

Funkier Than a Mosquito's Tweeter

[Nikka Costa](#)

You're nothing but a dirty, dirty old man
You do your thinkin' with a one track mind
Keep talking 'bout heaven's glory
But on your face is a different story Clean up your act, your story's gettin' dusty
Wash out your mouth, your lies are getting rusty
Can't believe nothin' 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 bowl weavers
Same old thing, same old game, you never change
Always rappin' 'bout the same old thing Blowing minds is a thing of the past
You blew your chance, that's why you'll never last
You wanna be a graduated lover
But in reality you're just another brother You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of greasin'
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'
You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of greasin'
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're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter
You got a mouth like a herd of bowl weavers Same old thing, same old game, you never change
Always rappin' 'bout the same, same, same old thing, oh Can't believe nothin' 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 bowl weavers Same old thing, same old game, you never change
Always rappin' 'bout the same, same, same old thing, oh, oh yeah Oh, oh yeah
Oh, oh yeah
Come on
No, no, no

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