Liquid Diet

Papa Roach

This time I came to get mine
I saw this cat running with his hand on his 9mm
He's got a small peter
Got 2 kids and a wife plus he beats her
Nod ya head as if my shit was the dog catcher
P-Roach comin through sick
I'm gonna have to betcha my last dollar That you come on back
You getting weak in the knees while you smokin the cess
Oh yes
Word to God
I know his son is the best
He helps me out when I'm down or when I'm crazy ill stressed
I confess
I'm not as good as the rest
But I get down for my crown and I don't crack under stress
But I'll be careful though cause the girl is memorizing
She takes off her clothes
And her body is mad surprising
Slangin
Bangin
Her two breasts was firm and not hangin
Listen to this rhyme that I'm slangin
Hooked up with this girl

Her name is Kelly
For really
The hip hop body and a piercing through her belly
I knew she was mine when I saw her working on the line
Servin pasta & salad and she's still lookin fine
But enough of that though
I give a shot out to Happy
He's partying down and getting props in this

rap
See cause I'm the type of cracker that'll get
straight down to beat that you hear
It's the Pee-Roach sound
Abused with forks
Knives
Cut with razor blades
That shit is absurd
His temper's flaring
Now he's twice as mean
Now I am talking about this fool
Beats his wife thinks he's cool
She cries so hard
She's trembling
This time he beats her and he's twice as mean
Silence in her rage
She should recognize next time he is gone she
should pack her bags and leave

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