

## Dogs Damour

### "Stuck"

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Here I come with the fucking lyrics to blow your mind  
up  
Rewind up the tape and watch the snake's coil rattle  
The battle is on, against brown foxes and obnoxious  
Lyricals not understandable street slang beyond  
comprehensible  
I use dental tools to remove  
The plaque in the back of your cranium  
As I blow up like uranium, taking Nas fools and  
disdaining them  
Saying "Gotti" so many times, you're gonna find me  
arraigning them  
'Cause the year of the hard, scarred emcee has  
passed  
Present answers for the problems that you verbally  
harass  
When the English language is all that's hurt by your  
linguistics  
The meaning? You missed it, check the purist, it's  
L-a-z and I plead the fifth letter  
The go-getter, heavy sweater under pressure  
Hey -- no keys or money G's, please! Fuck the rock man  
This kid's more broker than a stock man, I got mad  
Bills, you thought I was 'a say skills, that too, but I kill  
Ignorance with the flip of a frankincense to a bookmill  
Open my mind with the histories of cultures past  
Learn what they won't teach me and see how long the  
vultures last  
I coach this brain of mine to get rich like Brandywine  
There's ground and I'm standing mine, never silent like  
a pantomime  
Breakin' molds, pissing people off on my way on the up  
They don't like it? They getting fucked by me on the go-  
go like Huck-a-Bucks  
Suck my ding-a-ling like Chuck Berry, that's a scary  
thought  
As I continue on the Downlow... like Mat Cart-  
er, I take a moment to prove the absurdity  
In a foreign tongue that got more rhymes than a  
nursery  
Hey -- who the fuck is cursing me? I don't give a

motherfucking fuck  
'Cause I won't get stuck in the rut of a gutter 'cause my  
shit's butter  
Spread it on your bread, it's the taste of my generation  
'Causin' perspiration on the brows of those with  
constipation  
You're getting stuck

Who the fuck you think you're dealing with? Know what  
the fuck I've been through?  
Not a hell of a lot but I got shit locked down cooked like  
a barbecue  
How hard are you? Hey, got a minute to test yourself?  
Put yourself at the end of a loaded barrel and tell me if  
you wet yourself  
Why do you choose for Tommy Hil to represent your  
race?  
When tommy is just an old-ass rich white guy with a  
smiling, wrinkly face  
Disgrace to the fucking nation like hip-hop to  
Timberlands  
Put your ear to my lips and let me tell you what you'll  
find me in:  
Levi's jeans too big for me when I wear my shirt out  
And a bulky hooded sweatshirt to make it look like I  
work out  
Brothers thinking, "Who's he fooling with that thin ass  
rear?"  
And I wonder the same of those who are wearing five-  
hundred dollar gear  
Hip-hop is a lifestyle that I've lived since I was small  
But these new jack Foxy Brown kids want to take it all  
Critics screaming "Chuck D sold out, now he's a fucking  
zero"  
But shit, Chuck's my man and you bet he's my fucking  
hero  
I got the back of the folks that be pushed down into the  
muck  
'Cause they may be sticky in the mud but new jacks is  
getting stuck  
They getting stuck.

Stuck like a postage stamp I'mma mail that ass to your  
producer  
To show him who's getting looser, more fluid than a  
juicer  
Your ass is a food dehydrator making chips  
But on this level I'm killing devils with this ol' ill shit  
A record deal down the road with a dooper rhyme is a  
hope of mine  
Mountain Brothers got signed to Columbia, it's about

fucking time  
Folks dragging they feet like they toes was breathing  
fire  
While the rest of the nation watched in shock like  
electric wire  
And who perspired? The kids who worked the hardest  
But record labels seem to have a fetish for mainstream  
bullshit artists  
Fuck the gimmick shit, I won't be limited, bitch  
Innovative styles for years with miles of tears from  
smiling peers  
This ain't no dog food disgusting imitation meat  
replacement  
It's the meatiest, roughest lyrical style this side of  
where you pay rent  
As I rule the whole complex, but I don't have one, just  
like Chino X  
I don't need no sex. Fuck that, I do, but I got restraint by  
inhaling paint fumes  
I consume the high and turn it into talent  
No Alazay in this bloodstream I need to maintain my  
balance  
I'll Tommy Tippy toe to your apartment, to get shit  
started  
With your woman as she's telling me, "But he can't help  
it if he's retarded!"  
With this many songs under my belt I find the time to  
handle things  
As I dismantle Ming's dynasty, I'll die nasty as the  
band'll sing  
My praises doing covers of my songs from five years  
ago  
Competition gets stuck as they struck with lyrical  
vertigo

(Anon)  
I get stuck in pounds of pussy regardless of its race  
Move from position to position like I was losing a race  
Stop on the breaks glance over your models and  
makes,  
Grab your goods and spread 'em  
All over the place, disregard all warning signs  
Play you like dimes from an ounce, watch as I pounce  
I'll stick you, I stuck you, you're out of luck  
Now, I just gave a fuck about two minutes ago  
Like a sensation of pleasure unable to be measured,  
mix it with a beat  
Instantly get out of your seat  
Eat my marshmallows give daps to my fellows  
Deep like the gallows filled to the brim  
Good to the last time I dropped it, you make me sick

Fake rhymes, repeated: I kicked it, so delete it  
I got you stuck

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