

Hair "Abie Baby"

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Yes, I's finished on y'all farm land with yo' boll weevils
and all
And pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' Mother's Oats in
grease
I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator
of the slaves

Yes, I's finished on y'all farm land with yo' boll weevils
and all
And pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' Mother's Oats in
grease
I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator
of the slaves
Yeah, yeah, yeah, emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the
slaves
Yeah, yeah, yeah, emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the
slaves

Four score, I said four score and seven years ago
Oh, sock it to 'em baby, you're sounding better all the
time
Our forefathers, I mean all our forefathers
Brought forth upon this here continent a new nation
Oh come on, it's too rock me stokly

Concieved, conceived like we all was
In liberty, and dedicated to the one I love
I mean dedicated to the proposition
That all men, honey, I tell you all men are created
equal

Happy birthday, Abie Baby
Happy birthday to you, yeah
Happy birthday, Abie Baby
Happy birthday to you, bang

Bang, bang, shit, I'm not dying for no white man

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