

## **The Boss Hog Barbarians**

### **"Bitch, That Ain't Luv!"**

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"Fix you somethin to eat? Nigga please!  
You better get back in this battle and handle your  
business"

[J-Zone]  
{\*belching\*} Huh?!

Woke up quick, at about noon  
Hard dick and I wanna get some breakfast soon  
I want some food and some head befo' the day begins  
So I call up Jeanette one of my female friends  
She was all on my pack like asbestos  
Washed my balls and the bitch made breakfast (uh-  
huh)  
She had good looks, a butt big and soft  
But the hoe couldn't cook so I CUT THE BITCH OFF  
Nowadays Zone ain't fuckin with love  
I need a bitch to cook it up like Wolfgang Puck  
The pancakes sucked so I left her  
Pick up the phone to call this broke-ass heffer  
Yeah this bitch named Ethel, I call her big breakfast  
Because she big as hell but she can sho' cook  
breakfast  
Baby look to' up, damn near broke  
But her cookin is so good I damn near proposed  
When I give you a ring girl, that ain't love  
I'm just thinkin 'bout my future, cause I need grub  
When we get old, FUCK LOOKS, I want collard greens  
Wash my dish and my dick and I fly the scene  
(Yo dawg, she got a mustache) Man that shit is minor  
Cause she blows like a pro and turn my house into a  
diner  
Do I look like Mr. Belvedere? Bitch I burned cereal  
So we ain't gonna hook up if your cookin ain't superior  
Fuck a pretty wife, Zone need to eat  
In 20 years she'll be ugly, I need bon appetit'  
So if you burn the grits I turn my hoof up to y'all  
"One minute he's there then poof he's gone"

[Chorus - singing like The Jeffersons]  
Sent that bitch to the kitchen

Made her turn on the grill  
If that fish, ain't fuh-ryin  
I'm fuckin with a Happy Meal  
Baby don't try to kiss me  
Know I don't go for that  
As long as we livin, it ain't no lovin  
Bitch turn on the oven!

[J-Zone]

I need a chick that can cook anything I think of  
But to me that ain't love, bitch that's just grub!  
"Why don't you get some motherfuckin work or  
somethin  
Stupid-ass bitch!"

[Celph Titled]

Listen, if you ain't in the kitchen you in the doggy  
position  
You just a pigeon cookin duck, ain't no love in just  
stickin  
She got a kid I ain't the dad I be abusin the child  
Bitch can cook a po'k chop but she ain't Julia Child  
Round the way Puerto Rican chick but cook like she  
Cuban  
Boliche, arroz con pollo, mofongo  
Ay conio, she actin up, I smacked her with the Bisquick  
box  
And bitch I'm not lickin your twat  
unless it's smothered in gravy, your baby mother is  
crazy  
Suckin my dick while she bakin, I put the cream in the  
pastry  
The turkey baster is off limits, I get her off with it  
I ain't Captain Save-A-Batch but save a batch of biscuits  
for me and my niggaz, we eatin good tonight  
You washin every dish in sight  
Your fishsticks and grits are tight, attitude pitiful  
Asked for a ring with emeralds I gave you cookbooks  
by Emeril  
Love to watch you slave over the stove with your D-cup  
breasteses, I'll tell you what breakfast is  
It's my eggs sunny side up, sausage inside her  
Your mouth get the ass bounce out of the fryer  
I want food when I'm hungry and, head when I'm horny  
Then I'm through with the hoe, like Zone's through with  
accordians  
The key to our relationship is rice and peas  
The chicken need a little salt and pass them spices  
please  
Uh-huhhh, oh yeah what, yeah you were sayin?  
You need your nails done and want help with the

payment?

But I'll tell you one thing though, I ain't forkin dough  
I'm at your crib starvin bitch, what the fuck you think  
this fork is fo'?

[Chorus] + more lines

Now cook it on uppp! Cook it on up  
Ain't cooked in a week, what the fuck  
Now cook it on uppp! Cook it on up  
Bitch you don't love me, what the fuck?

[Zone over Chorus]

Aiyyo Hog, check this out man  
See I got a new theory on life  
It's called PBP (PBP what's that?)  
Yeah, pancakes before pussy  
Knahmsayin I had a threesome the other day  
It was me wit'cha momma and Mrs. Butterworth  
(Oh!) And it was sweet  
I gotta eat before I skeet, heh yeah  
Bon appetit, bitch!

"And the bitch better know how to cook  
Cause I'm a nigga that'll eat some shit up" - Ant Banks

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