

Ferrat Jean

"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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