

There's a Price 2 Pay

Afroman

Yeah... there's a price to pay for the girls you lay
life's gonna hang you a bill one day
before your freedom or your life get took
get a girl, a wife or a playboy book

Sitting at a red light
trying to get my head right
this girl pass with a monster-ass
mentally distracted
I manustry reacted
my penis' expanded
her number I demanded
the questions I asked her were nice and discrete
but now she's in my passenger seat
turn up the beat
went to my castle
fucked without a hassle
oh, it felt great in her asshole
she was sexy seductive
her name was Morgan
I loved the way she sucked my reproductive organ
I road it and road it
finally unloaded (uhh)
went to the bathroom because I couldn't hold it
oh I looked down and I was trippin'
because I'd seen blood drippin'
off the tip of my penis
it don't take a genius
to figure she's a virgin
scrubbed my dick with detergent
I'm in the mix, if you know what I mean
'cause the girl's only sixteen
your nipples are hard
your bootie's soft
but cutie I need to drop you off
grabed my keys then smashed down the street
trying to get rid of the braud
but her mama standing in the front yard
lookin' at me weird 'cause I'm gangsta geared
I looked kinda old with a fro and a beard
she looked at me if I was Satan
I smashed off in my honey stote daytons
turned the shit up had the bass go knocking
stressing like a mothafucker going back to Compton
turned down the street and I was skatin' homey
Sheriff department straight waiting on me
we just need to ask a few questions homey
why the fuck you putting these handcuffs on me?
got to the station, now they tellin' me
that shit I did was a felony
maybe you can release your rap tape
when you through doing time for statutorial rape

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Bucccoooc
Padapapayaa...

Met this girl named Kim working at [M&M?]
she was nice and slim
she got a man but she don't talk to him
you don't let her tell it
sniff that pussy you can probably smell it
anyway she got a baby, offcourse, offcourse
her and her man is going through a divorce
we kept talkin' so good so far
we started walkin' back to my car
fired up the engine went to my house
pulled down my pants, started cheatin' on my spouse
with the slow tempo, I fucked the braud , but she's a nimfo
bitch likes it fast and hard oh my god this girl is odd
lost my vision as I shot my wad
pulled on my pants, cocked up my gat
I gotta get rid of this hood rat
'cause she's callin' up her man on my telephone
it's time for this bitch to take her ass home
after ejaculation, took the bitch home with no conversation
no more Luther or s gate
I pulled out my all-white too short tape
I'm playin' too short and the shit still hit
Ima make the bitch walk if she talks some shit
got to her house banged on the curve
threw my head back fired up some herb
she asked me do you wanna come in
I said wait a minute woman
who do you live with
she said I'm single, I don't play that shit
I don't lie I tell every guy
you gotta call me first before you come by
I said alright
put my car in park
then I walked inside
I hit the alarm for my '83 caddy
she was yippin' and yappin'
about her baby daddy
talkin' with her hoochie pitch
she called her baby-daddy a lil' old bitch
talkin' shit loud and fast
bitch talking but she kicked his ass
said she socked him like a lil' old hoe
we was disturbed by a knock on the door
damn who's that where's my gat
I hope I don't die fucking with this hood-rat
I'm trying to be one of those Palmdale playas
but now I'm caught in some chaos
but now I'm caught in some chaos
but now I'm caught...
hey anyway man
the TV and the radio was playin'
I couldn't quite figure out what they was saying
they voices started escalating
and im sitting on the couch debating
should I stay? should I leave?
should I grab this bitch by her fucking weave
sock her in the eye bitch don't lie
you knew your baby-daddy was fixing to come by
and you invited me in

now look at the shape im in
my palms are sweaty
my muscles was tense
stood up fool I couldn't take the suspense
I walked to the door kinda nervous
Im not ready for a funeral service
opened the door, calm and cool
I got eye contact with the fool
she talked about him as if he was small
come to find out he's like seven feet tall
I smoke he smoke
he gave me a pound with his hand
I walked right past the man
jumped in my '83 Cadillac
drove down the street then I never came back
went to the house grabbed the mic and started rappin'
about the scandiling shit that could've happened

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