

## **Captain Dan And The Scurvy Crew "That's How We Row"**

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(Cap D)

What should a captain do  
With a spanish crew?  
Set em up a trap  
That they fall into  
Board their ship  
And prepares to duel  
Stab em in the back  
Like they be fools  
In this raft I laugh  
Cause my craft be daft  
Cannons gonna blast  
Then we hear that splash  
Cause you know we attack  
When ye turn your backs  
Not rowin fast  
We'll lose our ass  
But relax  
Face facts don't react  
Like our grips on wrack  
Like our chips ain't stacked  
Like our ships ain't packed  
Like our whips ain't cracked  
Hold back  
Set a drift on a skiff  
Get a lift from a swift  
Hit on the flip lets dip,  
Row to the shores  
Where we be dope  
Hang from a rope  
And abandon hope  
We rowin on the ocean  
We flowin with commotion  
We going where we goin  
Them fools ain't even knowin  
We close in on suckers  
We foes like no others  
We cold motherfuckers  
Now row like yer brothers

Chorus:

Now Rooowwwwww

Cause we Row Like this  
Cause we Row Like This  
Cause We Row Like This  
Now Roooowwww  
Cause We Row Like This  
If you be talking that shit  
You's a BITCH  
(You's a Biatch! )

(Sea Dawg)  
On the sea we glide waiting for high tide  
We row like this when the wind has died

Water pitch black just like the sky  
Send out a spy so he can pry  
And find where guards are positioned nearby  
Torture one until he does comply  
Tell us where the treasure does reside  
Take his key and sneak inside  
We goin we rowin we flowin we knowin  
Not slowin keep growin more yo ho ho-in  
Got hoes blowin and everyone knowin  
Knee deep in gold like it's been snowin  
Don't screw with the scurvy crew, get a clue, thought  
You knew  
If ya do bid your limbs adieu  
Ain't a sailor we can't subdue, we'll lay ya to rest in  
The icy blue

(Scott Free)  
I'm the life of the party sourounded with hotties  
From west palm beach to fort ladiadi  
You can find your shorty shitting riding shoty  
Smoking on seaweed sipping on bacardi  
I got two fine bitches in the ship getting naughty  
Sitting rowing clean with my new lexonies  
Rolling fat blunts you can call em bob marleys  
You know this click stays equipped with a grip  
With full clips and krip spliffs  
To rip hit shit don't miss this  
It's vicious how we spit shit  
Yo I come with the quickness and I don't tolerate  
Mischief  
You wanna make it on the hit list (no)  
Then stat the fuck out my motherfucking business

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