

311**"Fat Chance/fuck The Bullshit"**

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Na na na na na na
Aw yea

I've seen the devil and the devil is coke
Not down like that cuz it ain't a fuckin joke
Trip ther shrooms fantastic
Shit gets drasctic
I didn't believe a word

Can you hear this can you hear in the
Make the music soothin' your system
Come on now, come on now
Hear the beat so sweet
I shouldn't tell you how

Im a freak yall
Im a freak yall
Much love to my man Stan Thomas

Yea you say like what up to our man Eddy Offord

Eddy Offord (repeats alot)
Boom

Fuck the bullshit what it is

Fuckin 311

You know I'm ready, yes to rock steady
My name's not Betty or Teddy, but Nick
And I'm what you might call a heretic
Yes, and I am from Nebraska
My girl is satisfied, you can ask her
You know I've never visited Alaska
Huh, where the oil was spilt
That drunken captain should be killed
For polluting the sea, an atrocity
He still walks free, well
This one goes to all the birds that drown
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Just fuck the bullshit to many damn fears and panic
It's time to throw down and so I said it words of
Wisdom that will keep y'all guessing cause
I'm tired of playing and I'm tired of messing around
With all those suckers
Yes, stupid mother fuckers
Who put down what we do
We stand alone with the group that's new
If I was a dwarf, I'd surely be Dopey
I'm a stoned wheat thin you can not cope G
Kick in the teeth a condescending frown
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Yeah, right about now I'd like to turn the mic over to my
man
SA Martinez

I am sly in the mix I am the mix master
Death and destructor, lyric conductor
Rollin with the rhythm of the rhyme I'm rollin
Cold cap the parasites when I start to spazz
Nicholas hit's hard he's got the jazz
Now the b-boys rockin breakin' moves on the floor
311's stepping out have 'em yellin for more
Go on hoping, I'm poetry in motion
When I fire I spray duck down I'm locin'
P-Nut, the bass storm is looming
And in your mind the rhythm is booming
P to the N to the U to the T

Just fuck the has-been's and their stupid-ass rappin'
Promising bullshit you can't come through with
Do it in the basement no complacent
It's time to kick the fuck in
Begin to win no sin and then
Share it, declare it in the public domain
Refrain

I'd be perfectly sad if rap was a fad but it's not
So I'd thought I'd come out with a shot
Stupid dumb lyrics make you think I'm a clown
I don't give a fuck it's time to throw down

Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down
Fuck the bullshit it's time to throw down

That's right
Knock 'em down
Nineties
All that

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