**#FloridaMan [bpm: 76; 152]**

Ragin’ like a cajun, all up and down the state,

half-naked; fully wasted; look like satan wearing makeup,

Grannies that are trannies with fanny packs of amphetamines,

Drag Queens with fleas, strip teasing at Burger King

I pay for backdoor tricks, with trailer park chicks,

in packs of cigarettes, and bags of Chex mix,

Picking at my skin, I got bad habits with chickens

Slap u with my food stamps, and *(then)* I hide inside a garbage can

**Chorus:**

**it’s gotta be… FLORIDA MAN (Esskeetit) {Riding in on a manatee, }**

**I wanna be… FLORIDA MAN {yes it is}**

**Looking out for…. FLORIDA MAN {come & get some}**

**Post- Chorus:**

 **I wanna ride a Manatee, I’m on a ride of LSD,**

 *(I’m)* **Gettin’ tricky in Tallahassee, with my step-sis and a donkey,**

 **I look like Tiger King, I stink like Onion Rings**

 **No reason to my thinking, or what I’m eating, what am I eating?**

Packing Needles in my speedo, doing anything illegal

From the panhandle, to Jacksonville, & straight to jail

I got rad tats, but I ain’t got a dentist,

I pass gas like a champ, but I can’t pass a drug test,

I’m pushing pills & popping pills & crushing pills for little thrills

Raining phony dollar bills on topless girls with shiny grills,
 I Throw a dip, in my mouth, and let it all hang out,

At a waffle house, feeling up a blouse and then I got bit by a mouse,

**[Chorus]**

 **Post- Chorus:**

 **I wanna ride a Manatee, I’m high on PCP,**

*(I’m)* **Gettin’ freaky with random thingys, as I put this roofie in me,**

 **I like Insane Clown Posse, I got dingleberries,**

 **I'm handing out candy from a minivan in Miami, [G] & then I get a.. felony[Gm],**

***Bridge 1:***

***I’m too poor to pay for porn, so I throw on Univision for the weather girls,***

 ***gotta love the weather girls.***

***I’m too poor to pay for porn, so I turn on Univision for the weather girls,***

 ***lets talk about the weather,***

***& my mom yells out: “I know what you’re doing in there cuz you don’t know Spanish”***

***Interlude Break:***

 ***Forget those Upper-class, Walmart yuppies,***

 ***I roll in dolla stores, like a Nascar rally***

I got rabies, *(I’m)* chock full o’ STDs ,

mix them up inside of me & now I made a new disease,

WaWa Bathroom make-out party, watching clown pornography,

Got banded from the bumble app so I’m Instagramming Random Grannies,

I'm tie-died and cross-eyed, & get high on herbicides,

Get in fights with stop signs, licking lice off barflies,

Chewing on some mothballs, snorting lines of bath salts,
all night long, with a blow-up doll, that I stole from my pee-paw,

**[Chorus]**

 **Post- Chorus:**

 **I wanna ride a Manatee, I get stuck in banana trees,**

 **Getting’ quickies at dairy queens, this is risky – she’s kinda sticky,**

 **I pee anywhere I please, I’m tweaking every weekend,**

 **I’m Streaking and skinny dipping, at a wedding in Ginnie springs,**

 **and then I get another felony,**

***Bridge 2:***

***I had a 2 hour conversation with SpongeBob SquarePants yesterday after he sold me special K behind the Circle K .***

***And then he took all the clothes that I was wearing and he ran across town and I tried to catch him. and then he jumped into a dumpster and I tried to find him. But I didn’t, and then the cops showed up again.***

***[chorus]
Ending: I’m trending……. U wanna trend w me***