

Drowning in the gray cell  
To dwell in earthly hell  
A pimp warrior fell  
One-two! Sir Lucious Left Foot in the muthafuckin' booth!  
Lucious! (Lucious!) Sir Lucious Left Foot has just entered

Might as well have fun `cause your happiness is done and your goose is cooked! (4x)

First rule in this thang, never let `em see you sweat!  
Never let `em be a threat and your feelings you must protect `em!  
As well as your rectum! Must keep self out of harm, out of danger's way  
Let strangers play while you graduate and move on!  
True happiness is not acquired and you won't find it for sale  
Unless you're in jail and trying to get a bail bondsman to go on and post that bail  
You would be happy as hell! You thought you was happy until that court date came  
Couldn't abort that case, nobody to take your place  
Family home at stake, too late to escape and get on the run!!

Might as well have fun `cause your happiness is done and your goose is cooked!

One upon a rhyme, one time when I was a child (Flip that smile upside down now!)  
When I found out that Santa Claus was nothing more than Vanilli  
It was silly, `cause my mom and pop they worked for every penny!  
Didn't have many, but had enough to get by! Enough to get fly!  
Only to start on New Year off in debt now you forget  
Your happiness came and went  
Like mom and dad's relationship, take a trip  
You got the potato chips? I'll bring the hot sauce!!

Might as well have fun `cause your happiness is done and your goose is cooked!

1979 Dirty South, Local Lounge (Flip that smile upside down now!)  
I never thought that alcohol could ease the notion of the sadness  
Now what used to be a happy home done turned into some bad shit!  
Graphic language, mild violence and the silence of the fams!  
No members to remember, but I know just who I am

I've grown into a man and like my nigga said we executed the game plan

`Cause we got that hot sauce!!!!

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