

King Konga

"Sing it Shitface"

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Din effects, spiracle asshole, taking shitty Mc tongues
to the frozen flagpole
I farted family functions, landing punches in the face
of life
I paid the grand three hundred for my beat machine,
my body
I keep it clean, by eating vegetables, while you claim
indestructible
I made 'em feel uncomfortable by talking about my
hemroids
And now my parakeet's unemployed, I enjoyed
watching old men
put pens oil all inside the engines, while eating cookies
kept in tin foil
I been spoiled, like an underwear that's been soiled by
my opponents
When I assemble my microphone kit, most kids are
mere domeless
I wonder what they folks did to make 'em think they
flow swift with broken focus
Vocals??? are sung, while my guitar is strung, and
inplugged to make the hip hop
Pure it's cents up, sure it's ten bucks to come and see
me at a show
But when I stage dive into jello you won't care about the
dough
But if you still think my shit is wack, you'll get you're
money back
And then you leave the show, running into two men with
funny hats
They'll beat the fuck out of you and take your wallet out
of your back pocket
After that you swell up in the high sockets, then I'll
finish my show and go to
The parking lot to meet the two men, who then put your
loot in my pocket
I try jocking myself but that didn't work, after I realised
that God was
watching with a hidden smirk, I shit a turd that stunk
the house for three weekends
Instead of RnB bitches, I do my hooks with Japanese

kids

(Chorus: Japanese Kid Singing)

So Sing it Shitface

Ooh, I love farting in the bathtub, at clubs, at home
On the road, in your face unload, in your eyeball
Fart while walking on the sidewalk, after nightfall
To the point you spray lights all, despite all the things
That the people might say, I grab my genitals and
tell'em have a nice day
The right way, to grab a mic is constantly exhibiting
If I mean, then the MC knows he's unlimited, it's
intimate
like water splashing on the coast lines
where I go to town meetings
And on the bulletin board I post rhymes, most times
don't give a fuck about what you telling me
I get excited and crash your third grade spelling bee
and just as a girl named Bethany is about to win my
spelling cheese
I interrupt the train of thought by yelling freeze
And when she sees that I'm nothing but a prankster
she tells the teacher, but I proceed to go
And yank her for her title, of third grade vocabulary
champion
she starts to cry, I say : that's what you get for
tampering
with the wordsmith, with the verb gift
The principal got nervous, when I ran into his office
shirtless
what's the purpose of terrorising elementary schools?
I don't know, but I penetrate your brain with entry tools
Narratives from the battle tongue
my record collection consists of twenty-two copies of
Aqualung
atheling is what I need to rock a venue
I then do some percolating shit on the wheels to cold
end you
got the versatility of ten dudes, next stop my little
shitface friend
Serves a chorus up from the menu

So Sing it shitface

(chorus: Japanese Kid Singing)

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