

Daniel Johnston

"Vats Of Urine"

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Behold y'all, the digital vats of urine
Drink up bitches, taste our liquid gold
Err, you must respect yourself
First, you wreck yourself, hey man, you made a rhyme
Yes it is for I am a rap God from beyond the moon
Everybody talkin' 'bout pistols, gats is borin'
He came with a new topic to flip you, vats of urine
All pro, check the stats, his style scorin'
While you at it, double check that Cristal you're pourin'
Born of the pleads that needs a P in geniuses
Broads don't see it, since they don't got these
Conveniencies, thank God she's not a ho
In the studio when you gotta go, you gotta go
Before you flow, make sure you practice or you losin'
You don't wanna miss and let the cactus get to oozin'
If any contestant splash, he's disqualified
Even if one drip should slide down the bottle side
Put a bum in a even better pickle
Reality show, how far would you go to get a nickel?
Let alone a buck
Listen by the window, you can hear him moanin', yuck

Remember, tomorrow is garbage day
It's not the kind of stuff you want to save and harbor
away
Once it gets ripened and fermented
It takes on a bouquet that I should say is naturally
scented
Tempted by a empty can of Guinness
Or waitin' until we get there, say two or three minutes
Yeah, when it's fresh, it's sterile
Some say digestible, even edible
If you was stranded out to sea, alone and in trouble
Survive dehydration, guzzle your own cup full
Some day you may even show your son
How to use it to make potassium nitrate for gunpowder
Funded by friends of ours who's generous
Join us next time when we discuss disgusting enemas
He's like a rap God
He's like a big log that you find in your toilet
Fo' real, bow down and suck his knees
And I am about to kick it all up in here, stand by for
kickin'
I am the kicker er, not you, you kick elsewhere
This sucks man, I'm bored, me too

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