

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"Cocksucka"

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[J-Zone]

Get those ballls, out of yer jawwws

{"Cocksucker!"}

Yo

I'd like to take this time to thank y'all for that J-Zone
hatred

All that critical acclaim shit, I ain't think that I could
make it

Critics, and hip-hop purists give me crap

They want "Bottle of Whup Ass" I gave 'em Boss Hog
rap

Fickle fans I can't funk with y'all

Rather have your lil' sister play a flute solo on my balls!

And they say life's a bitch, that never takes her clothes
off

So I'm quick to feed her a dickwich and a side order of
coleslaw

[Celph Titled]

You know I'm laughin when I hear Celph Titled can't rap
for nothin

And you right cause if I'm spittin it's at least 3500

And that's, per bar, by far as real as it gets

So spread rumors, talk shit, see the limp I walk with
bitch?

They got a problem when I spit usin these raw words

But I'm a Hog 'til I die, out my mind, I'm absurd

I prefer you come see me you got a problem with it

Cocksucker I'm a glock buster with clips for the critics,
sheeeit

{"Watch it cocksucker!"}

[J-Zone]

And I love it when y'all say I fell off {"Cocksucker"} yup
Regression's my middle name now suck a dick or cut a
check

But even when I'm 84, boy my dick will still stretch
from Hong Kong to Hollis and my wife'll be in college
19 and sexy and a real {"Cocksucker"}

Like my ex did for me but when she serviced other
brothers
I learned, you can't trust a hoeslaw
So for now all I let that bitch touch is this dick and that
door

[Celph Titled]

Now back home they all be lovin me so fuck a
{ "Cocksucker" }
Who talkin shit about Tampa, we'll put a gun to your
mother
And fuck her raw with no rubbers so cold hug a
{ "Cocksucker" }
Let her know that you love her, peep where I skeeted on
the sofa cover
It ain't over slugger, I love the speculations
on my confrontations yes I've been stompin faces we
mobbin haters
Made more cash off rap than you can imagine
{ "Cocksucker" }
And me and Zone got the best coats at dog show
pageants
Cocksucker

{ "Cocksucker!" }

{ "Cocksucker" }

[J-Zone nursery rhyme]

Hoe, hoe, hoe you bitch, quickly down the track
Pimpin and pimpin and pimpin and pimpin, it's time to
get my cash
{ *cash register sound* }

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