

# 1, 2, 3... Slam

## Guttermouth

okay, here's the story about my mom and dad  
one was white  
one was black  
i bet you think you're glad  
i'm a half breed, my skin is fair yet tan  
i don't know what the hell i'm on  
so 1, 2...1, 2, 3 slam!  
kinky hair when i wake up  
straight when i go to bed  
my dad speaks jive talk to me, don't know what he just said  
my mother she's a honkey  
my dad's kentucky fried  
i don't know what the hell i'm on  
so 1, 2...1, 2, 3 slam!  
back at home it's black eyed peas with a pot roast on the side  
it's hot dogs on friday nights  
the chicken's country fried  
my dad says "yo boy pass the peas!"  
my mom says pass the squash  
i need something to ease the pain  
so i'll go downtown and get some downerswhoa, man, i'm a little bit slow  
but i've got to get up somehow  
got no money  
just a good idea  
let me tell you how  
i'll steal my parents credit cards  
oh yes i'll rip them off  
i'll go downtown to where dad works  
and get myself some cocaine  
now i'm high, and i'm not shy  
i'll get it off my chest  
my mom is white, she thinks she's right  
she thinks that she's the best  
my dad is just a negro, he's not one to play golf  
i don't know what the hell i am  
so1, 2...1, 2, 3 slam!

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