

Freddie Gibbs

"Issachar"

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(dicky barrett/nate albert/joe gittleman/tim burton/bosstones)

Where's the wizzler, where's the corn?
Get ja'causezi on the horn, where's the wizzler
Whatever happened to the mob?
He had to quit and get a job
Road manager, security,
Hangin' shirts and makin' tea
Where's the wizzler, where's the corn?
Near the elevator, is there porn?
What a a man gotta deal wit!
My head's not orange, cut the shit!
Jack, jack ca mi sey jack flanagan
Mi a go tell a likkie storie bout mi good bredren
Wa go by de name of jack flanagan
It was a long time ago down a cbgb
Mi look pon mi bredren name docta dready
Mi sey docta d who booked dis opening band
Mon in a 3 piece suit wit guitar ina l'm hand,
Ca mi sey jack flanagan
On the road and on the phone,
Roll up the window roll a bone
Rollin' a buck in a forty zone
Now settle up and head for home
He's issachar now hear him roar
When he's lost his temper find the door
It's almost always good to see him,
He's one damn fine human being
Jack flanagan
Mi bredren bosstones dem naw slip dem naw miss
Flanagan l'm was di mob guitarist
Nowadays he manage reggae artist
So when you wan get pin micky dread guest list
Jack flanagan him naw resist
Jack flanagan, jack flanagan
Got us 'cross the border,
Helpin' hand when it began
Kept our shit in order my man jack flanagan
In his town he'll hook you up, he'll show you 'round,
he'll watch your back

When we head down we look him up
And hang around with irish jack
Much, much, much respect,
In this world it's hard to find
A stand up guy who'll stand behind
You if you're ever in a bind
My man jack he comes to mind

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