

Bobby Pickett & The Crypt-Kickers

"Meet Cleofis Randolph the Patriarch"

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[MC Paul Barman]
What's happening?
I keep my dreadlocks in a napkin ring
Rap and sing
Unlike the homogenous clones
I'm into earth tones, birth stones, and erogenous zones
The more ticklish the more you have
Sitting on the curb of what used to be the burbs
And before that was Canarcie
I'm a disturbed and bitter herb
Like saltwater and parsley
Mics crawl up, tights fall down
That's my mnemonic voice stalactite slash stalagmite
You may have this Maglite
It survived the apocalypse
And for the fragile force of an agile horse
Here's a handful of very special chocolate chips

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