

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"You Got Mail"

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{AOL sample stutters and slows down: "Y-y-y-y-y-you've got mail!"}

[C.T.] Bim bim

[Zone] Oh damn!

[C.T.] Ha ha

[Zone] This beat sound like some pimp shit

[Zone] Yo Celph, you made this beat?!

[C.T.] Damn straight

[Zone] How come you didn't tell me you could make shit like this man?

[C.T.] Oh you ain't know?

[C.T.] I got some shit for these hoes

[Celph Titled]

This bitch better whip out a credit card to pay for this dinner

It's her birthday and I ain't got NUTTIN to give her

Except this dick and directions to the front door

Try to take my wallet and I'm lettin the gun pour

I'm from Florida where them cockroaches be runnin rampant

Yes I'm the Dirty South Lieutenant, motherfucker god damnit

You want money I said no, act up and you dead hoe

You wanna slurp? Call me on my cell that's my head-phone (bitch)

Fuck chickenheads in the morning, give 'em the early bird special

And this relationship ain't goin to the next level (nope!)

Talk back and a bitch'll fall flat

Cause I'm the type to beat a broad with a wiffleball bat

Throw a bag over an ugly bitch before I let my cock skeet

That's what I call disguisin the Hump, like I was Shock G (hahaha)

Your idea of eating out, is clit lips

Mine is doggy bags and quick trips to Popeye's for biscuits

BITCH!

[Chorus: Boss Hog Barbarians]

We just ballin gettin fetti everyday on the grind
The postman got mail for me
Cause we all about our scratch, never savin a batch -
bitch
The postman got mail for me
Only fur coats and gold chains, pimpin these hoes
mayne
Hogs up, hoes down, game recognize game
The postman got mail for me, bitch
The postman got mail for me

[J-Zone]

J-Zone as a kid I was chubby, heh, as I got older I got
skinny
Only thing that ain't changed I'm still ugly
But a bitch'll still love me (that's right) even though I
ain't pretty
She be like, "His dick is still chubby!"
That bitch bought me a rugby when my mink was in the
shop
Don't kiss or hug me, wash my dick in the sink and I
hop
We call your girl Triple P Paulette (why?)
Take her to Popeye's, the parking lot, and Port Authority
and then jet
Go to dinner? Not today, we just ran a train on her
And it bang louder than the A in Far Rockaway
I still live with my grandmoms and don't have a job; it's
frightenin
Cause all you punks wanna be just like him
I'm a loser and a herb in every sense of the word
But I don't give a FUCK I'll still get wit'cho bird
Then I stuff her and roast her like it's late November
Then I duck that broke hoe cause her friend looks
better
Ya BITCH!

[Chorus]

[J-Zone]

Celph Titled made a pimped out beat for me to rock
And turn my nose up to broke sluts on my cock
"Yo no tengo hay dinero," you better change the
subject
You speakin Broken-ese and we from Cut-a-Check
Republic
South Jamaica Queens to Tampa
Our presence felt, every summer like cancers
We eat collard greens for breakfast
And keep shit greasy like Soul Train scramble board

contestants

[Celph Titled]

Me and your girl we ain't talkin much but when we fuck
I'm playin greatest hits from Marky Mark and the Funky
Bunch

Blow a bitch to pieces, strap grenades on her back
Now the way I'm gettin ass, it just falls in my lap
I'm a +Midnight Marauder+, stick a Q-Tip in your pussy
That's my +Low End Theory+, I'm at the player's ball
yearly
No you ain't never been inside (nope) and I'ma get the
Mexicans
to fuck up Xzibit again if he don't Pimp My Ride

[Chorus]

[J-Zone]

Hey yo, I got one question man
How come y'all shit don't sound like this?
I mean, I'm sayin
This our.. I see you over there hatin man
Fuck you man
This shit is, yo Celph this shit
Yo Celph you a beast for this, GOD DAMN!
Yo man
I don't understand man whassup whassup with these
rappers
that ain't got no fuckin bass in they shit man
Why why is that
You rappers is fuckin allergic to bass man
I'm sick of hearin beats that ain't got no bass man
This that Boss Hog shit man
Type of shit to blow your Alpines man
You don't know nuttin about this man, God damn
That's the shit you make that ugly gorilla face to man
But with me it comes easy I'm an ugly nigga
But you know what, I don't give a fuck
Cause I got bass in my shit
Yo Celph you got bass in this motherfuckin beat man
This shit sound evil, OH MY GOD~!
This is Boss Hog, stop bein jealous man
We make it look TOO EASY
Ay bitch, pass my Malibu and shut the fuck up
Don't put no ice cubes in my shit
Did I tell you, did I tell you I wanted Coke in my Malibu?
Straight, I don't
I don't mix, Coke and soda and all that shit with my
Give me my shit straight
This is Boss Hog man
This ain't no Cosmopolitans man

What part of the game is that?
Yo Celph let's get out of here and go count some more
money man

[samples to close]

We take a bitch up to snow and make her get out
Bitch get out! (In a G-string) Knahmsayin?
If we like the hoe, here take a shot of Hennessy

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