

## Uncle Kracker "Steaks 'n Shrimp"

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Clap your hands to the beat  
(To the beat)  
Oh just clap your hands to the beat  
(To the beat)  
Come on, clap your hands to the beat  
(To the beat)  
I say, clap your hands to the beat  
(To the beat)

Uh huh 'n' you don't stop  
Uh huh 'n' you don't stop  
Uh huh 'n' you don't stop  
Uh huh 'n' you don't stop

We in this great lakes state  
Eatin steaks 'n' shrimp  
It's kinda hard to miss the crew  
Because we all got limps  
(Got limps)

We come equipped with new kicks and Stetsons  
The super saggy rags and the white trash connection  
No flexin', huh, know what I mean?  
You can feel us cool, we don't need to be seen  
(Seen)

It's all about the green, not the drugs we be takin'  
That shits free with an LP in circulation  
And we be wastin' time  
Got them all state, all county, all hood rhymes  
(Rhymes)

It's all good times, thank the Lord  
For dumb fuckin' people and credit card fraud  
We tearin' up your lawn, we got herds of Lincolns  
Step into your crib and have your whole house stinkin'

Don't blink and don't think we're soft  
Hide your money and your gold  
And don't express your thoughts  
Uhh  
We get mad props, wreck all shops

Puttin' stops on crews  
They get confused and lose, that's what we do

Styles stem from pioneers  
Leavin' suckers in awe  
You get jawed for lookin' queer  
Can you hear me or am I talkin' to the wall?  
(Wee)  
That's top dog callin' out each and every one of y'all

You get balls, you come and talk that shit  
But top dogs camp ain't nothin' to fuck with  
And don't say we didn't warn ya  
I got this Detroit thang with more love than California  
Drunk DJ smokin' Cognac dips  
Call me the sidekick, thug boy, kid with the limp

I rip through rhymes like a bullet in the breeze  
And I float through tracks like a shark in the sea  
A wee bit shy, but I comply by me  
(Wee)  
And I'm a mean motherfucker when I have to be

Thank young Gs' with sleeves and thieves on hold  
Strategically placed in case somebody feels bold  
I told you ho's you can't fuck with these  
'Cause I make more papers than trees  
(Trees)

{See we believe in brotherhood forever is criteria  
You fuckin' with top dog  
Your fuckin' with family  
(Family)}

No I ain't feelin' ya, got all that I can do to hear  
Any time you see me you should stand clear  
You see me in my Lincoln  
I'm in the clubs drinkin'  
Who you gonna check bitch, what the fuck you thinkin'?

You can check me, but that shit don't slide  
You can get your life, took tryin' to take my pride  
You ride with who, man that shit ain't big  
I roll with dogs that'll rock your wig  
And got gigs all money, Detroit to Portland  
Cellular receivers and beepers is what were sportin'  
Your nothin' of importance, I don't sweat you  
Yeah the drinks on me, but the jokes on you  
(You)

I'm all about the everyday nothin' at all

See I'm not doin' very much, I'm just havin' a ball  
I'm in bed by four  
(Four)  
I'm up by noon  
(Noon)

I might sit around, I might write me a tune  
I might go fishin' and again I might not  
I might get me a fourty or pour me some Scotch  
The watch on my wrist, that don't even exist  
A lot of pissed people from appointments that I've  
missed

I dissed everybody and their Mom for spite  
'Cause everybody's barkin', but nobody ever bites  
Your talkin' loud, sayin' nothin'  
Get you Dad, get your cousin  
Go and get your boy 'cause he's as big as a house  
Now take your pussy ass clickin' and get the fuck out  
(Fuck out)

I'm the estranged, deranged  
I got domains like states  
I live in plush hotels with them hourly rates  
I do big plates eight times a day  
The crew be livin' large at the seafood bay

Got a way with the world and now I'm lookin' to  
scramble  
Ain't about to ass out on a no good gamble  
Could handle anythin', but I ain't down for broke  
So before somebody slides  
Somebody's getting choked

I'm a no good freak, tweak skin like rashes  
I lose a little love with everyday that passes  
Ain't a masochistic, rock statistic  
Vocabulary, I'm a very shy simplistic  
And get this, some people say I changed

I'm the same motherfucker with the same old name  
A little extra game and extra cash, see  
You could fuck me, but don't put it past me  
You wanna bash me and got no reason  
I can lay up in the Caymans for four straight seasons  
(Wee)

I ain't a punk, I refuse to be  
I live for what is, not what used to be  
Your all up in the past, that's ash  
Hear what I say

"I'm all about today and I'm gonna die that way"  
Bitch

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