

# Afroman, Mississippi

(Palmdale was like the peak of my life, but Palmdale over with, homeboy. I'm fittin' to go home cuz. Please take me back home, (You know what I'm sayin'?) to Mississippi.  
(I got my Greyhound ticket right here, man. I'm fittin' to go back and kick it with my family, cuz.)  
Please take me back home, (take a couple pounds of this weed) to Mississippi.  
(You smell me, homeboy. Yeah, take them fools back to '82, cuz.)  
Before South Central Palmdale flossin', I stayed in a place called Palmer's Crossing.  
Hattiesburg, Mississippi, smoking marijuana like a Woodstock hippy.  
All my homies in Laurel, beg borrow, buy my rap tape tomorrow. (BUCCOC!)  
Tell DJ Pumpkin Keep it crunckin' Clyde. Request my tape when you go inside  
So I can take Jane and girl to Waynesboro, fuck their little homegirl,  
make her toes curl, rock their world, leave with their Auntie Sheryl.  
She sucks me sucks me, fucks me fucks me, cries every time I leave Biloxi  
But I hops in the Coup, 'cause I gots to go scoop another ho from Tupelo  
Hit it once, hit it twice, then I hit it again.  
Hit it in Meridian, make that bitch rub her clit again,  
pinch the nipples on her tit again, suck my dick until she spit again. BUCCOC!  
Please take me back home, (Hell yeah!) to Mississippi.  
Crooked letter, crooked letter, hump-back, hump-back, Afroman's the bomb, bump that!  
Please take me back home, (Hell yeah!) to Mississippi.  
From the delta to the coast, I'm doin' the most, grab your 40oz. Let's toast.  
I sold rock cocaine down in Ellisville. Baseheads hit the pipe, they can tell it's real.  
Kept my dope stashed with this hootchie, way down yonder in East Bouche.  
Cops be sweatin' outa town, dog. Sweatin' my car with a hound dog.  
Separate me from my bitch and shit, tryin' to get my bitch to fuckin' snitch and shit.  
Officer Roscoe P. Coltrane running warrant checks on the Afroman  
But I can't be no hip hop star cuffed in the back of some police car.  
Did you find the gun? NO!  
Did you find the dope? NO!  
Open up the back door. Well, son, you're free to go.  
A-F-R-O marijuana cargo, \_\_\_  
C'mon, Let's all get drunk tonight. I hope I don't fight with a punk tonight.  
Get nervous, as I swerve this Cadillac through Purvis.  
Hope I don't crash when I hit Petal, get my ass kicked in the white ghetto.  
Prejudice police won't let me go, so I'ma drive slow, hide my 'fro.  
I was dumb, now I'm dumber, y'all, last summer, y'all,  
I fucked all the little girls down in Sumrall.  
Grabbed my guitar and started pickin' a tune for Nikki and June down in Picayune, baby!  
Just like a shovel I be diggin' all the pretty young women in Wiggins.  
On the boat, Gulfport, I got my dick down some girl's throat. (BUCCCCOC!)  
I can't help it, I'm a Crip, baby. I think you need to wipe your lip, baby.  
Hula Hula Hula, the whole house ruler. What's up with all the bitches down in Pascagoula?  
Small towns, small cities, but they still got big ol' asses plus titties.  
Is it a bird? Is it a plane? It's the hungry hustler, Afroman  
Flying through the air in my underwear, Geri curl activator in my hair.  
I'm in control like Janet, when I hit Jackson. Always getting plenty panty action.  
McClaine. Even McComb. Tell the whole world Mississippi's your home.  
Yazoo, Columbia and Natchez. I got the weed brother, who got the matches? (I do.)  
Who got the funky DJ that scratches? (I do.) Depend on me like my name was patches.  
First it was a black thing, just the big Willies. Now I roll Phillies with all the Hillbillies.  
Never ever thought I'd see the Klu Klux Klan buying front row seats for the Afroman  
Confederate flags tobacco in their mouth. It's a beautiful thing jumpin' off in the South.  
Afroman, I'm a part of it. Hattiesburg hip hop, I'm the start of it.  
I'm the latest. I'm the greatest, and all you haters, I'll mash you like potatoes.  
I'll make your girlfriend holler and scream, then cook me some cornbread and collard greens.  
BUCCOC!  
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!982, '83, '84 Erin, Broste, Carlos, and Tonto.  
Tryin' to break dance in my B-Boy stance, Micheal Jackson glove, parachute pants.  
Calvin Gary, Garnett Jones. G-dog, cuz, I don't believe we're grown.  
But hey, G-dog, you and me'll see dog. Whatever happens, cuz, it's you and me dog.  
Or should I say loc, (loc) cause you my folk (folk) so let's take a toke (toke) till we croak (croak).

I'm a locster locster, honey spokester, drinking everyday like I'm supposed to.  
Bottle after bottle, dog, in my lip-a, flowing on the mic like the Mississippi river.  
Please take me back home, (Hell, yeah!) to Mississippi.  
Crooked letter, crooked letter, hump-back, hump-back, Afroman's the bomb, bump that!  
Please take me back home, (Get on down!) to Mississippi.  
From the coast to the delta, Afro, we felt ya. Boy you're so cold the sun can't melt ya.  
Please take me back home, (Yeee-ha!) to Mississippi.  
Crooked letter, crooked letter, hump-back, hump-back, Afroman's the bomb, bump that!  
Please take me back home, (Get on down!) to Mississippi.  
From the coast to the delta, Afro, we felt ya. Boy you're so cold the sun can't melt ya.  
Please take me back home, (We outta here.) to Mississippi.