

MC Frontalot "Livin' At The Corner Of Dude & Catastrophe"

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Woke up by the pool again.
Must have played the fool again.
Wonder what them hooligans put on the grill that stinks
kind of like burnt fur and regurg'ed drinks
with an undertone of the acorn
and leather that's laid on
thick like Liz Claiborne.
Step over with big trepidation,
lift up the top off the meat cooking station
to discover my homie Todd!
I said "Oh my God,
what grim fa?ade
do you meet me with in my wakefulness?"
I had too many Stellas and they all was crisp

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