blouse
when they snuck downstairs
for a midnight snack
and ate the last slice of bread
and a box of apple jacks
then they hit the sack
with the stereo blastin'
and even little Tyson is fed up
so I'm askin'
you all to jet
before I get upset
and throw each and every one
of you bums out on your back
my house is a mess
so step ya little pest
who was sleepin' on my couch 'cause I'm tired of that
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>