

Afroman, Airport

We gonna get high baby, we gonna get real high..
Wam, Bam, Thank you mam'
Airport stress, the name of this jam
Just keeps on bumpin
Blunts i'm sparkin
Three hours early can't find no parkin
Ticket agent mad cuz I'm flagrant
Hostile.. Smoke comin out my nostril
Sick of paying airlines to disrespect me
Let me guess, did the FAA select me
I ain't caring man,
FAA stands for Fuck African Americans (Really though)
I don't plant no bombs on children (Really though)
I don't fly no planes into buildings (Really though)
My luggage is the first you grab,
But what about this arab?(Calm Down)
Take off my shoes,
I suppose that's fine
But it's your nose, not mine
Man i'm sick of the -
(Chorus)
Airport, The way i travel round (Bagcheck)
Wish I, could keep my feet on solid ground (Random Search)
Always, wanted to be a super star (Spread Your Legs)
Now I, rather go home and drive my car (Check it again)
The pilot, is a pencil neck geek
The stuckup stewardess, never speaks
Look honey, don't start no shit
you don't like your job? Quit.
I take a world, a cover
Don't talk no job
Have colt 45 next time i arrive
Pretzels, Peanuts, Carrots, Cabbage
Dude, who came up with this food
Sittin in the middle is harmless
Unless the fat people don't share the armrest
Am i scared? A little, man
Especially when im flyin on a, little plane
Shiverin Shakin
Quiverin Quakin
Staggerin Stoppin
No warnin just droppin
Get more thoughts on my casket yall
Bounce down the runway like a basketball
(Chorus)
It's on your face
You can't hide it
Your bag don't fit in space provided
Sir! you need to check that in
Walk through security once again
The plane parked at the gate
People jump up cuz they just can't wait
Everybody can't make it to the aisle
So they stand underneath that uh for a while
I just sit in my seat and think
Oh my lord
I really feel sorry for your spinal chord
Money, Greed, Creates the need
For people to travel with speed
Save more time
Make more cash
But what good is the cash
If the airplane crash
Flyin is faster, but i don't care

I got the rest of my life to get there
(Chorus)(Modified)
Cadillac, the way I travel round
Movin and groovin to the sound
If I go over seas I will choose
The love boat, and take a fucking cruise
So they gonna random select me about three or four times,
At the counter, at the security check point, and at the gate,
Then, naw, it get better, it get better
Then, they got like these undercover airport cop
That just come out the blue and just empty yo bag out right in the middle of the aisle.....