

## Afroman

### "Palm Dale"

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Just like bums, we used to stay in the slums of LA by the way  
Gang-bangers killin' each other for rep, sellin' rock cocaine on my doorstep  
Had a ball to bounce plus a bike to ride, but my mamma never would let me play outside.  
But when I got enrolled in elementary school, started bangin' like a fuckin' fool.  
So cool, throwin' up gang signs to the gangster (?), shot an enemy from across the street  
Mamma came home, said she got a good job. Daddy did too. Now they don't squab.  
Financially, we improvin'. 2 months later, son, we movin'.  
No more duckin' from shotgun shells. Bought a two-story house in East Palmdale.  
(give it to me now.)

Palmdale, come back to me.  
I need you and I love you, baby.  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
(Check it out, check it out, check it out.)

No more rats and no more roaches, livin' next door ito football coaches.  
Now I got a new place to sell me crack. Now I got little white kids to jack.  
I stopped wearin' blue, wasn't trippin' on red. Too busy squabbin' with the skinheads.  
Stupid questions, distract the class. Rubbin' little white girls on the ass.  
I didn't really care if I passed or failed, I knew I was headed for the NFL,  
Until the playoff game, shoulder got hurt. I thought about my future, layin' in the dirt.  
I can't jump, I can't flinch. Superstar player, ridin' the bench.  
Graduate from school? Don't make me laugh. I got an F+ in basic math.  
(give it to me now.)

Palmdale, (Hell, yeah.) come back to me.  
I gotta do one song for my neighborhood. Bucccoooc!  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
(check it out.)

I knew I couldn't make it in the white man's world, so I  
bought me some khakis and a Geri curl.  
I knew I couldn't make it to the NFL, so I went to East  
Palmdale and started slingin' yell.  
Fo' sho'! I was makin' crazy dough. Shoulda dropped  
outta school a long time ago.  
Bought a cell phone, like a nut. Now I deliver like Pizza  
Hut.  
I drunk whisky and Bacardi. I sold dope to anybody.  
Me and my homies sold dubs and dimes, took turns  
bustin' rhymes just to pass the time.  
A white man drove up to my spot. He said, "Hey,  
homeboy, what you got?"  
I put a fat rock inside his hand. About 25 sheriffs  
jumped out the van.  
(Get down, punk.)

Palmdale, (Hell, yeah) come back to me.  
I need you and I love you, baby.  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
(check it out, check it out, check it out.)

Can't get drunk. Can't get blunted. LA County, 95  
hundred.  
Crips wanna take my All-stars. Bloods wanna eat my  
Snickers bars.  
Them peckerwoods don't want none, but the Mexican's  
straight own one.  
Them Essays, (???) that Essays always try to test me,  
So I jumped off the bed, cause I ain't no punk. Jammed  
his head up against the bunk.  
Socked that Cholo in his chin. Black mutha-fuckas  
scared to jump in.  
Sheriff broke it up when we hit the floor. I kept talkin'  
shit cause I want some more.  
Back in town, we get along with the brown. Now I'm in  
jail, they tryin' to beat me down.  
Jail is hell, but I'll adapt. Won't hesitate to get in a scrap.  
'Cause I'm down for mine, and that's for certain, sittin'  
in the hole with my knuckles hurtin'.  
(Palmdale)

Palmdale, (Hell, yeah.) come back to me.  
I need you and I love you, baby.  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
(check it out, homeboy.)

Now I got a fucked up life. Two bad kids and a naggin'  
wife.  
Dead end job at the airport. Check too short to pay the  
house note.  
Turn on the TV, then I see different homeboys that  
went to school with me  
Playin' in the NFL. We used to kick back in East  
Palmdale.  
Rodney Williams. Lorenz Tate. Zeno plays for Colorado  
State.  
I wish my homeboys much success, but at the same  
time, I still get depressed.  
Walkin' through the wind with a cup full of gin thinkin'  
'bout things that coulda, woulda, shoulda been.  
I wipe my tears, sip my beers, wish good luck to my  
peers.  
(Palmdale.)

Palmdale, come back to me.  
I need you and I love you, baby.  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
Cause that's where my heartache began, heartache  
began.

Palmdale, come back to me.  
I need you and I love you, baby.  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
Cause that's where my heartache began, heartache  
began.

Palmdale, come back to me.  
(Hey, all the homeboys on the football team, where y'all  
at?)  
Palmdale, come back to me.  
(Hey, wherever you at in the world, I don't care if you in  
Japan, Africa— hey, you know how we used to do it,  
man. Hey, hey, hey.)  
Yo, let me get a Palm (Palm!)  
Yo, let me get a Dale (Dale!)  
Yo, what do we sell? (Yell!)  
Yo, where we fittin' to go? (We fittin' to go back to jail!)  
(x4)

Dale. Palmdale. (Hey, everybody just clap your hands.)  
Dale. Palmdale. (C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. Buci-buci-  
bucccooc!)  
Dale. Palmdale.  
Dale. (Where them Falcons at?) Palmdale. (It ain't over  
'til the fat man sings.)  
Dale. (Little Rock can't get none. What, what?)

Palmdale.  
Dale. Palmdale.  
[fade out.]

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