

# Brougham, 7th Grade

In the school yard with my friends, we got broken hearts to mend  
We're only in the 7th grade, we only think 'bout getting' laid  
Split a six pack between the three of us  
Get tore back and ride the mini-bus  
Hawkin' loogies at sucker crews  
Way back then we knew we'd never lose  
Wipe the sleep out my eyes, around eleven brush the Ivory  
See Selassie an' everything is peace what  
I'm all about space cakes and great legs  
In French braids smokin' brown dank in eighth grade  
It ain't no ting to cut biology as long as we gaffle the role sheet  
So now we're making the drop off  
We got dinero and props embarcadero's like a hot spot  
Yo, remember that yab that act senseless  
There she is round and chunky at the town and country benches  
Pretentious princess of sheet less mattresses  
With Sealy Posturpedic embedded in they asses  
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I rock the party 'til it's all null void  
I never toyed pumpin' lyrical steroid  
'Cause I protest with paragraphs perverted  
Tipper gets offended no matter how I word it  
It ain't no thing to walk on water, baby  
Long as you know where the rocks is  
Pathetic and pitiful, I break fool and vanish  
Panic if you want to, I stumble to my hammock  
Panic if you want to, give your crew a call  
They don't exist at all, like genitalia on your Barbie Doll  
You bitch and moan when pinch up the payroll  
Like pimp casserole so uh, pay me ho  
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Layin' low in the cut crouched P.A. Po peepin' me  
I duck out, scorin' my goods outside Antonio's nut house  
Stashed it up real well in the Oldsmobile wheel well  
Dropped decoys downtown all the boys found was sea shells  
With a note claimin' I collected these trinkets at the beach  
With ya daughters now here's my final offer  
Nada pig zilch zero  
I'd rather go blind drinkin' prune, so salud to you puto  
Who holds the upper hand now and whose hands are tied  
I'm hittin' all my partners up with the liquify  
Moral to the parable what I need to care for  
If assholes could fly this place would be an airport  
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