

Afroman "Tall Cans"

Visit "[Tall Cans](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ahh shit! Shit! Shit

Now I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and
a forty

I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party

Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'

Run outta doe, slap the hoe

Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

Now I'm a afroholic, call me Afroman

Love to sag my khakis with a tall can

My homies pop the forty of some St. I's

Now that mother uh! Staggerin' from side to side

We the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood

We look real bad but we feel so good

My thirst is quenched but my cravin won't extinguish

I need some forty ounce mother uh! Old English

Put the top in my mouth put the bottom to the ceilin'

Drink it down down until I get that crazy feelin'

Now just walkin' down the street with some chicken and
a forty

I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party

Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'

Run outta doe, slap the hoe

Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

Afroman likes tall cans

See these girls be actin' all bad and rude

Always gotta bad attitude

See I just wanna dance, why can't you get the picture

Act like a brother wanna move in with cha

I got no fame, I got no wealth
So I whined up dancin' by my goddamn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switch

So I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a
forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans

I stepped into this party full of Mexicans
I didn't realize I was the only black man
One hand on my bottle, the other on my Peter
I barked like a dog and started freakin' señoritas

I think she was embarrassed with the eight ball in my
cup
She kept on steppin' back so I kept on steppin' up
This vaco strolled up, put his gun to my head
I knew if I moved I was officially dead

That had to be his woman, I know it doggonit
That ain't the first time that I got confronted
[Foreign content] get the fuck outta here
I said I'm gone mother fucker, now gimme my beer

'Cause I'm just walkin' down the street with some
chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans

I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a
forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party

Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, slap the hoe
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans

Well I'm a afroholic, call me Afroman
Love to sag my khakis with a tall can
My homie pop the forty of some St. I's
Now that knucklehead staggerin' from side to side

We the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood
We look real bad but we feel so good
My thirst is quenched but my cravin' won't extinguish
I need some forty ounce mother fucking old English
Put the top in my mouth put the bottom to the ceilin'
Drink it diggy diggy down till I get that crazy feelin'

I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken and
a forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, here we go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans

Now these women be actin' all bad and rude
Always gotta bad attitude
You see I just wanna dance, why can't you get the
picture
You act like a brother wanna move in with cha

I got no fame, I got no wealth
So I whined up dancin by my god-damn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switch

So I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a
forty
I'm yellin' at these hooches and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, here we go back to that liquor sto'

Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
Afroman likes tall cans
...

Visit [Afroman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.