

Cky "Drunken Freestyle"

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You can't stop it if I stop you I can
Here comes Jess, the garbage man
Ooh ahh, I'll page ya on your face and then I'll place ya
Inside of my cell room, where we can fuck you in the
ass with a broom
And a baseball bat, swing for the reaches
Swing for the hi-ho hi-lo bitches
Cut my toenail, left in stitches, we bleed
We used to call pants britches!

Ha yeah oh no! Yes yo no Mr. Homo
All right let's settle down it's time for class and Mr.
Robins Brown
Aw, yeah suckas, gather up! It's about time you busted
a nut!
'Bout time you let go, bout time
You found out retarded people are slow
But there's more to recite cause they can't hide their
true feelings
True stealing I'm jumpin' all for you

Can you feel my card hand dealing? I'm dealin lucky
numbers
And if you're the next one you might stumble down that
Flight of stairs, but I don't care there ain't no help for
you
There ain't no repair you might end up make you bleed
You ain't movin, Chrstopher Reeves 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 betta best best that there ever been
And then I pissed down my throat I tried to row a boat
I tried to see Ryan Gee float but he just can't
He took off his pants he put frogs and ants right up his
ass
Creepin' around, he was in a dream tryin to scheme
To make sure he was...*[fade out]*

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