

Tall Cans

Afroman

Ahhhhhhhhhhh shit! shit! shit!
Now I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe,
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'(Chorus - repeat 4X)
Afroman likes tall cans
Now I'm a afroholiC, called the Afroman
Love to sag my khakis with a tall can
My homies pop the forty of some St. I's
Now that mother uh! staggerin' from side to side
We the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood
We look real bad but we feel so good
My thirst is quenched but my cravin' won't extinguish
I need some forty ounce mother uh! Old English
Put the top in my mouth, put the bottom to the ceilin'
Drink it down, down, until I get that crazy feelin'
I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe,
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'
(Chorus)See these girls be actin' all bad and rude
Always gotta bad attitude
You see I just wanna dance, why can't you get the picture
Act like a brotha wanna move in wit cha
I gots no fame and I gots no wealth
So I whined up dancin' by my goddamn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switch
So I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe,
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'(Chorus)
I stepped into this party full of Mexicans
I didn't realize I was the only black man
One hand on my bottle, the other on my peter
I barked like a dog and started freakin' senioritas
I think she was embarrassed with the eight ball in my cup
She kept on steppin' back so I kept on steppin' up

This vato strolled up, put his gun to my head
I knew if I moved I was officially dead
That had to be his woman, I know it doggonit
Ain't the first time that I got confronted
"Got my quete, what up ese? Get the fuck outta here"
I said "I'm gone muthafucka just gimme my beer"
Cause I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Run outta doe, slap the hoe,
Get the do' and go back to that liquor sto'(Chrous)HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO
HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO
Walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, slap the hoe,
And go back to the liquor sto'(Chorus)Well I'ma afroholic, called th Afroman
Love to sag my khakis with a tall can
My homie pop the forty of some St. I's
Now that knucklehead staggerin' from side to side
Now we the loudest homeboys in my neighborhood
We look real bad but we feel so good
My thirst is quenched but my cravin' won't extinguish
I need some forty ounce, motherfuckin' Old English
Put the top in my mouth put the bottom to the ceilin'
Drink it diggy diggy down till I get that crazy feelin'
I'm just walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, here we go back to the liquor sto'(Chorus)Now these women be actin' all bad and
rude
Always gotta bad attitude
You see I just wanna dance, why can't you get the picture
Act like a brother wanna move in wit cha
I gots no fame, or no wealth
So I whined up dancin' by my goddamn self
But I pay my money, just like you
And baby I'ma do what I came to do
You see I can't wait around till I get rich
Just to make yo gold diggin' attitude switch
So I'm walkin' down the street with some chicken and a forty
I'm yellin' at these hoochies and I'm lookin' for a party
Drink it fast, make it last, till you know it ain't no mo'
Outta doe, here we go back to the liquor sto'(Chorus - speeds up at end)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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