

H Pisces

"Fuck The Facts"

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Get up funky... huh, let me here ya talk, talk about bitch

Me I'm a victim of a young girl's suck
Feeling the emotions through my body ass butt
Everytime I see her in that god damned dress
Fell the stomach, busy stomach, that's what I have to
confess

Ah, that's me ya what you see ya
Telling 'bout my stomach and my feels ya
Ah that's me ya, watcha see ya
Telling bout, telling bout me ya

This is a thing that everybody knows about
Every boy and bitch so myself I mustn't worry about
Easy to find, huh, hard to lose
So me myself and I, we got no chance to choose

I can't tell ya what I feel ya
This is a motherfucking problem that I hate ya
I can't tell ya what I feel ya
I hate it but I take it but I try to surpress ya

Chorus:

Fuck, said fuck, fuck, said fuck the facts
Fuck, said fuck, fuck, said fuck the facts

In addition to the point I was talking about
You must remember my name and all my habits and
my attitude
So listen to the things that I've got to tell
My name is G on the B.A.S.S. B.G

Hit the bass in the face seven days of the week ya
Hanging 'round my posse that's what everybody needs
ya
Me and my band, that's what I stay for - stay for
Me and my band, that's what I pray for - pray for

Music has a use for my personality
Cause if I'd loose it I wouldn't stand it if you know what

mean

My heart is hundred percent music that's what I feel ya

- feel ya

I feel the drummers kick in my B.O.D.Y. so

I try to combine my fucking emos to the bitch hit

Try to fight it with my music as hatred

I try to combine my fucking emos to the bitch hit

Try to combine it with my music as hatred

Chorus

What about my girl, man?

What about my music, man?

Ina bona lita

I can't stand that shit...

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