

Drunken Freestyle

CKY

You can't stop it if I stop you I can
Here comes Jess, the garbage man
Ooh ahh, I'll page ya on your face and then I'll place ya
Inside of my cell room,
where we can fuck you in the ass with a broom
And a baseball bat, swing for the reaches
Swing for the hi-ho hi-lo bitches
Cut my toenail, left in stitches, we bleed
We used to call pants britches!

Ha yeah oh no! Yes yo no Mr. Homo
All right let's settle down
it's time for class and Mr. Robins Brown
Aw, yeah suckas, gather up!
It's about time you busted a nut!
'Bout time you let go, bout time
You found out retarded people are slow
But there's more to recite cause they
can't hide their true feelings
True stealing I'm jumpin' all for you
Can you feel my card hand dealing?
I'm dealin lucky numbers
And if you're the next one
you might stumble down that
Flight of stairs,
but I don't care there ain't no help for you
There ain't no repair you
might end up make you bleed
You ain't movin,
Chrsitopher Reeves Oh no! Oh no!

Yo I'm still me,
I'm still the same,
I'm still the same I ever been
I'm still the betta best best that there ever been
And then I pissed down my throat
I tried to row a boat
I tried to see Ryan Gee float but he just can't
He took off his pants he
put frogs and ants right up his ass
Creepin' around, he was in a dream tryin to scheme
To make sure he was...