

Abie Baby

Hair

Yes, I's finished on y'all farm land with yo' boll weevils and
all
And pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' Mother's Oats in grease
I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator of the
slaves

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And pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' Mother's Oats in grease
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slaves
Yeah, yeah, yeah, emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the slaves
Yeah, yeah, yeah, emanci-mother-fuckin'-pator of the slaves

Four score, I said four score and seven years ago
Oh, sock it to 'em baby, you're sounding better all the time
Our forefathers, I mean all our forefathers
Brought forth upon this here continent a new nation
Oh come on, it's too rock me stokly

Concieved, conceived like we all was
In liberty, and dedicated to the one I love
I mean dedicated to the proposition
That all men, honey, I tell you all men are created equal

Happy birthday, Abie Baby
Happy birthday to you, yeah
Happy birthday, Abie Baby
Happy birthday to you, bang

Bang, bang, shit, I'm not dying for no white man