

## Drunken Freestyle

CKY

You can't stop it if I stop you I can  
Here comes Jess, the garbage man  
Ooh ahh, I'll page ya on your face and then I'll place ya  
Inside of my cell room,  
where we can fuck you in the ass with a broom  
And a baseball bat, swing for the reaches  
Swing for the hi-ho hi-lo bitches  
Cut my toenail, left in stitches, we bleed  
We used to call pants britches!

Ha yeah oh no! Yes yo no Mr. Homo  
All right let's settle down  
it's time for class and Mr. Robins Brown  
Aw, yeah suckas, gather up!  
It's about time you busted a nut!  
'Bout time you let go, bout time  
You found out retarded people are slow  
But there's more to recite cause they  
can't hide their true feelings  
True stealing I'm jumpin' all for you  
Can you feel my card hand dealing?  
I'm dealin lucky numbers  
And if you're the next one  
you might stumble down that  
Flight of stairs,  
but I don't care there ain't no help for you  
There ain't no repair you  
might end up make you bleed  
You ain't movin,  
Chrstitopher Reeves Oh no! Oh no!

Yo I'm still me,  
I'm still the same,  
I'm still the same I ever been  
I'm still the betta best best that there ever been  
And then I pissed down my throat  
I tried to row a boat  
I tried to see Ryan Gee float but he just can't  
He took off his pants he  
put frogs and ants right up his ass  
Creepin' around, he was in a dream tryin to scheme  
To make sure he was...