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 doper 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 creepsAin'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 shitIt'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 ShanAnd 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 onAnd 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 nowWhoo, grand groove, grand groove
This one dedicated to all the motherfuckers out there bullshittin'
This wonderful bullshit how would you make a record bullshitI don't smoke, no bullshit
I don't drink, no bullshit
I don't fuck, no bullshitThis 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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