

Julia Fordham**"The Return of the Crazy One"**

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(Okay, buddy, start playing!)

One, two

Buckle my shoe

Scooby-Doo

Humpty what you gonna do?

Lick lick, let me lick

Smell, let me smell the flavor

And taste the behavior

The way you

Been kicking it while the Humpster was lamping

Fishing and camping

Out renting boats in the Hamptons

Eating good, working out, and giving charity

Working on my vocal cord clarity

Hell, no, I can't front, I been at the crib G-ing

Slapping poontang trying to be the mack pappy

40-dog and pina colada peeing

Making my rounds to keep the Humpty girls happy

If you missed me I was laying in the cut

Wrecking big butts

And scratching my knees

Cuz my homegirl's cat got fleas

That's how it goes

The beat flow-flows

Yo peep the new color of my nose

Representing how we been living

That's how it is

I'm not the biz

But if I was to pick a booger

It'd be a big fat gooey gold plated loogie

But I was born a yankee so I use my hanky

The way I wear my clothes freaks the hos cuz I'm lanky

Speaking of hankies, I like hanky-panky

Especially when the hanky-panky's stanky

Of course ain't gonna be too much stanking

Cuz then my duty would be to give the booty a

spanking

I like biscuits and grits on the sausage

And so you know it's me, I wrote some nonsense

Hova glova nivlan blizman glaze niull

The return of the crazy one (you think I ain't?)

Psycho alpha, that means the crazy one
Gold nose lazy one
Skill to kill
I never worked I never will
I'm the original high yellow rich rigger bum
Hookers getting mad cuz they can't make me come
Around their way
Addicted to the way that I play
I like to chew bubblegum
Make them laugh when I'm loving them
I blew a bubble and some Bubble-Yum
Got caught up in the booty
I thought it was the end of her
Gabriella needed an enema
So I put away the broom
And we broke out the vacuum
Sort of like spring cleaning
Humpty Hump's leaning
Into the groove from the fat beat
The pimp slap beat
The yo my head is nodding cuz I'm hooked like crack
beat
Hiva-humping
Rip-riva-rumping
Biva-biva-butt-pumping
Rump-riva-rump-pumping
And it just ain't releasing me
The beat's obesity
So fat that it makes me shout
Ah ha this beat's got gout
Not from the worms, from the pork
That you eat with a fork
But it weighs about a ton when it plays
Back to the honeys
The play-booty-bunnies
You know what's real funny to me
When they get up for the downstroke
The look on their face when they almost choke
On the lean butter bean brown hamhock
I got the joke in the chamber and the gun's cocked
It's time to pull out my funny bone and get ready for
the fun

The return of the crazy one

Five, six
Humpty's sick

Seven, eight
Just too late
To get the man the help that he needs

Yo, how about some butter beans?

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