

Hair, Abie Baby

Yes, I's finished on y'all farm land with yo' boll weevils and all,
Pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in grease
I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator of the slaves

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Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the slaves
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the slaves

"[Lincoln]"
Four score,
I said four score, and seven years ago
"Oh sock it to 'em baby, you're sounding better all the time!"
Our forefathers, I mean all our forefathers
Brought forth upon this here continent a new nation
"Oh c'mon, and stroke me stokley!"
Concieved, conceived like we all was
In liberty, and dedicated to the one I love
I mean, dedicated to the proposition
That all men, honey, I tell you all men
Are created equal

Happy birthday, Abie baby,
Happy birthday to you (yeah)
Happy birthday, Abie baby,
Happy birthday to you
Bang!
"Bang? Ha ha. Bang?! Shit, I'm not dying for no white man."
(Tell it like it is, baby.)