

Bullshit

Tha Alkaholiks

(Whoo, hah, hah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah we kickin' it

Uhh, uhh, uhh, we kickin' it

Yeah, yeah, we kickin' it(Whoo)

Yeah, yeah, we kickin' it

Yeah, Cali in the house

Huh, uhh, Fred in the house

Check it out, bullshitI'm J-Ro the man, I'm gettin' down

I gets mo daps than H. Rap Brown

I drive the hoes wild, 'cause they love the way I talk

You can't drive me crazy, 'cause I'm close enough to walkI bust threes like Terry Tegall, get higher than a eagle

You're just a dirty pigeon, BSn 'bout religion

I don't give a damn if you don't eat ham

You grab the microphone and refuse to slamI make a nigga scared to grab the mic behind me

I kick shit so deep King Neptune couldn't fine me

Yo, can I get a go J-Ro?

(Go J-Ro)

To let me know if I can flowI probably be dooper if I smoked crack like you

But Swift and Tash'll beat my ass until I'm black and blue

'Cause I ain't with, no way out shit

I'm tired of this one-hittin' played out shitSome niggaz rock like the Liks bullshit

Uhh, I hate big tits, bullshit

We'll never make another hit, bullshit

I don't drink, 'cause I quit, bullshitCome on, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Whoo)

We kickin' it, we kickin' it

(Hold up)

We kickin' itBaby, you're my one and only bullshit

Baby, that's a true fact bullshit

Uhh, I never leave ya lonely bullshit

Yo, I'll call you right back, bullshitBaby, don't take the blame you're a real cool dame

But now that I made you call my name you just don't look the same

From the middle of the bed I bang your head like a Rock n' Roller

On the way out, I smacked a nigga with my pistol-aWhen I met you I sure wishin' aye tower

You hopped on my dank like there was no tomorrow

All I wanted was some sexin', now you want affection

Damn I hate to see your ass comin' in my directionWait here, I'll be right back, I'm goin' to get a spliff

You know I'm goin' through your ass like Emmitt SmithWell, oh snap, here goes a fashion

That's incredible, with the style

That I learned back as a younglin', where's the beef
Don't sleep, I used to run around with the creeps
Ain't no tellin', Jack told Helen
About a lot of people so I'm runnin' for the border
And get me a Taco, Gin and Sako
Mom and pop yo, I'm rockin' this shit
It's not a plan I wrote the book called Style
Taught the child how to stand when he piss
Be a man, go fuck Jan
The white man's tan, bring back MC Shan
And I rhymed every word, bullshit
Wackest style you ever heard, bullshit
For the beats sake, rock on, rock on
For the beats sake, rock on, rock on
And you go whoo, grand groove, grand groove
(Alkaholiks y'all, alkaholiks y'all)
Uhh, take it back now
'Cause it's fat now, that's how I bring it back now
Whoo, grand groove, grand groove
This one dedicated to all the motherfuckers out there bullshittin'
This wonderful bullshit how would you make a record bullshit
I don't smoke, no bullshit
I don't drink, no bullshit
I don't fuck, no bullshit
This one goes out to the P-Town
And all over, yeah baby, yeah baby, Compton baby
Everybody in the house
And we out Alkaholiks

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