

Veruca Salt

"The Shipment"

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Chorus: Boots (repeat 2X)

It ain't Indonesia, China White
Purple-Haired Thai, Big H Delight
Take my shit we gon' have to fight
I'm always rollin' dirty so be actin' right

[Boots]

I'm bombing uppercut swipes as my knuckles ignire
More strikes than a teachin' staff's fight for pay hikes
Like cleats wit' spikes I clings to my turf tight
Get, low like a Smurf might earth is my birthright
You salivate at the sound of the bell
I come sick and make your lymph nodes swekk
Nickel-plated teeth and tongue as well so you can tell
when I'm shootin' off my mouth the politicians start to
bail
When I shoot, Fuhrman scoot I'm yellin', "Gimme all the
loot!"
Bourgeoise pimpin' me now my digits don't compute
Chillin' in a house of ill repute
But is you wearin' canvasols or purple-pinstripe suits?
Fact of earth and comets: macroeconomics
Yak until you vomit, or come up on a lick
Sweat oozin' my skin just to get another fin'
Changed my name to Valerie so I can get WIC
Savage Storm Troopers be less than seductive
Jailtime producin', silly Lilliputians!
This Gulliver, come equipped with a fo'-fo'
and twelve comrades in a box Chev' fo' do'
Skirtin' down the strip with a mission to render
And we don't give a fuck if we missin a fender
Mix it in a blender, you ain't home return to sender
Can't be saved by cokenders or a public defender
This ain't no macrobiotic chemical colonic
This politicalsymphoniclyricalnarcotic
Somethin' much mo' potent that we plotted
Come and get some, if you ain't got it

Chorus

[Boots]

Ex-ex-ex-ex-ex-exhilarating!

I accuse you of NIGGA-hating!

And exploitating for PROFIT making.. don't cop a plea
cause I'm B-double-O-T, from the C-O-U the P

I feel my eperdermis at it's firmest just befo' a skirmish

If you want green like Kermit keep it heated like a

Thermos

Aspired to be famous, puttin fire in their anus

Made the rulin' class hate us more than child sup-port
payments

to Rosemary's Baby, shick-a-shick-shady!!

Pissin' in your gumbo and they tell you, "It's all gravy!"

See you can't trust a big grip and a smile

And I slang rocks - but Palestinian style

Now there's a rumble in the jungle never mumble
though I humble

Couple rappers took a tumble but my folks still want to
rumble

Who's pimpin', your bundle? I'm Fly like, Seth Brundle

If you're snitchin' to Columbo we gon' drop you like a
fumble

Now what you make is point-oh-one percent of what the
boss make

And what the boss take is keepin' us from livin' great

If this ain't straight you think you wanna sit down and
negotiate

You better have a crew to help you shutdown his estate

Don't get frustrated, discombobulated

Don't stand and debate it, get a mob and take it!

Til then it's food stamps, vouchers, mildew-smellin'
couches

Overtuned garbage cans wit' no Oscar the Grouches

Makin' money sellin plastic pouches

As Mystikal would say, "My flo' is covered wit'
roaches!"

Absotively, posolutely, can't do without it

The Shipment is delivered, come and get it if you bout
it!

Chorus

[Bridge]

Systematic playa-hation

Green paper complications

Got my ass an education

Can I get an application??

[Boots]

Pam the Funkstress

* Pam cuts n scratches Prince: "Thank you for a funky time.." *

[Boots]
It's kinda funky..
Mat Machine-Gun Kelly!

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