

I Dry Heave

Prof

Get up mother fuckers
(Fuck)
Its so embarrassing doing a voice over
(British gibberish by Prof)
I'm hung over as fuck, straight up
Drink some tea, eat some fish and chips
Listen to Prof and Rahzwell
I like a bit of tea and Lager in the morning
When I'm hung over

Gotta get up
Gotta get out
Gotta get home before the morning comes

What if I'm late
Got a big day
Gotta get home before the sun comes

Gotta get up
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(Hey wake up little bitch)
(Hey eh eh yo)
(Aye yo bitch)
(Skt skt aye!)

5th time this week that I woke up drunk
Chickenhead, mad at me ten times out the month
(Ughhhhhh) I feel like throwin' up
I got some shit to do but I don't feel like showin' up
Get drunk as fuck and freestyle my words worth
Get some cut up
I ain't home until the birds chirp
Never grow up
Mischievous
Even if they ain't teasin' it
Let's take a joy ride
Oh my, oh my
Ten inches of fresh snow
Let's go roll around and slide
I don't give a fuck
Its 7 o'clock
Shitty shitty ticky tick tock
Goodnight Prof
And
Good morning Vietnam
See if I'm wrong
Set the alarm for 8:30 and just hope that its on
Hey Prof is batman chica big cock cock
Lucas, its Bruce Wayne
But Prof is on a crusade

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Coocoocachooo
Cool aid
A new day
But I haven't had any sleep since the 9th grade
Yep
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Bucklin'
Roll up your sleeves, I'll do the shufflin'
(We gotta baaaahaaahaaaaaaa)
When this is over chicken promise me some brain
And I'm looking forward to that jack light crack
I'm addicted to that misses from Mille Lacs
South side Minneapolis
Circa 1996
Phresh kicks
I was up in the mix
Till I took a piss in the alley drinkin' a fifth
Got my bike taken from this 8th grade bitch
That started my hustle
Yeah get that shit back
So I followed her ass all the way back to her shack
I'm a mix between hard work a jerk and a flirt
Chasin' skirts, take a certs
(Knock Knock)
Hello Nurse

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Rode on my niece's handlebars all the way to work
My ass might have been her training wheels sure
And pulled the trigger in the bushes for a lockin'
My sweet niece left me gum in my pocket
Yo headed back 23 wilco

Charlie zulu
Ya'll dildos
I don't give a fuck
(A fuck)
I got scratches and cuts from last night
And I don't recollect one
And somehow my finger smells like fish
(Ish)
It must be the bumblebees in last nights dish
(Caugh)
Wake up Jacob save us
Shit I'm a lucky fuck if I wake up on the same bus
Duck duck pay cut gray duck
We say gray duck ya'll say goose
Gray duck
Goose
Gray duck
Goose
They still tryin' to figure out how I got loose
Wake up!

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Boomselector!