

Colt 45 - Afroman Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

"Colt 45"

Wait a minute, man, ey check this out, man (let him tell it, tell it)
It was this blind man, right? (This man, just) it was this blind man, right?
He was feelin' his way down the street with his stick, right? (Yeah) hey
He walked past this fish market, you know what I'm sayin'? (Fish market?)

He stopped, he took a deep breath, he said

"Woo, good morning ladies", ha-ha-ha-ha!

You like that shit, man? (That was pretty good, that was good)

Ey man, I've got a gang of that shit, man

Hell yeah, I'll tell you what, my man on the guitar

Ey, fool on the drum (that right)

Hey, just, hey, everybody just crowd around the mic

I'll tell you all these motherfuckin' jokes I got (ey, clap your hands, man)

So first I'ma start off like this, ey, help me sing it, homeboy, come on

Said Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby, that's all we need

We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed
As the marijuana burn we can take our turn, singin' them dirty rap songs
Stop and hit the bong like Cheech & Chong, and sell tapes from here to
Hong Kong

So roll, roll, roll my joint, pick out the seeds and stems
Feelin' high as hell, flyin' through Palmdale, skatin' on Dayton rims
So roll, roll, the 83 Cadillac coupe Deville
If my tapes and my CDs just don't sell, I bet my Caddy will

Well it was just sundown in a small white town
They call it Eastside Palmdale (well)
When the Afroman walked through the white land
Houses went up for sale (hell)

Well, I was standin' on the corner sellin' rap CDs
When I met a little girl named Jan (Jan)
I let her ride in my Caddy, 'cause I didn't know
Her daddy was the leader of the Ku Klux Klan (ha-ha-ha!)

We fucked on the bed, fucked on the floor (woo!)
Fucked so long I grew a fuckin' afro
Then I fucked to the left (left), fucked to the right (right)

She sucked my dick 'til the shit turned white (he-he)

I thought to myself, Sheba, Sheba

Got my ass lookin' like a zebra

I put on my clothes and I was on my way

Until her daddy pulled up in a Chevrolet (ah-oh)

So I ran, I jumped out the back window

But her daddy, he was waitin' with a two-by-four (ha-ha-ha-ha)

Oh, he beat me to the left, he beat me to the right

The motherfucker whooped my ass all night (damn)

But I ain't mad at her prejudice dad

That's the best damn pussy I ever had (ha-ha-ha!)

I got a bag of weed and a bottle of wine (woo!)

I'ma fuck that bitch just one more time (ooh)

Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby, that's all we need (come on)

We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed (uh)

And as the marijuana burn we can take our turn, singin' them dirty rap
songs

Stop and hit the bong like Cheech & Chong, and sell tapes from here to
Hong Kong

So roll, roll, roll my joint, pick out the seeds and stems
Feelin' high as hell, flyin' through Palmdale, skatin' on Dayton rims (come
on)

So roll, roll, the 83 Cadillac coupe Deville
If my tapes and my CDs just don't sell, I bet my Caddy will, uh (babe)

I met this lady in Hollywood (Hollywood)
She had green hair but damn, she looked good
I took her to my house 'cause she was fine
But she whooped out a dick that was bigger than mine (yeah-ha!)

I met this lady from Japan (woo)
Never made love with an African
I fucked her once (once), fucked her twice (twice)
I ate that pussy like shrimp-fried rice (he-he-he-hey!)

Don't be amazed at the stories I tell ya (tell ya)

I met a woman in the heart of Australia
Had a big butt and big titties too
So I hopped in her ass like a Kangaroo (yi-ha!)

See, I met this woman from Hawaii

Stuck it in her ass and she said, "Aii!"

Lips was breakfast, pussy was lunch

Then her titties busted open with Hawaiian punch (he-he-he-he!)

Met Colonel Sander's wife in the state of Kentucky

She said, "I'll fry some chicken if you just fuck me" (uh)

I came in her mouth, it was a crisis (what happened?)

I gave her my secret blend of herbs and spices

Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby, that's all we need, uh (come on)

We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed, uh

And as the marijuana burn we can take our turn, singin' them dirty rap
songs

Stop and hit the bong like Cheech & Chong (ey, wait a minute, man, check
this out, aye, uhu)

And sell tapes from here to Hong Kong

I met Dolly Parton in Tennessee (Tennessee)

Her titties were filled with Hennessey (Hennessey)

That country music really drove me crazy

But I rode that ass and said, "Yes, miss Daisy" (yi-ha) (ha-ha-ha)

Met this lady in Oklahoma

Put that pussy in a coma

Met this lady in Michigan

I can't wait 'til I fuck that bitch again

Met a real black girl down in South Carolina

Fucked her 'til she turned into a white Albina

Fucked this hooker in Iowa

I fucked her on credit (what?) So I owe her, ha!

Fucked this girl down in Georgia

Came in her mouth, man, I thought I told ya (nah)

Met this beautiful sexy hoe

She just ran across the border of Mexico

Fine young thing said her names Maria

I wrapped her up just like a hot tortilla (what)

I wanna get married but I can't afford it

I know I'ma cry when she get deported

Colt 45 and two Zig Zags, baby, that's all we need (come on)

We can go to the park after dark, smoke that tumbleweed (uh)

As the marijuana burn we can take our turn, singin' them dirty rap songs

Stop and hit the bong like Cheech & Chong, and sell tapes from here to
Hong Kong

So roll, roll, roll my joint, pick out the seeds and stems
Feelin' high as hell, flyin' through Palmdale, skatin' on Dayton rims (come
on)

So roll, roll, the 83 Cadillac coupe Deville
If my tapes and my CDs just don't sell, I bet my Caddy will

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
