

Goombay Dance Band

"The Full Monty"

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[Verse One]

Crack you like a twig, you're like a faggot rockin a wig
The adopted kid, obnoxious stepchild, your real mom's
a pig
That's how I classify these dumb crabs, a bunch of
scumbags
Quick, to pull a gat for lookin at you, your gun jams
cuntrag
You come in handy when the pussy's bleedin
But YOU the pussy bleedin right now, but no you ain't
dreamin
Just because we righteous doesn't mean we ain't
schemin
How the fuck you think we kill devils and slay demons?
You be the type to smoke cats who dip they blunts in
semen
We hit your wife off, barely heard that slut screamin
PCP and marijuana had a dusty meetin last evening
Oh shit I think your moms beepin
Word that's her number no doubt, yo I'ma break out
First I get some Chinese takeout, then scope Jake out
Parked on the corner of your mother's building, waitin
for me
But I broke out before the story and those devils never
saw me

[Verse Two]

To my kid Sultan the Shiek, rap freak, sew all you tricks
in heat
We'll crack your meat for bein sweet, don't even try to
sleep
I'm full lit from a snippet tape, I bend a state
But you trade in Jakes while your ass inflates, it dictates
what a fag you are, upper drag stag of Zanzibar
Rockin tennis shorts, a pro at cub sports like Benetar
Fuck a figure four, I lace 'em with a clean and jerk
Smoke a fuckin pound and watch these cats go berzerk
I terrorize all cities, you bout to feel my work
Mexican cats in shades, heavy D.A.'d from planes
Feather bass pumps like Flavor Flav, how {?} seems on
dark days

Federal agents on fatal car chase
Drivin the flatlands until I hit Ralph, caught the stench
in the rotten projects, bag a left and I'm out

[Verse Three]

Non Phixion be the Full Monty, Zoo York like Vinnie
Ponte
Or Norm Choamsky nah, fuck it like Phil Bronski
I'm ill constantly kill with the velocity of T3
Three years before the movie got out
And Ja Rule be with the gat out, gotta give a shout out
Goretex, Tec 8, engineerin this, steerin this
It's like Columbo, or William S. Burroughs drug code
Smell the gunsmoke, you get your thumbs broke, like
uncut coke
with no clientele to sell it to, internal revenue
has made levels to, train out thought, we takin over
airports
Get slain for sport, poppin champagne corks like Puffy
Non Phixion, vampire slayers like Buffy

[movie clips follow for the rest of the track]

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