Keep On Limp'n

Afroman

Limpin' through the hood with my kakis saggin the bottom of my pants toe back from draggin I'm not a handicap but I like to limp Life's a bitch and I'm a Palmdale pimp Limpin' down the street to the gangster beat lean to the side and grab my meat I don't walk, I stroll brother Afroman is a soul brother I'm young, but I'm from the old school always hang around old fools lean to the side as I stride I can't hide my hustler pride when I walk that walk and talk that talk they sport my clothes, Break them hoes

Hey Ladies Afroman is from the 80's

Keep on Limpin' Down the street Keep on Limpin' To the beat (4x)

Limp when you sing, limp when you rap Hold your leg straight, bend your kneecap put a glide in your stride, dip in your hip be cool fool, when you clock your grip you can limp fast, you can limp slow however you limp, limp to the tempo when I was, thirteen years old some boys in the hood taught me how to stroll My homie TooTall said "what up G"? walk to the liqour store and walk like me I did it wrong and I did it right I did it all day, I did it all night I used to practice in my room in my mirror, to the sound of the stereo boom the very next day I walked to school and grown women told me "you so cool" Power to the people - right on the sheriff hit the block turned the spotlight on the skinny black boy called Afroman rollin' through South Central with my dick in my hand

Keep on Limpin' Down the street Keep on Limpin' To the beat

Four things I like, about a pimp the way he dress, the way he limp that clean, unique car that he drives and the cool ass way he talk and jive even when he get locked up in jail he hop out his cell and begin to bail all the homeboys locked in the pen limp down the hall for me once again you can take my freedom, put me in the hole but even in the hole - Im'a hit my stroll

Keep on Limpin' Down the street Keep on Limpin' To the beat

(talk, talk, talk)

Dayton's Hustler