

Heltah Skeltah, The Crab Inn

One night I was chillin out at the crab inn
Spot these two shorty wops who felt like stabbin
Invited shorties to the table to break bread with us
Thinkin later on they gonna give head to us

So instead we just
Parlayed in the cut with
A ton of seafood and these two swollen butt chicks
Titties off the hook word,
I peeped them both
Cuz they be bouncing when they laughed
And my son had jokes

One ate too much,
The other is a salad eatin bitch
But they both slim shorties
So it don't mean shit

I told these chicks that I thought they both had class
They looked at me funny and laughed
Like I ain't have cash

I said hahahahaha,
Had to find that funny
So I said no child, I'm Tall Sean
That's the Bummy

Bummy Jab baby
Eat your crabs, and stop flapping
That ?????? bitch ate the fish like somebody's clapping

We ate five desert shrimp
Four bottles of such and such
Three lobsters with these
Two crabs, but we going dutch

I don't drink so I'm toe up from too much Dom P
With my eyes I told shorty I'm feeling horny
But she bore me yappin about her man and how he's
Some dicksnot and she getting him for lots of cheese.

The other girl I'm talking to said she lives in the Bronx
Work at AT&T, and she do what she wants
Peep the stee, tight jeans, blonde hair and the cellular
Said she got no kids, plus she push a white Celica

But I don't give a what
All that shit's irrelevant as hell

Ya heard about the oh oh

Hold up, hold up
What's that smell?

Ah self son,
I can't help the
farts from coming
I ate too much food

GOD DAMN that shit is hummin!
Handle that boy!

Got from the table and said excuse me
Walked to the bathroom feelin a little loosey goosey

Soon as I got inside,
you know I
handled my duty(doodie?)
Walked back to the table
Hey yo, what happened to them cuties?

-Fuck happened to them?

-I don't know son. This nigga goes to the bathroom, the bitches ate just as much as he did, they go

-If I go to the bathroom you're supposed to hold them bitches down!

-Fuck I'm supposed to hold the bitches hostage?! Cmon, let's get the fuck out of here!

We payed the bill and we skated to the ATM
To re-up on cash flow
Them bitches played me DAMN!
In my truck, and we riffing all the way to the Ville

I can't believe you let them bitches stiff us for the bill

That's my word
If I ever see'em I'ma treat'em like they dudes
Straight up beat'em down on the streets end

When I see them I'ma stick them chickens for they cash
You're lights blinkin, here's a few Lincoln's for some gas

Huh?
Just fart in the tank with your stinkass!
You know duke?
Think fast
Direct me to the nearest Mobil

Right there on the left

Went the left, and then the right
Pulled up to a pump
And I couldn't believe my eyes!

I'm nearsighted
But I could still tell it's the
Same two punk bitches in that Celica
Get your gat son,
I'm bout to catch a body kid
This bitch got into the stance like the Karate Kid
Thinkin, this bitch's about to kick off my head
I did the logical thing,
Nigga I pulled her leg (what'd you do son?)
Nigga I pulled her leg (tell'em again)
Nigga I pulled her leg (one more time for the people)
Pulled her leg

-I'll pull your's right now

-Stupid sons and daughters, bitches and punk bastards!

-Fuck I look like? Letting some punk ass bitches run up out the joint? I'm supposed to be some dick

-Get the fuck outta here! Let this be a lesson to all you bitch crazy ass sons of bitches...we'll get y'a

-Word is bond jovi, we out