

Major Beat

Afroman

(Roll the windows down, you know why?
I'll tell you why)

So the weekend hit my face while i pump the bass, oww

Swervin' lane to lane, like i'm going insane, may-ayne
(I'm just playin', don't drive like that)
Afroman in your stereo, crumblin' the walls of Jericho

Catch me limpin' down the street, to the tempo of the beat

Let your head bu-bump at the bu-
bus stop, ay, put up your hands if you love hip hop
(BUCOOC!)
Joseph Foreman made this beat, funky like the bathroom in the slossin' swap
meet

You know how the traffic goes; it don't
The radio could play my song; but they won't

Jam my jam in the traffic jam, wom, bom, let your system slang

Three eighteens vibrate your body, make you jump around like you're throwin'
karate
Dancin', dancin', can't stop moving, exhausted - still groovin'
i
You know how the traffic goes (traffic goes, oh)
It don't (It ain't going nowhere, hurry up and wait.)
The DJ can play my song (play my song)
But he won't.

That's why i hit the swap meet, bought some major beat (oww)
MAJOR BEAT
So i can be patient when i'm in the street (oww)
MAJOR BEAT, MAJOR BEAT

I'm never rude, when i get my food
I've got a good attitude, take time dude

Bump my beat, bust my rhyme
Jammin' a drive through the Hoe town

Walk to school, walk back home
I never walk without my Walkman on

I remember when i got my GRJ
I bought an old car with a new tape den

Well get the in-crowd ..., cargo cluttin' ...
Chillin' in my car with my woofers subbin'

Can't end my night, can't start my day unless I've got myself some tight rap
music to play
Turn it up (turn it up), start humpin' (humpin')
Everything i play beat-bumpin'
Chicken on the grill getting roasted
I ain't going nowhere, i'm posted

You know how the traffic goes (traffic goes, oh)
It don't. (It ain't going nowhere, hurry up and wait.)
The DJ can play my song (can play my song)
But he won't. (What's wrong with him?)

So i hit the swap meet, bought some major beat (oww)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, BUCOOC!)
So i can be patient while i'm in the street (get on down, oww)

I used to be broke as can be
hubcaps missin' on my LTD

Chillin' with the whinos tryinna' keep warm
Fillin' out my CA-7 form (Got a pen?)

I stand in line for three hours tops
Gettin' yelled out by the foodstand cops

County wheel ..., county mail, county hospital, county jail
Cluckhead gangbangers and rootretts
General relief and foodstands

My girlfriend Kim was down with me
Even though i was broke, she let me live in her place
She got a son, now we havin' a daughter
My lightning ain't paid, i'm in hot water ...

Took a little trip (trip)
Down in Mississippi
.....
clucked the grip

Jesus Christ, save my life
Re-united me with my kids and wife

When Christmas come around, they call on me
For the Powerpuff Girls and the Dragonball Z

The new ex-wives and the yugiou cards
[line not clear, could not detect it]

I beg me patience, in my soul
I don't trip on things i can't control

You know how the traffic goes (traffic goes)
It don't. (Go nowhere. It don't go nowhere.)
The radio could play my song
But they won't. (Ah no)

You know how the traffic goes (traffic goes)
It don't.
The DJ could play my song
But he won't.

Going to the swap meet, get some major beat
MAJOR BEAT, MAJOR BEAT
So i can be patient when i'm in the streets.....