

Back To School

Afroman

Man my daddy told me, boy when I was your age,
I had to walk 13 miles to school
I said, Oh, is that why you didn't graduate?

CHORUS:

Talkin' noise with all of my homeboys
Then we go back to school, yeah (Her titties bigger than they were last summer, know what I'm sayin?)
With a mouthful of beer and a noseful of weeeeeed
You know I been act a fool, yeah

Mama, (Mama), go to the University of Smoking Marijuana (What?)
All of my friends go to USC, so I'm gonna tag along and hit the bong with them
Walkin' through the masses, lookin' for my classes
I can't concentrate on the teacher, surrounded by titties and asses
Spend a lot of money on some brand new clothes
Tryin' to impress these brand new hoes
Laugh every time I have sex with a chick,
Baby don't know I'm an ex-convict
Walkin' round the campus with my 'fro and dick
Every twenty seconds I'll be grabbin' my dick
Full of alcohol at the football games
Doin more drugs than my nigga Rich James
My GPA's droppin' at a very fast rate
It would take a miracle for me to graduate
Maybe I won't, maybe I will
Stressed out, poppin' pills in my Coupe Deville

CHORUS

How do I party (party) and still pass
I hardly (hardly) ever go to class
Got a golden eagle on my stolen Regal
If you bought it from me, it's illegal
'Cause I'm Afroman, the educated crip
On a rock cocaine scholarship
Cook that crack until it's done
I use that for my Negro college fund
Broke minorities, sellin' dope to those bitches in sororities
She's drinkin' one too many 40's
She took her clothes off, now we're havin' orgys
Baby I don't mean to act rude,
But you told me you would never fuck a black dude
Colt 45 must have got you in the mood,
To eat a fat dick like sum soul food

CHORUS

Hey fellas, can I get jiggy with it?
Hey check this shit out right here,
Hey homeboy, don't stress,
I got the answers to the test,
My college professor smokes a lot of grass,
She's gonna make sure we pass,
That's how you pass trigonometry,
Sell dope to your teacher, use niggernometry

On the microphone, there's not a rapper bomb as me,
And when the police pushin, nobody's calm as me
Wait a minute, you know what's fucked up
Black people in college act stuck up
So self-conscious, and insecure,
You wanna speak back, but you really ain't sure
Look at me, what do you see?
You see the OG you ashamed to be
So fuck you, you pretty little rich frat boy,
You can suck my dick just like that boy

CHORUS

I said honey, (honey), you got some sexy looks,
You need money (money), to buy your textbooks
Get it wet, and I can get it hard,
We can slide your vaginal credit card
Computer girl, come to my house and be my tutor girl,
Before we study, can we smoke a little Buddha, girl?
Raise your shirt, lick the nipples on your hooters, girl
Open up your legs, baby your the girl
Stick out your tongue and let me shoot it, girl
You was playin with my floppy, then my hard drive downloaded,
Down your throat, and fuckin exploded
Tell your prejudice dad and mom,
To email their comments to suck my dick.com
Afro's the bomb, blowin' up like Vietnam

CHORUS (2x)