

Joe Dolce

"Shit on U *"

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* to the beat of D-12's "Shit on You"

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Hahaha, yeah yeah, haha

No offense to my two niggaz

Y'all know who y'all are, it's personal

Motherfucker, you hear me?

I know I ain't get back to you

You dissed me a while ago, I just caught it

I couldn't understand what yo' fat-ass was sayin!

It's all good though (I will shit on you)

I'm home, it's time for us to talk to each other

Nigga.. (fuck, you)

Yo yo, I heard you on DJ Butter, you ain't slick

Somewhere in between a st-st-stutter and punch diss

I was like, "Huh, what the fuck is this?"

Why the fuck this lame nigga tryna fuck with this"

You was talkin real reckless, you dissed the king

Get your eyes off my necklace, kiss the ring

Crawl 'fore you walk, don't get caught without your gat

Somebody shoulda taught you how to talk before you

rap

I know about how you gotta get walked though your

verse

Niggaz tryna teach you how you talk all through your

verse

The streets, magazines still knockin your verse

On your verse, niggaz just look at they watch in reverse

I'm about realism - as far as a fat nigga

that raps and rapes kids, I don't see the vision

You, you do front, me you admire

You told the truth once like, "I'm a compulsive liar!"

Insecure niggaz take offense to the line

All in my my shit when I'm mentionin mines

Yo it's on, better tell Von stick to the rhymes

You better run and get Swift when I get to the nine

It should be, Wall Street y'all and Slum V

But no, nope, you runnin rhyme like Young Zee

Heh, you was a clown in school

Only nigga on stage in a costume, now the world is

clownin YOU

Share it for the rap - arrestin the big fat bear
that got him jumpin the character to rap
Uhh, nigga GIMME this mic, you ain't doin it right
You call yourself a idiot, I'm just provin you right
This is strong over the weak, long career over
deceased
And me doin you wrong over your beat
You speak when you see me but you talk the flow
Fuckin clown, smile nigga, honk your nose (honk honk!)
You probably look at it like I'm makin a big deal
But nigga that's what I do, I make big deals
Take a chunk of the budget, and keep they proud raise
And watch the little people split the pie five ways
Nigga go play, matter fact, catch up
I am six figures bigger and my books kept up
Y'all a rap boy band; you testin me now?
Y'all a group with one star like Destiny's Child
FUCK THAT! No nigga, how can I relate
to a group with four dudes that's easily replaced?
I erase niggaz when they talk backwards (what?)
I call Paul and have him write you off on his taxes
I'm a solo artist, you just one of the crew
Fans comin up to y'all like, "Which one is you?"
You the fat one! Tell 'em that's your name
You will tell a joke whenever too, that's your game
Yeah, who cares if you've been on tour, you don't come
off
Nigga all you do is run on stage and run off
Yeah, one loose cannon - that's strange
cause the only cannon in the crew is planted wherever
Proof's standin
I speak to Em and Proof, I'm speakin with love
Them my niggaz, y'all sissy niggaz keepin a grudge
I don't give a FUCK nigga, you get beat up with gloves
And if you want beef, fuck it, you can meet up with
Bugz
I'll shit on you!

You fat motherfucker
Aiyyo cut that shit! Fuck that nigga
You diss me you gon' get dissed back, nigga
Yo' mama, muh'fucker
And I beat yo' ass, Wall Street hoe

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