

## Paperboys "Barcelona"

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[Kapricon]

On ma way out from hitting this honey from last night/  
I had to blast right/ coz she was looking nasty in the  
sunlight/

Cruising down centrum/ in an aftermath tantrum/ I got  
interrupted by this hun/

And looking pretty good at that/ she had a letter for  
Kap/

it said ma man Critical was chilling south of Spain/  
Sowing his oats/ with a lady, and even her name was  
underlined in the note,/

so that means he handeled it fine, don't you know/  
I had to find him though/ I call up Vinnie on the phone,  
he like

[Vinni] What you doing in the snow, bro?/

[Kapricon] I don't know man, but where you at?

[Vinni]

Barcelona/, in the zone/ like I finally found a home for  
this stoner/,

trader all my kroner,/ it's all about pesetas and  
coronas/

this bar, I'm the motherfucking owner./

Made it out the coma/ played like I said, now I'm  
gone, bro/ a lot of pretty ladies on my boner.

Went from halph-ass/ to a class-act/ weedaroma

[Kapricon] Pass that!/  
[Vinni] Baby got my feet upon her ass-crack/

Yo you gonna love it while it lasts, Kap/ sending you a  
ticket that's that/ we can kick it,

[Kapricon] That's fat!

Chorus:

[Kapricon & Vinni]

I'm leaving, where are you gonna go?

Barcelona, anywhere it don't snow

Feel the sun glow, ladies looking like they're models  
from a video,

Let them know we're drunk!

Let's go! x 2

[Kapricon]

So now I'm in Barcelona/, a loner looking for a bar

owner/  
but I forgot to bring my fucking note, bro/  
so IÂ'm sitting in somewhere sipping my corona,/   
thinking IÂ'm a goner/ and goddammit IÂ'm so fucked,  
and all I can remember is the name of the bar you  
opened up/ Babylon or something, right?  
[Vinni] yep! close it up  
[Kapricon]  
I hire me a moped and goes for it/ I canÂ't wait to hit  
the ocean and order a cold beer/  
[Vinni] Cool, now see the road there?/  
[Kapricon] Yeah?  
[Vinni] Cool! Now, see that road there?  
[Kapricon] Yeah?  
[Vinni] Yo follow three blocks, make a left, go straight  
through the old square/  
next turn, church on the left, you should go there/,  
Beach's just below the stairs/ and itÂ's nice through the  
whole year/  
You should see what the hoes wear/ waterÂ's so clear/,  
so nice it ainÂ't fair/  
Yo but listen here/ stay for some food and a J/, IÂ'll  
come too, just let me give the keys to JosÃ"!

Chorus:

[Vinni og Kapricon]  
IÂ'm dreaming, yeah I know itÂ's nice man  
Barcelona, Holla at the Iceman  
Check the price man, ThatÂ's how itÂ's down there, fly  
all year ,you wanna get a beer?  
LetÂ's go! x 2

[Kapricon] Vinni guess what? IÂ've got the letter, I had  
it all along, I forgot I had it in my sack full of draws!  
[Vinni] Man youÂ're slacking dog!  
[Kapricon] Tell me something I donÂ't know  
[Vinni] HeÂ's getting married  
[Kapricon] What, let me se what he wrote  
[Critical] Dear Kappa  
I guess itÂ's been about a year now since we met each  
other/  
well, spoken to one another/ damn brother man I miss  
you./  
Still living in snow/ with thirty below?/  
Heard that you weren't slurping no more/ youÂ're AA,  
funny, but how is you?/  
Oh guess what, by the way/ I met this other dame/  
at the airport in Spain, IÂ'm getting married brother  
man/  
to this tall, dark skinned, half black, half latino,  
modelling chica/ my baby celina/ wait till you meet her,/

but me? I quit work and started school so mama's  
happy/  
I'm studying anatomy at the academy of New Guinea/  
funny, huh? But Vinni, how's he?/  
I heard he moved to Barcelona/ sipping Coronas,/ still  
living by the sea,/ splendid.  
Nothing but love for him you show him/  
tell him to give my TV back but you know him/ at those  
things/  
Oh yeah and one more thing to top it off, I'm having a  
baby due in June/  
And I'm naming him after you, kind of cool, huh?/ And  
I gonna send you an invitation too/  
so Love to my people, man, woman, ain't no  
difference/  
Critical signing off, peace \*smack\* hugs and kisses/  
PS I'm gonna get to my mistress.../

Chorus:

[Vinni og Kapricon]

I'm dreaming, Critical's getting married  
He's a goner, It's cool, we're all happy  
Sure, 'bout to be a daddy, its a white wedding day  
Yo Kap, get your tux, bottoms up  
Let's go x 2

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