

Afro Man

"Before I Got High"

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I was gonna clean my room until I got high
I gonna get up and find the broom but then I got high
My room is still messed up and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I was gonna go to class before I got high
I coulda cheated and I coulda passed but I got high
I'm taking it next semester and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I was gonna go to work but then I got high
I just got a new promotion but I got high
Now I'm selling dope and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I was gonna go to court before I got high
I was gonna pay my child support but then I got high
They took my whole paycheck and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I wasn't gonna run from the cops but I was high
I was gonna pull right over and stop but I was high
Now I am a paraplegic and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I was gonna pay my car note until I got high
I was gonna gamble on the boat but then I got high
Now the tow truck is pulling away and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I was gonna make love to you but then I got high (I'm serious)
I was gonna eat yo pussy too but then I got high
Now I'm jacking off and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I messed up my entire life because I got high
I lost my kids and wife because I got high
Now I'm sleeping on the sidewalk and I know why
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high

I'm gonna stop singing this song because I'm high
I'm singing this whole thing wrong because I'm high
And if I don't sell one copy I know why
'Cause I'm high
'Cause I'm high
'Cause I'm high

Say what, say what

'Cause I'm high
'Cause I'm high
'Cause I'm high

Well my name is Afroman and I'm from East Palmdale
(East Palmdale)
And all the tumbleweed I be smokin' is bomb as hell
(excellent delivery)
I don't believe in Hitler, that's what I said (Oh my goodness)
So all of you Skins, (Skins?) please give me more head
(Muuu-fuuuucc) Buccoooooooooc!

A, E, I, O, U
A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W
We ain't gonna sell none of these mutha fuckin' albums
Let's go back to Marshall Durbin and hang some more chickens, cuz

Fuck the corporate world bitch

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