

Gutterball

"1, 2, 3... Slam!"

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Okay, here's the story about my mom and dad

One was white

One was black

I bet you think you're glad

I'm a half breed, my skin is fair yet tan

I don't know what the hell I'm on

So 1, 2...1, 2, 3 SLAM!!!

Kinky hair when I wake up

Straight when I go to bed

My dad speaks jive talk to me, don't know what he just said

My mother she's a honkey

My dad's Kentucky fried

I don't know what the hell I'm on

So 1, 2...1, 2, 3 SLAM!!!

Back at home it's black eyed peas with a pot roast on the side

It's hot dogs on Friday nights

The chicken's country fried

My dad says "Yo boy pass the peas!"

My mom says pass the squash

I need something to ease the pain

So I'll go downtown and get some downers
Whoa, man, I'm a little bit slow
But I've got to get up somehow
Got no money
Just a good idea
Let me tell you how
I'll steal my parents credit cards
Oh yes I'll rip them off
I'll go downtown to where dad works
And get myself some cocaine
Now I'm high, and I'm not shy
I'll get it off my chest
My mom is white, she thinks she's right
She thinks that she's the best
My dad is just a negro, he's not one to play golf
I don't know what the hell I am
So 1, 2...1, 2, 3 SLAM!!!

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