

## **Trick Daddy F/ Society**

### **"Mississippi"**

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(Afroman talking)  
(Palmdale was like the peak of my life  
But Palmdale over with homeboy  
I'm fittin to go home cuz)  
Please take me back home (you know what I'm sayin)  
To Mississippi  
(I got my Greyhound ticket right here man  
I'm fittin to go back and kick it with my family cuz)  
Please take me back home (take a couple pounds of  
this weed)  
To Mississippi  
(You shmell me homeboy  
Yeah, take them fools back to '82 cuz)

Before South Central, Palmdale flossin  
I stayed in a place called Palmer's Crossing  
Hattiesburg, Mississippi  
Smokin marijuana like a Woodstock hippy  
All my homies in Laurel  
Beg borrow  
Buy my rap tape tomorrow  
Tell DJ Pumpkin "Keep it crunckin Clyde"  
Request my tape when you go inside  
So I can take Jane and girl  
To Waynesboro  
Fuck their little homegirl  
Make her toes curl  
Rock their world  
Leave with their Auntie Sheryl  
She sucks me sucks me  
Fucks me fucks me  
Cries every time I leave Biloxi  
But I hops in the Coup  
Cause I gots to go  
Scoop another ho  
From Tupelo  
Hit it once hit it twice, then I hit it again  
Hit it in Meridian  
Make that bitch rub her clit again  
Pinch the nipples on her tit again  
Suck my dick until she spit again

[Chorus]

Please take me back home (Hell yeah)  
To Mississippi  
Crooked letter crooked letter hump-back hump-back  
Afroman's the bomb, bump that  
Please take me back home (Hell yeah)  
To Mississippi  
From the delta to the coast  
I'm doin the most  
Grab your 40 ounce, let's toast.

I sold rock cocaine down in Ellisville  
Baseheads hit the pipe, they can tell it's real  
Kept my dope stashed with this hoochie  
Way down yonder in East Bouche  
Cops be sweatin outta town dog  
Sniffin my car with a hound dog  
Separate me from my bitch and shit  
Tryin to get my bitch to fuckin snitch and shit  
Officer Roscoe P. Coltrane  
Runnin warrant checks on the Afroman  
But I can't be no hip hop star  
Cuffed in the back of some police car  
Did you find the gun? NO!  
Did you find the dope? NO!  
Open up the back door "Well son, you're free to go"  
A-F-R-O marijuana cargo  
Flossed like a cholow  
In a clean low glow  
Come on let's all get drunk tonight  
I hope I don't fight with a punk tonight  
Get nervous  
As I swerve this  
Cadillac through Purvis  
Hope I don't crash when I hit Petal  
Get my ass kicked in the white ghetto  
Prejudice police won't let me go  
So I'ma drive slow  
Hide my fro  
I was dumb, now I'm dumber y'all  
last summer y'all  
I fucked all the little girls down in Sumrall  
Grabbed my guitar and started pickin a tune  
For Nikki and June  
Down in Picayune, baby  
Just like a shovel I be diggin  
All the pretty young women in Wiggins  
On the boat  
Gulfport  
I got my dick down some girl's throat

I can't help it I'm a Crip baby  
I think you need to wipe your lip baby  
Hula Hula Hula  
The whole house ruler  
What's up with all the bitches down in Pascagoula  
Small towns, small cities  
But they still got big ole asses plus titties  
Is it a bird? Is it a plane?  
It's the hungry hustler Afroman  
Flyin through the air in my underwear  
Geri curl activator in my hair  
I'm in control like Janet when I hit Jackson  
Always gettin plenty panty action  
McClaine, even McComb  
Tell the whole world Mississippi's your home  
Yazoo, Columbia and Natchez  
I got the weed brother, who got the matches?  
Who got the funky DJ that scratches?  
Depend on me like my name was patches  
First it was a black thing, just the big Willies  
Now I roll Phillies  
With all the Hillbillies  
Never ever thought I'd see the Klu Klux Klan  
Buying front row seats for the Afroman  
Confederate flags tobacco in their mouth  
It's a beautiful thing jumpin off in the South  
Afroman, I'm a part of it  
Hattiesburg hip hop I'm the start of it  
I'm the latest  
I'm the greatest  
And all you haters, I'll mash you like potatoes  
I'll make your girlfriend holler and scream  
Then cook me some cornbread and collard greens

[Chorus]

1982, '83, '84  
Erin, Broste, Carlos, and Tonto  
Tryin to break dance in my B-Boy stance  
Micheal Jackson glove, parachute pants  
Calvin Gary, Garnett Jones  
G-dog cuz, I don't believe we grown  
But hey G-dog, you and me'll see dog  
Whatever happens cuz, it's you and me dog  
Or should I say loc  
Cause you my folk  
So let's take a toke  
Till we croak  
I'm a locsta locsta  
Hundred spokesta  
Drinking everyday like I'm supposed to

Bottle after bottle dog in my lip-a  
Flowing on the mic like the Mississippi river

[Chorus - 2X]

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