

Pull Your Skirt Up

Benzino

[Intro]

WHAT CAN I DO SELL A RECORD? I CAN'T EVEN GIVE THIS SHIT AWAY! ALL MY CDS ALL
WENT WOOD AND I GOT SOMETHING TO SAY:[Verse 1]

Let me start from the beginnin, I GOT NO CLASS, NO LOVE, NO TALENT IF I COULD BUY EM's HEART
MABYBE I COULD START ON SOMETHIN

BUT HE SMOKED ME ON THE TRACKS AND HIS RHYMES ARE GETTIN PLAYED WHILE
I CAN'T GET NO RESPECT CAUSE MY TIRED ASS IS PLAYED.Five shades DUMBER THAN JA RULE,
BUT I'M STILL IN THERE SLINGIN'

PAC IS ROLLIN' IN HIS GRAVE AND MY PENIS PUMP IS CRUMPLIN I CAN'T THINK OF A REAL
DIS SO I'm GONNA LIFT FROM OTHERS MY OWN PEEPS DON'T ReSPECT ME, SO why should I?

Chin check it Snoopy put a circle on that eye

My time's never up cause real niggas don't die

I'm not Moby, the little puppet on MTV

BUT I'm STILL AFRAID TO FIGHT HIM

CAUSE MOBY'S TWICE AS MAN AS MEI bring MY MAMA to your living room so you could see me

BEG Yeah you sold alot of units, but you can't be me

SO THANK THE GODS OF HIP HOP AND THE WORLD

THAT YOU'RE NOT A PUNK LIKE METhe state of hip hop, will continue to be fucked up

LONG AS RAGE LIKE MY OWN SOURCE

ARE GETTIN' SPACE ON THE NEWSSTAAND

SEE I'm playin by a different set of rules you got me fucked up

Respect the hood LIL RAY RAY, or the hood'll take you out

You the real wanksta, and I don't care who you signDisrespect Benzino, HELL, YOU GOTTA GET IN LINE!

What you know about pumpin, WILL YOU GIVE MY ASS A TRY?Meanwhile back in Boston I'm a legend

IM LIKE AN ILLER BILLY BUCKNER

My number in the rafters fuck MY ASS IT's YOURS, I'm BEGGIN[Chorus]

I'M alright but I'M not real (Real)

I DON'T spit I SWALLOW GIMME YOUR steel (Steel)[Verse 2]

The two thousand three Vanilla Ice? I TRIED TO BE IT

WITH THAT WACK REDEMPTION SHIT, BUT THE AUDIENCE WOULDN'T

BUY IT SO I'M BACK HERE HAWKIN RAGSIf you ask me, I GUESS I'D SAY I'M TRULY UNDERRATED

BUT FACTS IS FACTS MY SALES IS WACK

AND I'M NOT THAT HARD, IN FACT I'M FADED.Better never let me see you with A HARD ON CAUSE

YOU KNOW I'D GIVE YOU SKULLY. SURE I'D BEG FOR A TASTE, CLOSEST I CAN COME TO

SHOOTIN' GIFTAnd don't forget, how this shit all ccured to me

Your whole camp be surrounded by security

What you want? the black or the chrome? PUT IT IN MY MOUTH, MY MOUTH CAN BE YOUR HOME,

HOMEYI want A TASTE OF YOUR MAGIC SO I'LL BE KNEELIN AT your door

I'll earn my stripes AND THEN I'LL SWALLOW, I'm a pussy

Zino SWEET LIPS WILL WRAP AROUND YOU TILL YOU GIVE ME THAT SWEET NOOKIE

Bottom of the ninth, the scores lookin crazy

On my block THE GIRLS ALL FLOCK TO THE FLOW OF SWEET Slim Shady[Chorus]

I'M NOT SO WELL, I DON'T FEEL REAL (Real)

LEMME SWALLOW YOU WHOLE I WON'T spit EMINEM, MY MASTER, I WILL KEEP IT REAL (Steel)

I talk shit WITH MY MOUTH FILLED BUT AT LEAST I'LL GET A TASTE OF WHAT THE REAL GIFT

REALLY TASTES LIKE, 'cause RIGHT NOW I'VE NEVER killed (Killed)[Outro]

And that's how the motherfuckin story go

YOU SHOOT, I SWALLOW, YOU SPIT, I WALLO. I BEEN BEGGIN FOR A TASTE, SO HOMEY

COME N GIMME SOME. FOR YOUR LITTLE RAY-RAY PUNK JUST A TASTE WILL BRING ME

HOME.

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