

Club Bamboo

Mac Lethal

Yo! Yo! eh yo a yo a yo!
Yo! Yo! eh yo a yo a yo!
Yo! YO! Yo!
(shut up.)
(fucker)

Innovative one, call me the creative one
Mac lick the foreign pussy with the pierced native tongue.
Probably speak in accents like its hard to calm her
I use a metal tortoise shell as my body armor.
I got a mutated lil master with 12 eyes and a lime green tongue that spits a
cid.
I duct tape her mouth shut with I hang around sluts
Cuz shell get jealous and chew em' into ground chuck.
My cartilage rips like a hammer head shark spittin liquid nitrogen until the
speakers look frost bitten.
My car region is connected to my pierced probes
Releasing sound demons that nibble ear lobes.
With the wave of my right hand the mic stand on stage morph into a tight
Band to strike fans with rage. Ladies love me when I spray the mic,
But there ain't no I in snugglin and there ain't no U in stayin the night.

Hey yo rappers with the sweet skills
Chicks into cheap thrills
Alcoholics smoking gasoline weed lets build
Feel the beat hit your spine when it slams you
Take a swig of the 40 and spark up the bamboo.

We puff the bamboo everyday! (4x)

I don't live by the sword I don't live by the gun,
I live by the gas station that sells blunts by the one
My floor is surrounded by dripping candles
I'll poke my fingers through your eyes like scissor handles.
The robots talk to me in uteral, like
(mac your our planet's secret weapon find a studio!)
Cyborgs travel in twisted orbs
To master alien genocide in the mixing board.
Controversy? Its more like contra when the lasers bust
I'm puttin on a surgical glove and dippin in a glass full of water discolore
d from the razor rust. (It's music!)
Crumpled in the rubble lookin knuckled headed divas
I buck with jeans so I can show my double headed penis
So you can treat it like a honey suckle munch and eat it
I was a demon God in violent and destructive fetus

Hey yo rappers with the sweet skills
Chicks into cheap thrills
Alcoholics smokin gasoline weed lets build
Mac lethal can you feel it or are you just too fucked up from bamboo sticks?
Puff a little bit of the monster funk, puff a little bit of the monster funk
, puff a little bit of the monster funk, smoke some bamboo and get fucked up
.

Just ask G the one that put the fingers in your panties
And told me that the pussy wasn't hairy.
In control with probes my skulls stretched to see the world like I replaced

my eyeballs with globes.

Its like lover lane was a space cadaver, I might dub your brain to a tape cassette.

My face compress to levitate,

So take my tape out now give it a kiss and plan a second date.

Never understand how I'm screwin raps my madula snaps and soul claps it feels like a bazooka blast.

I blew the caps through the dudes mumu lash out, like illuminate and prove the scrabbling sewage rats.

In your relationship your girls the boss,

And if she don't call in 15 minutes I'm jerkin off.

You cant get with the way leezzy swervin

I just make you blow like pee-wee herman.

Uh-ha-haha

A little bit of the bamboo sticks!

A little green dirty ass weed, sprinkled with some white nose candy for flavor.

Twisted up in one to make you feel oky-

loc until you look like muthafuckin monkey loc.

Uhhhh.... puff a little bit of the monster funk, puff a little bit of the monster funk,

Puff a little bit of the monster funk, man shut the fuck up!