

Caliente Poblano
Tabasco to the head
I'm bodyin' Mint Milanos
But I probably should go to bed
And you know that pops a model
But I ride with my mom instead
So I'll probably be fine tomorrow
But tonight I'm better off dead

Gadzooks don't catch dad in a bad mood
Act cool in a fat suit with a satchel
Rap root grass roots holy mackerel
Last rule's stack loot with a cackle
It's track two, pack fuel in a parachute
What you rather use yo, the mule or the pair of boots
Prepare the troops to lose, paraplegic
Parents get duped by loose pledge of allegiance
He's pure genius, speech undefeated
Hold on to your seat, believe me you're gonna need it
Neat shit but gee, I rather take a ski trip
Get sea sick when I deep sea fish so
Flea flicks speak with my priestess
Cause me and Lil B look a little Jesus
It's ridic- what we do for free shit
Turn on your TV, I think you should see this 'cause

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Jeez Rafiki don't throw your feces
Please keep the peace eat a peach with the three piece
Speech never ceased, won't leave til I three-peat
Be low-key smoking weed in dashikis
It's me [?] Speak Easy [?]
Like Lykke Li but she might think I'm creepy
Three strikes yikes, need to tighten up the lead
I'm the nicest in the league but the hype thinks I peaked
It's like yeah right, still sucking on a teet
When I be up on the beat, leave the seat up on you geeks
My martini up her knee, better suck it up and leave
Use a rubber when I hump her, double pump it up in peace
Don't be such a dweeb cause I'm from another breed
Jeez cover when you sneeze, at least turn the other cheek
I fuckin' reek while at supper with my neice
But please don't tell her mother, be in trouble for a week

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Low blow bro super nice with the yo-yo
So-sos go to a show, say he dope though
Hoes go "whoa" ever since I went solo
No more jokes though, gotta get the dough-dough
Blow home grown lawn mowing in Manolos
Bath robes and open toes, sip on cocoa
Mojo all on my home so no photos
Flow so woah, make the bros go homo
Toto and Scara Crowe drink Four Locos
And throw clothes to hoboes to jump pogo sticks
Oh shit yo, don't forget the glow sticks
And red slippers cause I only need a couple toe clicks
No place like home though, I get nostalgic
Only cross the road so I can get some more chicks
No goal though, oh well duly noted
That's the way it goes in the show biz, homie

I'm bodyin' Mint Milanos
Tabasco to my head
[?] dance tomorrow
But I'm probably better off dead
Yeah I'm probably better off dead
Yeah I'm probably better off dead
Yeah I'm probably better off dead