

Zoe Pound F/ B.G., Turk

"Bullshit"

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Intro: J-Ro

(Whooo! Hah hah!) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah we kickin it
Uhh uhh uhh we kickin it
Yeah yeah we kickin it
(Whooo!) Yeah yeah we kickin it
Yeah, Cali in the house
Huh, uhh, Fred in the house
Check it out, BULLSHIT!

Verse One: J-Ro

I'm J-Ro the man, I'm gettin down
I gets mo daps than H. Rap Brown
I drive the hoes wild cause they love the way I talk
You can't drive me crazy cause I'm close enough to
walk
I bust threes like Terry Tegall, get higher than a eagle
You're just a dirty pigeon, BSn bout religion
I don't give a damn if you don't eat ham
You grab the microphone and reguse to slam
I make a nigga scared to grab the mic behind me
I kick shit so deep King Neptune couldn't fine me
Yo, can I get a go J-Ro?
(Go J-Ro!) To let me know if I can flow
I probably be dooper if I smoked crack like you
But Swift and Tash'll beat my ass until I'm black and
blue
Cause I ain't with, no way out shit
I'm tired of this one-hittin played out shit

Some niggaz rock like the Liks... BULLSHIT!
Uhh, I hate big tits... BULLSHIT!
We'll never make another hit... BULLSHIT!
I don't drink cause I quit... BULLSHIT!

Come on
(Whooo!) Yeah yeah yeah yeah
We kickin it (hold up) we kickin it
We kickin it

Baby youse my one and only... BULLSHIT!
Baby that's a true fact... BULLSHIT!
Uhh, I never leave ya lonely... BULLSHIT!
Yo, I'll call you right back... BULLSHIT!

Verse Two: J-Ro, King Tee

Baby don't take the blame youse a real cool dame
But now that I made you call my name you just don't
look the same
From the middle of the bed I bang your head like a rock
n roller
On the way out, I smacked a nigga with my pistol-a
When I met you I sure wishin aye tower
You hopped on my dank like there was no tomorrow
All I wanted was some sexin, now you want affection
Damn I hate to see your ass comin in my direction
Wait here, I'll be right back, I'm goin to get a spliff
You know I'm goin through your ass like Emmitt Smith

Well oh snap! Here goes a fashion
That's incredible, with the style
That I learned back as a younglin, where's the beef
Don't sleep, I used to run around with the creeps
Ain't no tellin, Jack told Helen
About a lot of people so I'm runnin for the border
And get me a taco, gin and sako
Mom and pop yo, I'm rockin this shit!
It's not a plan I wrote the book called style
Taught the child how to stand when he piss
Be a man, go fuck Jan
The white man's tan, bring back MC Shan

And I rhymed every word... BULLSHIT!
Wackest style you ever heard... BULLSHIT!

Outro:

For the beats sake, rock on rock on
For the beats sake, rock on rock on
And you go Whoooo! Grand groove, grand groove
(Alkaholiks y'all, alkaholiks y'all) Uhh, take it back now
Cause it's fat now, that's how I bring it back now
Whoooo! Grand groove grand groove
This one dedicated, to all the motherfuckers out there
Bullshittin
This wonderful bullshit how would you make a record
BULLSHIT!
I don't smoke no BULLSHIT!
I don't drink no BULLSHIT!
I don't fuck no BULLSHIT!

This one goes out to the P-Town
And all over, yeah baby, yeah baby, Compton baby
Everybody in the house
And we out... Alkaholiks...

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