

Harling Keith

"Rat Bastard"

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(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard
Come on up face to face
And I'll meet you at the bar
Hey!
I'll cut your belly up
You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)
(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)
(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)

(It rubs the lotion on its skin and does whatever it's
told)
(Rubs the lotion on the skin
[] gets the hoes again)
(What you fuckin want)
(Muthafucka duck)

[VERSE 1]
[I hear] you puff and swig on a bottle
Rode on your hoe, now she's a role model
I hit ya up, mix ya up in my decks of cards
[] the deck [] times is hard
Diggedy you remember the night that I met cha?
I dismembered your limbs and fed cha
Apple sauce, pork chops, and beans
No cigarettes, know what I mean?
Wind it up, wind it up on the binge
You're readin my lips on a lunatic fringe
Hinges swing, so I swing my cleaver
Straight for the crotch, I leave ya to the beaver
Latoya, I'm leaving ya on the next plane
Sorry I left the ice pick in your brain
Work and no play []
New jacks steal, and it's a nine to the skull
Red-red-redbone, redbone, you run
Rich, bring em back ([]) get some
Of this, blow, make a wish
If you're dead and you know it, the body bag drips

(Now you don't know what pain is)

[VERSE 2: Psycho Les]

The wiggedy-wicked Psycho runnin through the woods
Stickin up picnics, and robbin all goods
Prrr - stick em, hah, nobody move
I got a ten inch blade, check it out, it cut smooth
Smooth - yo, I don't get upset
I dig a hole in your stomach, pull it out, then I jet
Back and goin way back like a blessin
Psycho Les on the loose passin
Through your turf, knockin ducks off the earth
They got nerve, fuckin shit is what they're worth
Yo, I'm fuckin [] from each burrough
Since I'm not Annie, don't expect me to love you
tomorrow
I shot my bow and arrow through hearts and butt
Caught your girl, I knocked her Doc Martins off
(laah) that's all you heard
Donkey style's the style she preferred
After I nut, she called her friends ([])
Came to my hut and tried to gas me for months
Three buffalo gals I kicked round the outside
My mama said [] three buffalo heads I flied

[VERSE 3]

I bring the bats in my belt, [] you on your knees
Some want my g's, please, baby, please
Prostitute yourself for the liznoot
Give up the bizznoot, then let em shoot
If i was a rich man, then I'd dick you
If i was a derelict, then I'd stick you
Mister Softie, you don't even know me
Is that shit in your pants? (Oh man, oh man)
Fear in heart, shit on yourself
Your shit is wack, your shit stays on the shelf
I make ya an offer you can't but refuse it
Shoes in cement, I do ya, you lose it
The Rat Bastard, that's what they call me
The Rat Bastard don't give a fuck, blow me
Up like a platinum act that know how to act
No gas face, just hear the heads crack
You say, "Don't - don't hurt me again"
You shoulda brought an automatic weapon, my man
Pop goes the weasel, I stuff you in a trunk of a Cutlass
Supreme
To the river, and the end of the scheme

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