

Paper Route

"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 I?m sitting in somewhere sipping my corona,/
thinking I?m a goner/ and goddammit I?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 can?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 it?s nice through the
whole year/

You should see what the hoes wear/ water?s so clear/,
so nice it ain?t fair/

Yo but listen here/ stay for some food and a J/, I?ll
come too, just let me give the keys to Jos?!

Chorus:

[Vinni og Kapricon]

I?m dreaming, yeah I know it?s nice man

Barcelona, Holla at the Iceman

Check the price man, That?s how it?s down there, fly all
year ,you wanna get a beer?

Let?s go! x 2

[Kapricon] Vinni guess what? I?ve got the letter, I had it
all along, I forgot I had it in my sack full of draws!

[Vinni] Man you?re slacking dog!

[Kapricon] Tell me something I don?t know

[Vinni] He?s getting married

[Kapricon] What, let me se what he wrote

[Critical] Dear Kappa

I guess it?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/ you?re AA,
funny, but how is you?/

Oh guess what, by the way/ I met this other dame/
at the airport in Spain, I?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 ting 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 *smask* 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 gox 2

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