

Smash Mouth

"Survivin the Drought"

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[Verse 1: Deuce Poppi]

Last year was a great year, ask the click
But this year was scarred down to our last half of brick
Trying to survive in the drought wher it aint no blow
It aint no piece yo it aint no dough
Yo 95 south sun roof moon light
Po-pos tight down before the turnpike
The last lick went sour feds jammed the blow
But like a weather man its a light chance of snow
Lay low at the bottom at the tell
Wait patient for my Haitian to hit me on the cell
Cause my Haitian cartell they always work
They even had shit when the Cubans were hurt
My Nigga hit back he aint got no dope
He said the coast gaurd just knocked off the boat
He said the feds in Texas they out of control
Knocking off major bricks with the border patrol
A nigga couldnt rap long cause the phones they be
wired up
I be god damned the whole east coast dried up
A nigga went from raw dope to cheap base
Ridind round with the block fed in the brief case

(chorus)

Surviving in the drought where it aint no blow
It aint no piece yo it aint no dough
It aint no bricks no chips no food
So tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do
(repeat 2x)

[Verse 2: Deuce Poppi]

In the drought I look the dope fiend right in the grill
Slang him a asprin or a vitamin pill
In the drought niggas panic when that money stop
Start slinging wamis and them dummy blocks
Hit the projects twurking in that 87 fleet drop
Set up shop with a 9 pack of sheet rock
Watcha a nigga get got
Now he wanna hit pop
He wanna brain wrestle he dont know I got my shit
cocked

Cause in the drought you get stuck like a thumb tack
Dixie man got a 20 pack worth of come back
A player fucked up till that drought go down
A nigga got to spread his hustle when the drought
come round
(Im stuck a player fucked up now im finna come back
up)
Its back on with then pack playboy the blow flooded
The base heads happy and my workers show love it
M y dog hit the lick about two hundred birds
Off a Bahamian cruise ship that nigga got nerves
Now Cubans is beeping and the Haitians is calling
Im back to slanging Whole chickens popping cases and
balling
I got to put the team on so Im looking them up
RJ he the chef He be cooking them up
While Im whipping em flipping breaking em down
With the straight razor chipping em
We got em harder than hard plus we pitching soft ball
Jumping for that how high this year gone cost yall
Since we the only niggas wit it
Its the lick of a life time
Coming up in the drought through the paroofeal pipe
line
This time Im gone sit on me bout ten
Cause you never know when that drought coming again
Surviving in the drought, Surviving in the drought

(chorus) repeat 2 x

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