

Michael Franti & Spearhead "Red Beans & Rice"

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"Red Beans & Rice"

I don't eat red meat but I'm not a vegetarian
I like ice cream
But not much dairy
'cause it gets in my nose
It makes me gotta blows
Snot like a farmer and it gets on my clothes
It's rather unsightly
Can even be frightening
But cold medication
Should not be taken nightly
Because everything dat I put in
It comes out again
And if I eat lean
It helps me stay thin
Check out my hair, I keep it dreaded
About my corn? I like it breaded
Hot from the oven? MMMM! you said it!
Straight to the stomach my fuel is unleaded
But not fossil fuels
I like olive oil
I like my eggs scrambled
I never eat 'em boiled
The way to my heart
Is with a garlic clove
It smells hella sexy
When it's on the kitchen stove

[Chorus]

Red beans and rice, red beans and rice, red beans and
rice,
Make everything nice
Red beans and rice, red beans and rice, red beans and
rice
I could eat a plate twice. So nice. So nice. So nice.

Most people on the planet
Eat beans and rice
Some can't afford beef or they think cows are nice
If you talk table manners don't believe all they
Told ya I eat with my fingers like an African soldier

I don't know which fork is for meat or for salad
I haven't got a clue when they say "whet your palate"
Eat a lot a prunes it'll keep you loose
Skin'll turn orange if you drink carrot juice
I think beef jerky tastes like a boot
When I'm on the street I chew a licorice root
And if I have a soar throat
then I eat ginger
And I will break bread
with those who are strangers
So come into my cave
Tonight I will show you
Food is for life
And life I will show you.
If you're havin' problems
I invite you here
Step into my kitchen
we will cook away your fears

[Chorus]

Amazing grace how sweet the sound that
Saved a wretch like me
Dammit let's eat!
Mi casa es su casa. Mi cocina es su cocina.
You know what I mean!

[Bridge]

Get some boilin' water! Yeah!
Get a pound aof beans! Yeah!
Get some spice and make it nice! Yeah!
You know what I mean!

But if a friend has gas
then he's passin'
It gives me a headache end I gotta take aspirin
It makes me dizzy
I fix him fizzies
To calm his stomach
When it's feelin kinda
Busy some like it white
but I like it brown
I like spicy chicken
And I can throw it down
Chilis come red
and chilis come green
When it's on the table
I lick my plate clean
Then I drink a toast to the host and hostess
But first we give thanks
To God the Mostest

'cause if I am a guest
I always wash my plate
Sip a sip a soda while I sing Amazing Grace
Rings on my fingers
left round the tub
Bass fulla bubbles
Bumpin like a wash tub
Think about my troubles
Goin down the drain
Dryin' up the puddles in the back of my brain
But...

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