

Cky**"Bran's Drunken Freestyle"**Visit "[Bran's Drunken Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

you can't stop, but if i stop you, i can
Here comes this
The garbage man
ooh aah
i payed ya
on your face
and then ill place you inside of my
cell room
and we can f*** you in the a** wit a broom
and a baseball bat
swing for the ridges
swing for the high ho high low pitches
cut my toenail
left in stiches
we bleed
we used to call pants, britches
hah, yea, oh no
just yo, yo
mr. homo
allright
lets settle down
its time for class
i missed the ryhme mrs. brown
aww yea sucka
gather up
its about time you busted a nut
bout time you let go
bout time
you found out retarded people are slow
but they're smarter inside
cause they can't hide their true feelings
true cealings
i'm jumpin off of you
can you feel card hand dealing
i'm dealing lucky numbers
and if you're the next one you might stumble down that
flight of stairs
but i don't care
that aint no help for you
there aint no repair
you might un end up

make you bleed
you aint movin'
it's the freaks oh no
oh no
yo i'm still me
i'm still the same
i'm still the same i ever been
i'm still the better, best
best that there ever been
and then i pissed down my throat
tryed to row a boat
i tryed to see ryan g flow
but he just can't
he took off his pants
he pushed bugs and ants
right up his a**
oh
creeping around
even in a dream
plot a scheme....
(fades)

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