

Paperboys, Barcelona

[Kapricon]

On ma way out from hitting this honey from last night/
I had to blast right/ coz she was looking nasty in the sunlight/
Cruising down centrum/ in an aftermath tantrum/ I got interrupted by this hun/
And looking pretty good at that/ she had a letter for Kap/
it said ma man Critical was chilling south of Spain/
Sowing his oats/ with a lady, and even her name was underlined in the note,/

so that means he handeled it fine, don't you know/
I had to find him though/ I call up Vinnie on the phone, he like

[Vinni] What you doing in the snow, bro?/
[Kapricon] I don't know man, but where you at?

[Vinni]

Barcelona/, in the zone/ like I finally found a home for this stoner/,
trader all my kroner/, it's all about pesetas and coronas/
this bar, I'm the motherfucking owner./

Made it out the coma/ played like I said, now I'm gone, bro/ a lot of pretty ladies on my boner.
Went from halph-ass/ to a class-act/ weedaroma

[Kapricon] Pass that!/
[Vinni] Baby got my feet upon her ass-crack/
Yo you gonna love it while it lasts, Kap/ sending you a ticket that's that/ we can kick it,

[Kapricon] That's fat!

Chorus:

[Kapricon & Vinni]

I'm leaving, where are you gonna go?

Barcelona, anywhere it don't snow

Feel the sun glow, ladies looking like they're models from a video,

Let them know we're drunk!

Let's go! □□x 2

[Kapricon]

So now I'm in Barcelona/, a loner looking for a bar owner/
but I forgot to bring my fucking note, bro/
so I'm sitting in somewhere sipping my corona,/
thinking I'm a goner/ and goddammit I'm so fucked,
and all I can remember is the name of the bar you opened up/ Babylon or something, right?

[Vinni] yep! close it up

[Kapricon]

I hire me a moped and goes for it/ I can't wait to hit the ocean and order a cold beer/
[Vinni] Cool, now see the road there?/
[Kapricon] Yeah?

[Vinni] Cool! Now, see that road there?

[Kapricon] Yeah?

[Vinni]

Yo follow three blocks, make a left, go straight through the old square/
next turn, church on the left, you should go there/,
Beach's just below the stairs/ and it's nice through the whole year/
You should see what the hoes wear/ water's so clear/, so nice it ain't fair/
Yo but listen here/ stay for some food and a J/, I'll come too, just let me give the keys to Jos!

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Chorus:

[Vinni og Kapricon]

I'm dreaming, yeah I know it's nice man

Barcelona, Holla at the Iceman

Check the price man, That's how it's down there, fly all year ,you wanna get a beer?

Let's go! □□x 2

[Kapricon] Vinni guess what? I've got the letter, I had it all along, I forgot I had it in my sack full of d

[Vinni] Man you're slacking dog!

[Kapricon] Tell me something I don't know

[Vinni] He's getting married

[Kapricon] What, let me se what he wrote

[Critical] Dear Kappa

I guess it's been about a year now since we met each other/
well, spoken to one another/ damn brother man I miss you./

Still living in snow/ with thirty below?/
Heard that you weren't slurping no more/ you're AA, funny, but how is you?/
Oh guess what, by the way/ I met this other dame/
at the airport in Spain, I'm getting married brother man/
to this tall, dark skinned, half black, half latino, modelling chica/ my baby celina/ wait till you meet h
but me? I quit work and started school so mama's happy/
I'm studying anatomy at the academy of New Guinea/ funny, huh? But Vinni, how's he?/
I heard he moved to Barcelona/ sipping Coronas,/ still living by the sea,/ splendid.
Nothing but love for him you show him/
tell him to give my TV back but you know him/ at those things/
Oh yeah and one more ting to top it off, I'm having a baby due in June/
And I'm naming him after you, kind of cool, huh?/ And I gonna send you an invitation too/
so Love to my people, man, woman, ain't no difference/
Critical signing off, peace *smask* hugs and kisses/
PS I'm gonna get to my mistress'/

Chorus:

[Vinni og Kapricon]

I'm dreaming, Critical's getting married

He's a goner, It's cool, we're all happy

Sure, 'bout to be a daddy, its a white wedding day

Yo Kap, get your tux, bottoms up

Let's go□□□□x 2