

Caribou Lou

Tech N9ne

Yeah, it's like the ultimate party favor baby you know
Two cups will get her hot and out of her clothes you know
Caribou Lou It's like 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
Caribou, get them all numb, make baby girl come
Out of her shell and raise hell

Don't stop 'til the cops come Half a bottle of 151, off in a jug one cup of Malibu rum
Baby, that's whassup? Then you fill the rest of the jug
With pineapple juice and its cracking The only defect is waking up like, "What happened?"
I like red light parties and fed right bodies
Who like, red like Dolly and head right totties at night
Aribou kay, ou-la, terrible day
You paid the liquor store teller with no hair-a to braid
Touch, get the party jumping, keep the hotties humping
I like them thick and juicy, so don't Pilate nothing
Drinking to much Lou, you, you might be karate punching Or at the back of the club, attending
the naughty luncheon
Satin, Kool-Aid gives you hella 151, November dog
So run kitty run, we gon' drink it until we done
Diddy, dum, bum biddy bum

Here Kansas City, come so give me some 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
Outta her shell and raise hell

We gon' party 'til the cops come 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
Outta her shell and raise hell
We gon' party 'til the cops come
I see double, I see triple, might be trouble, might see pistols
We ain't trying to hear you hata's sucking on sickles
We living it up in two double oh sizzle
One to your maybro, unto your day go Why I'm the one to drink you under the table?
And all the ladies that were doing time
Want you to become a member of my drinking club
You will find

(Tech N9ne) Trying to tell her truly get nudie, yes, I even do L words
In the fruity bazoodi, like to drink it and yell slurs at the movie
If I'm heated, I'm off to get a Caribou Lou to cool me
(Created)

By Tech nizzle and T-wizzle One high day we mixed it up
And then I say we drink Caribou-bizzle like I ladie
Originated in Kansas City, Missouri since 1995 baby 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
Outta her shell and raise hell

We gon' party 'til the cops come 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
 Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
 Outta her shell and raise hell
 We gon' party 'til the cops come 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
 Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
 Outta her shell and raise hell
 We gon' party 'til the cops come Tar bender, I need a drother nink
 Release Caribou Lou and the party is utter kink
 Insane mainy, keep 'em coming then I'll remain zany
 'Cause I'da say baby, I'm trying to make you my main damey
 For the rest of the night, girl, you
 sexy and tight
 Come to me Casa and see these shock reflects and your right
 Groupies at 12 o' clock, man, I'm prawl I'll go
 (Ya, I'll recruit 'em)
 But ain't betten on crap and that's all I know
 Yeap, in my white tee and Nikes
 You might sight me slightly heifing
 Might see dry heave, die we shall not need IV's
 Beside me Siamese
 (Tech, huh, you not making any sense) I might make her wanna swawing a prada
 But once I get up on 'em I can do my thing I gotta
 (Tech)
 Hey, batta, batta, batta, batta, swaing a batta
 He can hit, he can hit, he can hit swawing a batta 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
 Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
 Outta her shell and raise hell
 We gon' party 'til the cops come 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
 Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
 Outta her shell and raise hell
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 We gon' party 'til the cops come 151 rum, pineapple juice and Malibu
 Caribou get them all numb, make baby girl come
 Outta her shell and raise hell
 We gon' party 'til the cops come It goes 151, Malibu rum, pineapple juice
 Baby, we having some fun, yeah
 I'd like to give a big shout out to Caribou Lou
 'Cause I'm drinking it and they ain't paying me for it
 (Not yet, hah)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>