

Cky (Camp Kill Yourself) "Drunken Freestyle"

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You can't stop it if I stop you I can
Here comes Jess, the garbage man
Ooh ahh, I'll FADE 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 RICHES
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! JESS 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 SMARTER INSIDE 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 bugs and ants right up his
ass
Creepin' around, he was in a dream tryin to scheme
To make sure he was...(fade out)

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