

Crossfire

"Kizz My Black Azz"

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You kiss my black ass because you sucked my dick off
My balls are fallin out of your mouth when you cough
This is for the people in the business, the people in the streets
And most of all it's to the wack muthafuckas with wack beats
Fools on the streets wish they was in my shoes
Cause every day they wake up, they see me on the news
I'm hittin number one the first week that I'm released
And my muthafuckin business and my bank account increase
Bitches ride the poke and niggas ride the sack
So I guess that you can say they're both caught in the impact
Niggas in my neighborhood ain't about nothin
The po' broke muthafuckas think I owe em something
But I don't owe em shit but a 'what's up' for a hello
And ask for a job, the answer is, "Hell no"
Go back to the corner with your brew and be angry
Cause lookin at me crazy, that shit ain't gonna change me
But some of them are cool, and they know who they are
The ones that used to kick it with me when I couldn't afford a car
But the others talk shit behind my back
The main muthafuckas always sayin they gotta rap
Wait to make a record like it happens overnight
But the rhymes are always sloppy and they're never ever tight
Then they get pissed when I tell them that it's wack
But Ren ain't a pussy, so step the fuck back
And kiss my black ass

I'm tired of rappers with live instruments on the stage
Save the shit for parades
And while you're at it, why don't you dress like a clown
And draw yourself a permanent frown
Cause the pioneers didn't draw bands in the blueprints
Because it wouldn't make sense
Rappers doin this should retire

Niggas lookin like Earth, Wind & Fire
People don't go to rap shows, so they can hear a band
It's like a man tryin to fuck a man
It defeats the whole purpose
It's like a fish tryin to swim on the surface
A big circus, all that's missin is a tent
Because the shit ain't worth five cents
So a nigga like Ren'll take a stand
To say a real rap artist don't need a band
All you need on the stage is meat and bones
Save the band shit for Quincy Jones
And no more singin on the breaks, please
The shit is spreadin fast like disease
And for them I'll be a cure, pure
You know that I know I'm sure
So I'ma trap on my lure
Every hypocritical muthafucka that's suckin with the rap
Give him a real nigga slap
Kiss my black ass

Now rappers in the business talk shit behind my back
Just because their shit ain't sellin and people call it
wack
But when I go to clubs, I get the utmost respect
Them jealous muthafuckas know I clock crazy checks
Sayin I wouldn't sell if I didn't cuss
But while they fuss, I'm goin, gone, they goin dust
Barely standin the light of the lime
Life's a bitch with some pussy-ass rhymes
But they always on my dick when they see me
I think beneath that point, they wanna be me
I don't break my neck to be in other niggas' videos
Standin around like hoes
But them other niggas gotta do it for pub'
Because nobody recognize them in the club
And when they see me they wanna kick it, so people'll
stare
Quit swinging on my dick hairs
And as soon as I leave, the muthafuckas start yappin
Run they mouth like a bitch, better than they do rappin
And I don't need a crew
Because a crew can't do shit that a real nigga can't do
So to all y'all niggas that's down with a crew
How does it feel ot be number two?
Kissin another nigga's ass so you can slick sign a
autograph
And move people out his path
And that's the reason I'ma diss you
Stuff your mouth with tissue
And kiss my black ass

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