

Keep On Limp'n

Afroman

Limpin' through the hood with my kakis saggin
the bottom of my pants toe back from draggin
I'm not a handicap but I like to limp
Life's a bitch and I'm a Palmdale pimp
Limpin' down the street to the gangster beat
lean to the side and grab my meat
I don't walk, I stroll brother
Afroman is a soul brother
I'm young, but I'm from the old school
always hang around old fools
lean to the side as I stride
I can't hide my hustler pride
when I walk that walk and talk that talk
they sport my clothes, Break them hoes

Hey Ladies
Afroman is from the 80's

Keep on Limpin'
Down the street
Keep on Limpin'
To the beat
(4x)

Limp when you sing, limp when you rap
Hold your leg straight, bend your kneecap
put a glide in your stride, dip in your hip
be cool fool, when you clock your grip
you can limp fast, you can limp slow
however you limp, limp to the tempo
when I was, thirteen years old
some boys in the hood taught me how to stroll
My homie TooTall said "what up G"?
walk to the liquor store
and walk like me
I did it wrong and I did it right
I did it all day, I did it all night
I used to practice in my room
in my mirror, to the sound of the stereo boom
the very next day I walked to school
and grown women told me "you so cool"
Power to the people - right on
the sheriff hit the block
turned the spotlight on
the skinny black boy called Afroman
rollin' through South Central
with my dick in my hand

Keep on Limpin'
Down the street
Keep on Limpin'
To the beat

Four things I like, about a pimp
the way he dress, the way he limp
that clean, unique car that he drives
and the cool ass way he talk and jive

even when he get locked up in jail
he hop out his cell and begin to bail
all the homeboys locked in the pen
limp down the hall for me once again
you can take my freedom, put me in the hole
but even in the hole - Im'a hit my stroll

Keep on Limpin'
Down the street
Keep on Limpin'
To the beat

(talk, talk, talk)

Dayton's Hustler