

Full of Shit

Down My Throat

I know you full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit

Believe none of what you hear
And only half of what you see
Believe none of what you hear
And only half of what you see
Believe none of what you hear
And only half of what you see
Believe none of what you hear
And only half of what you see

You heard me?

I'm sick of these rappers slash actors pa-pa-playing a part
All they talk about is they money and ch-ch-chosin' cars
So put Pha-Pha-Phatoms and Bentleys
And how they squeeze to listen getting high
They move it, hooray, another dope boy wannabe
All in the club talking back, wha-wha-what they got
Pull out the club on 26's, go str-straight to they moma's house
Like Southern Cali they hardly make it rain to drizzle
That's why I do them so opposite of these nizzle for shizzles

Ah, tell 'um

You're so full of shit
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You heard me?

The boy knows his alphabet so he think he a G
He run a little pot so he think he a dope boy, bu-bu-but all eyes on me
Then he gets to wanna be like mike now they wannabe just for the mic
They cut fucked up the diz ol' music and even if they got 25 to life

They'll be singing like Whitney
Before, before she met Bobby
These boys think that they hard
Knowing they green like wasabi
They'll be singing like Whitney
Before, before she met Bobby
These boys think that they hard
Knowing they green like wasabi
Now tell 'em

You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
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You heard me?

These boys ain't right, they got a house full of cars
A bank account full of money
They act like they on fool
But check this out fool, I know you're full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit

You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
You're so full of shit
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