

## Fehlfarben

### "Crazy Drunken Style"

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[ Lord Digga ]

Good good mornin, this is a warnin  
You slept on me last night, so stop the fuckin yawnin  
You shouldn'ta dialed 540-WAKE  
You made a mistake, now your funeral's gonna take  
place  
I'm not the nigga that you really wanna fight, right?  
Cause I put my foot in Gladys, cause I thought she wore  
my Nikes  
And I just might fuck your wife, cause I'm livin trife  
I gives a fuck about a punk pussy rapper  
Cause I break the dawn in the p.m. to the day after  
You little punk bastards, the Digga's comin after  
Ya, strictly on a rub-out mission  
Say your prayers like a christian  
Or your punk ass will be missin  
Like Jimmy Hoffa, it's the drunken hip-hopper  
Comin to kick your ass proper to a slow beat or some  
opra  
But check me on the next verse, cause I'm out like  
Cindy Lauper

Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger  
(I'm drunk, so what?)  
I got the crazy drunken style  
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger  
(Give the man a taste, and he's gone)

[ Masta Ace ]

I could freak a flow, fresh like fish in the fryer  
It's the fat rhyme supplier on the 5 train attire  
Goin Uptown, kickin with the songs that be hittin  
I'm swingin like my dick on the toilet when I'm shittin  
I try to eat right, so don't even talk of swine  
Gettin mine on tracks that are rough like a porcupine  
The mathematical abstraction, I'm waxin  
Maxin with action, shootin like Paxton  
Ring goes the ???, ding-ding goes the bell  
It's the man with the clientele, here to rock you well  
Knock the red out your socks, now it don't match your  
necks

It's the crazy drunken style like a big glass of Beck's

Drink, drink, drink, oh, come and get a drink  
Of the lyrical intoxicants to make your breath stink (2x)

We got the lyrical - hangover  
Check it out  
If the mic was a 40 (I would never be sober) (2x)

(Drunk on Friday night)

Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger  
(I'm drunk, so what?)  
I got the crazy drunken style  
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigger  
(Give the man a taste, and he's gone)

[ Lord Digga ]  
When I'm brainstormin I do more than just rain  
Cause I'ma get you and throw your mama from the  
train  
I'm kinda vain, that makes me wanna slaughter  
Doin shit you never thought of  
So don't cross the Digga, cause I'm a nigga over drunk  
waters  
So heat up the skillet, so I can cook MC's like gizzards  
And beat that ass when you're off to see the wizard  
Oh is it, that bad muthafucka? Word to scouts honor  
The nigga from Saturday Night that rippin shit like  
Sinead O'Connor  
So I wanna be startin some with muthafuckas that'll  
front when  
They really know they really don't want nothin  
Over here, cause I get heads fly like Mike and a pair of  
Nike Airs  
Agressive like a grizzly, so fuck a care bear  
Rapunzel, suck my dick... and cut the weave out your  
hair

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