There's a boy out 'luma way named Joe Eugene. He's one mellow ass son of a bitch-a.

He loves his wheat grass and cold bean curd. He's one healthy ass sone of a bitch-a.

But late at night he sneaks on down to the liquor store for a bottle of sheep dip.

Natural Joe, got an easy flow. Whereever he goes they say "here comes Joe."

Joe, he's a happy Man and he won't do you wrong. He's one respectable son of a bitch-a.

Now Joe ain't no patriarch, but he's smooth with the girls. He ain't no cahuvinistic sone of a bitch-a.

But late at night he sneaks on down to the porno store for a little bit of ...

Nature Joe, he's hanging low. Whereever he goes they say "here comes Joe."

There's a boy out 'luma way named Joe Eugene. He's one mellow ass son of a bitch-a.

He don't like firearms; he don't own knives. He's one pacifistic sone of a bitch-a.

But late at night he eases on down to the video store for a little bit of  $\dots$ 

Natural Joe, got an easy flow. Whereever he goes they say "here comes Joe."

Natural Joe, looking slow and low. Look there he goes. Go Natural Joe.