

## Afro Man

### "Mississippi"

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Afroman talking)

(Palmdale was like the peak of my life

But Palmdale over with homeboy

I'm fittin to go home cuz)

Please take me back home (you know what I'm sayin)

To Mississippi

(I got my Greyhound ticket right here man

I'm fittin to go back and kick it with my family cuz)

Please take me back home (take a couple pounds of  
this weed)

To Mississippi

(You shmell me homeboy

Yeah, take them fools back to '82 cuz)

Before South Central, Palmdale flossin

I stayed in a place called Palmer's Crossing

Hattiesburg, Mississippi

Smokin marijuana like a Woodstock hippy

All my homies in Laurel

Beg borrow

Buy my rap tape tomorrow

Tell DJ Pumpkin "Keep it crunckin Clyde"

Request my tape when you go inside

So I can take Jane and girl

To Waynesboro

Fuck their little homegirl

Make her toes curl

Rock their world

Leave with their Auntie Sheryl

She sucks me sucks me

Fucks me fucks me

Cries every time I leave Biloxi

But I hops in the Coup

Cause I gots to go

Scoop another ho

From Tupelo

Hit it once hit it twice, then I hit it again

Hit it in Meridian

Make that bitch rub her clit again

Pinch the nipples on her tit again

Suck my dick until she spit again

[Chorus]

Please take me back home (Hell yeah)

To Mississippi

Crooked letter crooked letter hump-back hump-back

Afroman's the bomb, bump that

Please take me back home (Hell yeah)

To Mississippi

From the delta to the coast  
I'm doin the most  
Grab your 40 ounce, let's toast.  
I sold rock cocaine down in Ellisville  
Baseheads hit the pipe, they can tell it's real  
Kept my dope stashed with this hoochie  
Way down yonder in East Bouche  
Cops be sweatin outta town dog  
Sniffin my car with a hound dog  
Separate me from my bitch and shit  
Tryin to get my bitch to fuckin snitch and shit  
Officer Roscoe P. Coltrane  
Runnin warrant checks on the Afroman  
But I can't be no hip hop star  
Cuffed in the back of some police car  
Did you find the gun? NO!  
Did you find the dope? NO!  
Open up the back door "Well son, you're free to go"  
A-F-R-O marijuana cargo  
Flossed like a cholow  
In a clean low glow  
Come on let's all get drunk tonight  
I hope I don't fight with a punk tonight  
Get nervous  
As I swerve this

Cadillac through Purvis

Hope I don't crash when I hit Petal

Get my ass kicked in the white ghetto

Prejudice police won't let me go

So I'ma drive slow

Hide my fro

I was dumb, now I'm dumber y'all

last summer y'all

I fucked all the little girls down in Sumrall

Grabbed my guitar and started pickin a tune

For Nikki and June

Down in Picayune, baby

Just like a shovel I be diggin

All the pretty young women in Wiggins

On the boat

Gulfport

I got my dick down some girl's throat

I can't help it I'm a Crip baby

I think you need to wipe your lip baby

Hula Hula Hula

The whole house ruler

What's up with all the bitches down in Pascagoula

Small towns, small cities

But they still got big ole asses plus titties

Is it a bird? Is it a plane?

It's the hungry hustler Afroman

Flyin through the air in my underwear  
Geri curl activator in my hair  
I'm in control like Janet when I hit Jackson  
Always gettin plenty panty action  
McClaine, even McComb  
Tell the whole world Mississippi's your home  
Yazoo, Columbia and Natchez  
I got the weed brother, who got the matches?  
Who got the funky DJ that scratches?  
Depend on me like my name was patches  
First it was a black thing, just the big Willies  
Now I roll Phillies  
With all the Hillbillies  
Never ever thought I'd see the Klu Klux Klan  
Buying front row seats for the Afroman  
Confederate flags tobacco in their mouth  
It's a beautiful thing jumpin off in the South  
Afroman, I'm a part of it  
Hattiesburg hip hop I'm the start of it  
I'm the latest  
I'm the greatest  
And all you haters, I'll mash you like potatoes  
I'll make your girlfriend holler and scream  
Then cook me some cornbread and collard greens  
[Chorus]

1982, '83, '84

Erin, Broste, Carlos, and Tonto

Tryin to break dance in my B-Boy stance

Micheal Jackson glove, parachute pants

Calvin Gary, Garnett Jones

G-dog cuz, I don't believe we grown

But hey G-dog, you and me'll see dog

Whatever happens cuz, it's you and me dog

Or should I say loc

Cause you my folk

So let's take a toke

Till we croak

I'm a locsta locsta

Hundred spokesta

Drinking everyday like I'm supposed to

Bottle after bottle dog in my lip-a

Flowing on the mic like the Mississippi river

[Chorus - 2X

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