

Destinys Child

"Eatadiccup"

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Look, up above!
It's a bird, it's a plane, it's my balls! (Yeah)
J-Zone a-k-a Captain Backslap
Celph Titled the motherfuckin' Rubix Cupid
Come on

[J-Zone]

Super-nigga J-Zone in the sky with a fur cape
Enemy of the state, in '98 I dropped the gold tape
Hoes wantin' my presents got nothin' but more laughter
Bitch, the fact that it's Christmas is no factor
Unknown to famous, my Rolodex got a long list of
hoes, like the Chinatown White Pages
Only yellow nigga, always runnin' his mouth
Eatin' pussy, lookin' like Pac-Man, but don't fuck with a
spouse
Ladies, I drove 'em crazy, 'cause I gave 'em more head
But pigeons are shittin' on me 'cause I threw 'em no
bread
Bum bitches beg me not to perform 'cause I'm
offendin' 'em

[Sample]

Please, don't do it!
I said I'm no gentleman!

[J-Zone]

She left, about to cry too, what, you forgotten?
I was raised on 2 Live Crew, my attitude is rotten
Zone and Celph are guaranteed
Like your bitch gainin' 55 pounds after you marry the G

[Celph Titled]

Yo, me and Zone cake heavily, breakin' cheddar with
cheese graters
With an HK ??? that stretch 3 acres
Sniper maneuvers, I'm on some heavy metal shit
Find me at Lollapalooza with a bazooka
Any bitch 14 and up, you know I'm fuckin' that
Get my rocks off, watchin' fat girls do jumpin' jacks
I really stay on top of my game when I'm at
'Cause I'm fuckin' your wife missionary style on a
Twister mat

[J-Zone & Celph Titled]

MC's hate us

Bleach don't fade us

Ball on a bunch of ??? hoes don't date us

Zone and Celph Titled rippin' over the beat

Come to your crib, take a leak, piss all over the seat

You're 2-bit like Atari, ???, Commodore

You're sorry, with a weak show, what the fuck you
rhymin' for?

[Sample]

What sort of nonsense is this?

Eat a dick up

Cock-cocksuckers, cock-cocksuckers

[J-Zone]

We APR finance careers

'Cause we give it to you now, and you're payin' for the
next 3 years

My ex called me the Pipe-long Kid

'Cause I got a dick size reminiscent of the Whitestone
Bridge

Sissies talk all tough, takin' "Thug-agra" by the case

Celph stomped a hole in your cheek, and everybody
call your ass Ma\$e

And on your face you'll fall flat

For ballin' out your league like Kobe with a baseball bat,
ya bitch

[J-Zone talking]

Oh, shit, yo, Celph

What are you doing with that cannon, man?

Make sure you think twice before you use it

[Celph Titled talking]

No doubt Zone, I always do

[Sample]

Once when I load it, and once when I fire it (gunshot)

[Celph Titled]

Real gangstas don't say much, we talk with our hands

And keep a surplus of Ziploc bags and rubberbands

???, you see me load the clip in the gun?

You'd better kill that crip walk and start doin' a crip run

I'm 6'1", 240 pounds, enough to cause fractures

Extort pussies in the game, it's gonna cost rappers

From now on, call me Reverend Get-Right

I got a thing for female journalists, I like the bitch tight

Cookin' crack in a rotisserie oven, hickory smokin'

In the projects with a bulldozer, picture me rollin',
nigga

I went to private school, attended church and said my

prayers

Now I'm takin' trips to hell, and God, I love it there

Settin' the new fashion trends, who else?

You look nice in that body bag, shoot yourself

Black Sabbath performer, come see me on Sunday

And witness how I'm lightin' up Broadway with my
gunplay

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