

Lucky Boys Confusion, 3 To 10

It's 3 to 10 the pigs are here
Give me 10 seconds to slam my beers
No wounded soldiers kill them all
The pigs found me in a bathroom stall
They called me an addict, fucking alcoholic
Now I got bread and water, slamming
In a room with padded walls
I was very much alive when I stepped back from the southwest
Thinking about the brew that is cool, when I keep it in fridge, yes
It's about six the fix, the fix running
I drop the beat kid you keep it bumping
Suzie's friends dropping hints, what am I supposed to do
All the rooms are taken and the bitch's got a curfew
Barely 18 and bro she's a freak
I think she needs a piece of this 420 Geek
All the rooms are taken, well there's always the backseat
Keep that caddy rocking, well there's always the backseat
Let's take this from the top cause on top's where I like to be
Let me introduce you to my headboard girly
On the queen size we're doing our thing
Crack! There goes the boxspring
Mama's knocking on the door "Who do you got in there?"
&"It's that god damn lucky boy!" Mama just wants to share
I'd have given it to her mom, but daddy-o he had a shotgun
Oh shit, your mama's knocking, well there's always the backseat
Officer R. Cappelán treating me like a felon
Don't make me get crazy on you like Curtis Mellin
Unlawful consumption of alcohol by a minor
I bet put down more than you old timer
They know all about me ain't that a shame
What's my claim to fame, my name, my name
To the undercover cop the lowest form of life
They got a warrant, reason to fear
They got a warrant, drop your beer