

## The Odd Couple

### "Bully"

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[Intro]

Ah, yeah, yeah  
This is Louis Logic  
That nigga you don't see  
Cuz he got kicked out of class (The Odd Couple)  
And I brought my other knucklehead with me  
My man J.J. Brown  
On some bully shit  
Bringin heat on the beats  
stuffin nerdy niggas in lockers

[Verse 1]

Give me a beat and listen to me  
Niggaz'll see I'm like the oilman cause I deliver your  
heat  
I didn't say you were gay, it's just that you're sweet  
And catch vibes on the westside of christopher street  
It's no wonder you wish you were me  
I ain't some type of bitch, who when he takes a piss sits  
on the seat  
That's why all your chickens agree they rather kick it  
with me  
Cuz I suprise em every now and then with mystery meat  
(boh)  
Who's the clever kid who use his leverage as a rapstar  
to get into a  
coochies second lips  
Lou's new collections is smooth and effortless  
Like 2 screwing, sweaty chicks with lubed apendages  
Whoever just is boos and nemesis  
Had rather move their settlement away in to a new  
development  
Cuz I'm not too intelligent to stoop to your level  
And you're so low down I'm shooting hoops wit the  
devil

[Chorus]

In the school of hard knocks  
We're at the top of our classes  
Shit the bullies even kiss our asses  
Whether or not my report card passes

class-clowns will tell you were the real smart-asses  
We run shit and punch kids  
In their plump tummies, somebody is always on the run  
from me  
The abott's got detention, jay's on suspension  
And myself, I got expelled for snatching niggaz lunch  
money

[Verse 2]

Yo, I got sick inch for scotch about a fifth a shot  
Just as hot, as the burning in your sisters crouch  
Which is not why I never snick a snatch  
I rather flip the latch on the cabinet to you pops liquor  
stash  
Jay Love hit the hash like a coffee-shop spatula  
My fangs puncture a keg like a malt and hops dracula  
That's way I always sleep in the daylight, cause I creep  
in the late night  
Leaving victims leaking like drain pipes  
People saying it ain't right  
But I can't help that I'm so damn selfish  
I got my hands on a female fans pelvis like I'm some  
bad Elvis  
Who's from a parallel universe  
Giratin his hips to the dick carousel through the skirts  
You know a man you think is rude at first  
Give me some room to work  
And allow me to introduce the nerd to the dirt  
Cuz Lou's the worst type of jerk to dealing with  
he'll bruise you first physically then hurt your feelings  
bitch

[Chorus]

In the school of hard knocks  
We're at the top of our classes  
Shit the bullies even kiss our asses  
Whether or not, my report card passes  
Class-clowns will tell you were the real smart-asses  
We run shit and punch kids  
In their plump tummies somebody is always on the run  
from me  
The abott got detention, Jay's on suspension  
And myself, I got expelled for snatching niggaz lunch  
money

[Verse 3]

I'm like Merlin in a sherlin when I sip a beer  
Or a wizard in winter gear who makes a guinness  
dissappear  
quicker than a chicks brazier during foreplay  
Or drugdealers when the pigs are here to storm your

hallway  
Performing all day with Jay and the abott  
makin the magic that has addicts celebrating their  
habits  
I've got a cult following, of so many young adults  
swallowing  
So many jameson flasks that it give em adult tolerance  
I'm major in classes, on savorin asses  
With greater than average curves like antique vases  
and glasses  
And on the day the give me a masters  
I traded it faster than you can say vodka for a case of  
some ??  
Some say that a rapper is worth as much as he drinks  
Fuck what he thinks that's why I fill myself with suds like  
a sink  
And to my reason ain't gon' get stock on the blink  
But that's just one of them things  
to give me something to discuss with my shrink

[Chorus]

In the school of hard knocks  
We're at the top of our classes  
Shit the bullies even kiss our asses  
Wether or not, my report card passes  
Class-clowns will tell you were the real smart-asses  
We run shit and punch kids  
In their plump tummies, somebody is always on the run  
from me  
now The abott got detention, jay's on suspension  
And myself, I got expelled for snatching niggaz lunch  
money

[Verse 4]

So who's that guy in the dunce cap sitting in the back of  
class?  
And when the teacher walks by he's smacking her ass  
Cutting in the school storeline snatching your cash  
Pushing the smart kids ass in the trash  
Motherfucker I'm the bully  
And I'm coming 'round the corner  
I warn ya and now I'm rainen punches down on ya  
Y'all better head for the office  
Tell them to get your mummy to come and get you  
Because your tummy is nauseous

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