

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"Givva Hog a Bone"

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{Give a hog a bone, bitch!}

"You have to keep 'em on a short leash and let 'em know who's boss

Otherwise they'll bite your arm off at the elbow"

[Celph Titled]

I'll never take a bitch to Red Lobster, you should know that pa

Cause if I do I'll cut her throat with fuckin snowcrab claws

In ninety-five, niggaz thought I was dead

I got jumped by Latin Kings in West Tampa and came back with a blammer

On the police scanner like the Cypress Hill intro

My life's ill, schizo, sometimes Bronson Pinchot

The rap Balki Bartokomous, pour gas down the esophagus

of cock-slobbin bitches fuckin up my shoppin list

You ain't bring back my Frosted Flakes, I'm applyin office tape

with a new tube of superglue then rip it off your face

The Rubix Cube with the N at the end

Yes I'm a hog but ain't been in the pen, Villainous like 10 MC Rens

Duckin camera crews, bunch of wild apes rude

Rape your moms, yes we some motherfuckin animals

And like J-zone say, a hoe must pay

So impressed by the size of my gun, that they was blown away

My childhood was a bizarre parade

Broke off the uzi from Operation Wolf, and robbed the arcade

In Beverly Hills, sellin "Welcome to the Hood" t-shirts

Ain't gonna stop it 'til C-Murder is freed first

Get a load of these classics or I'ma leave ya

with black eyes so big you'll need Kool Moe Dee's glasses

Your tracklist has asteriks, next to every song

And the asteriks mean whack shit, it's that simple bastard

I'm tired of hearin what color your whip is

I'm the sick crazy stepfather of rap cause I'll be destin
to whip kids
At restaurants I'll be up for the kill
Stab you with a eagle beak while you eatin, leave you
stuck with the bill

{Give a hog a bone, bitch!}
"Gentlemen, behave yourselves!"
{Give a hog a bone, bitch!}
"You people have been downright rude, downright
rude"

[J-Zone]

Look, I give a hoe no hook, what she gon' do for me?
She'll be feelin like a Knick fan and I'm Reggie shootin
3
Not a fat white man in the snow on a sleigh
But I got presents/presence in rap, and I use the word
"hoe" all day
Called me a peasant and a scrub, gave me no foreplay
But that's okay, I'm stackin my pay
I got 'draulics on my golf cart, fuck a six-fo'
Knew a hoe like Gonzo, with a big nose
She snored loud and I only slept an hour a night
Placed my nuts over her nostrils now the bedbugs bite
Got some fans who in college, payin tuition
So it would be insufficient, for me to drop knowledge
Mister, all I'm teachin your daughter Elaine
is how to utilize her lips and still exercise brain-power
Now you wanna save her? Tragic and I find
you defend a Bird better, than Magic in his prime
But if a bitch wanna drown, I lead her to Lake Erie
Not above peein on the crowd if they don't feel me
Critics pan my records but to me it don't matter
Critics actually thought The Beatles had talent
Keep the hatemail comin I'm HOGGY fingerin girls
In a club in Austria, doin the Steve Martin
When I drive I profile, I lean so far to the right
that if a broad is in my car she's in the trunk or on the
bike rack
Hoes think I'm weird, cause when my car stalls
I make 'em push while I steer, the Mitch Greene of rap
Find my girl with jheri curl, and melt her household TV
set
to my dashboard and keep cussin out hoes
Through with the bars, so drunk placin orders
Gettin fucked up as haircuts on European farmers
Dudes on the net actin hard you ain't flamin toast
You a flamin fag, typin all day to make a flamin post

"Pussy ass punks!"

{Give a hog a bone, bitch!}
{Give a hog a bone...}

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