

# Afroman, There's A Price 2 Pay

[CHORUS]

yeah... there's a price to pay for the girls you lay  
life's gonna hang you a bill one day  
before your freedom or your life get took  
get a girl, a wife or a playboy book

one more time

[CHORUS]

sitting at a red light  
trying to get my head right  
this girl pass with a monster-ass  
mentally distracted  
I meant us to reacted  
my penis' expanding  
her number I demanded  
the questions I asked her were nice and discrete  
but now she's in my passenger seat  
turn on the beat  
went to my castle  
fucked without a hassle  
oh, it felt great in her asshole  
she was sexy seductive  
her name was Morgan  
I loved the way she sucked my reproductive organ  
I road it and road it  
finally unloaded (uhh)  
went to the bathroom because I couldn't hold it  
oh I looked down and I was trippin'  
because I'd seen blood drippin'  
off the tip of my penis  
it don't take a genius  
to think that's she's a virgin  
scrubbed my dick with detergent  
I'm in the mix, if you know what I mean  
cuz the girl's only sixteen  
your nipples are hard  
your bootie's soft  
but cutie I need to drop you off  
passed my keys smashed em down the street  
trying to get rid of the bra  
but her mama standing in the front yard  
lookin' at me weird cuz I'm gangsta geared  
I looked kinda old with a fro and a beard  
she looked at me if I was Satan  
I smashed off... [??]  
turned the shit up had the bass go whopping  
stressing like a mothafucker going back to Compton  
turned down the street and I was skatin' homey  
Sheriff department straight waiting on me  
we just need to ask a few questions homey  
why the fuck you putting these handcuffs on me?  
got to the station, now they tellin' me  
that shit I did was a felony  
maybe you can release your rap tape  
when you through doing time statutorial rape

[CHORUS]

Buccccooc  
Padapapayaa...

Met this girl named Kim working at [M&M?]  
she was nice and slim

she got a man but she don't talk to him  
you don't let her tell it  
sniff that pussy you can probably smell it  
anyway she got a baby, offcourse, offcourse  
her and her man is going through a divorce  
we kept talkin' so good so far  
we started walkin' back to my car  
fired up the engine went to my house  
pulled down my pants, started cheatin' on my spouse  
with the slow tempo, I fucked blah, but she's a nimfo  
bitch likes it fast and hard oh my god this girl is odd  
lost my vision as I shot my wad  
pulled on my pants, cocked up my [get?]  
I gotta get rid of this hood rat  
cuz she's callin' another man on my telephone  
it's time for this bitch to take her ass home  
after ejaculation, took the bitch home with no conversation  
no more Luther or [?]  
I pulled out my all-white too short tape  
I'm playin' [?] and the shit still hit  
Ima make the bitch walk if she talks some shit  
got to her house banged on the curve  
threw my head back fired up some herb  
she asked me do you wanna come in  
I said wait a minute woman  
who do you live with  
she said I'm single, I don't play that shit  
I don't lie I tell every guy  
you gotta call me first before you come by  
I said alright  
put my car in parked  
then I walked inside  
I hit the alarm for my '83 caddy  
she was yippin' and yappin'  
about her baby daddy  
talkin' with her who'd she pitched?  
she called her baby-daddy a lil' old bitch  
talkin' shit loud and fast  
bitch talking but she kicked his ass  
said she sucked it, like a lil' old hoe  
we was disturbed by a knock on the door  
damn who's that where's my [get?]  
I hope I don't die fucking with this hood-rat  
I'm trying to be one of those Palmdale playas  
but now I'm caught in some chaos  
but now I'm caught in some chaos  
but now I'm caught...  
hey anyway man  
the TV and the radio was playin'  
I couldn't quite figure out what they was saying  
they voices started escalating  
and im sitting on the couch debating  
should I stay? should I leave?  
should I grab this bitch by her fucking weaves  
suck her in the eye bitch don't lie  
you knew your baby-daddy was fixing to come by  
and you invited me in  
now look at the shape im in  
my palms are sweaty  
my muscles was tense  
stood up fool I couldn't take the suspense  
I walked to the door kinda nervous  
Im not ready for a funeral service  
opened the door, comic cool  
I got eye contact with the fool

she talked about him as if he was small  
come to find out he's like seven feet tall  
I spoke he spoke  
he gave me a pow with his hand  
I walked right past the man  
jumped in my '83 Cadillac  
drove down the street then I never came back  
went to the house grabbed the mic and started rappin'  
about the [?] that could've happened

[CHORUS]

bucooc!

Padapapayaa... [fade out]