

Funkier Than a Mosquita's Tweeter

Nikka Costa

You're nothing but a dirty, dirty old man
You do your thinking with a one track mind
Keep talkin' about heaven glory
But on your face is a different story Clean up your rap your story's getting dusty
Wash out your mouth, your lies are getting rusty
Can't believe nothing you say
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do You know, you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter
You got a mouth like a herd of bollweevils
Same old game, same old thing you never changed
Always rappin' 'bout the same old thing I got something to tell ya, I got something to tell you baby
But you ain't hip to baby, blowin' minds is a thing of the past
You blew your chance that's why you never last
You want to be a graduated mother, but in reality just another brother You think you slick but could stand a lot
of greasing
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'
Can't believe nothin' you say
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do You know you funkier than a mosquito's tweeter
You got a mouth like a herd of bollweevils
Same old game, same old thing
Always rappin' 'bout the same old thing [Incomprehensible]
Beautiful, beautiful
Beautiful
Beautiful, beautiful You put yourself upon a big stool
Nothin' worse than an educated fool
Talkin' sex is your favorite conversation
But peace and love is a famous generation What's in your head has really started showing
Your conversation gettin' kinda boring
Can't believe nothin' you say
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do You know you are funkier than a mosquito's tweeter
You got a mouth like a herd of bollweevils
Same old game, same old game
Same old thing you never change
Same old game, same old thing
Always rappin' 'bout the same old thing

Songwriters

Aillene Bullock Published by

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