

The Return Of The Crazy One

Digital Underground

(Okay, buddy, start playing!)

One, two
Buckle my shoe
Scooby-Doo
Humpty what you gonna do?

Lick lick, let me lick
Smell, let me smell the flavor
And taste the behavior
The way you
Been kicking it while the Humpster was lamping
Fishing and camping
Out renting boats in the Hamptons
Eating good, working out, and giving charity
Working on my vocal cord clarity
Hell, no, I can't front, I been at the crib G-ing
Slapping poontang trying to be the mack pappy
40-dog and pina colada peeing
Making my rounds to keep the Humpty girls happy
If you missed me I was laying in the cut
Wrecking big butts
And scratching my knees
Cuz my homegirl's cat got fleas
That's how it goes
The beat flow-flows
Yo peep the new color of my nose
Representing how we been living
That's how it is
I'm not the biz
But if I was to pick a booger
It'd be a big fat gooey gold plated loogie
But I was born a yankee so I use my hanky
The way I wear my clothes freaks the hos cuz I'm lanky
Speaking of hankies, I like hanky-panky
Especially when the hanky-panky's stanky
Of course ain't gonna be too much stanking
Cuz then my duty would be to give the booty a spanking
I like biscuits and grits on the sausage
And so you know it's me, I wrote some nonsense
Hova glova nivlan blizman glaze niull

The return of the crazy one (you think I ain't?)

Psycho alpha, that means the crazy one
Gold nose lazy one
Skill to kill
I never worked I never will
I'm the original high yellow rich rigger bum
Hookers getting mad cuz they can't make me come
Around their way
Addicted to the way that I play
I like to chew bubblegum
Make them laugh when I'm loving them
I blew a bubble and some Bubble-Yum
Got caught up in the booty
I thought it was the end of her

Gabriella needed an enema
So I put away the broom
And we broke out the vacuum
Sort of like spring cleaning
Humpty Hump's leaning
Into the groove from the fat beat
The pimp slap beat
The yo my head is nodding cuz I'm hooked like crack beat
Hiva-humping
Rip-riva-rumping
Biva-biva-butt-pumping
Rump-riva-rump-pumping
And it just ain't releasing me
The beat's obesity
So fat that it makes me shout
Ah ha this beat's got gout
Not from the worms, from the pork
That you eat with a fork
But it weighs about a ton when it plays
Back to the honeys
The play-booty-bunnies
You know what's real funny to me
When they get up for the downstroke
The look on their face when they almost choke
On the lean butter bean brown hamhock
I got the joke in the chamber and the gun's cocked
It's time to pull out my funny bone and get ready for the fun

The return of the crazy one

Five, six
Humpty's sick
Seven, eight
Just too late
To get the man the help that he needs

Yo, how about some butter beans?