

## Louis Logic "Loud Mouth"

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\* send corrections to the typist

Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me, yo  
I'm getting real tired of childish ass niggaz judging a  
book by it's cover  
Think a pretty motherfucker won't get fouled mouth  
and grimey on a nigga  
Know what I mean yo

[Louis Logic]

I'm willing and able, to start spilling a fable  
But first quench my thirst to keep my syllables stable  
I spent the rent on drinking and now they killing my  
cable  
In love with lady liq', still my faithful  
Sometimes I need a face full of breast  
At times I make hateful threats  
And practice distasteful sex  
But my thirst for spitting rhymes is two times my  
unquenchable thirst  
For snatching a verse that isn't mine  
My first bitin' line of coke, was the dope I spit in this  
rhyme I wrote  
And quoted in my linear notes, my warped mind will  
find a joke in eulogies  
And though hell hurts, I'm so well versed in tom foolery  
That I have to practice it, with backwards activist  
That manages to hold one of the highest batting  
averages  
We'll run up in your studio with scattered savages  
Trample you, sample it, and leave you down in  
bandages

[Chorus]

\*scratching\* "Used to be a loud mouth, remember me"  
- Eminem  
Until I found out, and graduated to a human outhouse  
Ejected from the rap game for cursing the crowd out  
Loud Mouth and I

[Louis Logic]

My ex called me sexist when I called her a bitch

I was drunk though, excuse me if I faultier a bit  
Your punk flow wouldn't get you through one show  
Cause what you rip you unsown, launching beer bottles  
from the front row  
A mad bandit, pillaging cribs with panhandles  
I'll burn your offices and have your promo ad cancelled  
Push back your release date, beating street teams in  
each state

For their free tapes, and escape with a clean slate  
I'm Dr.Jekyll and Mr.Suspion, obnoxious devil throwing  
peace signs  
But I'm guilty like Richard I'm Nixon, sickness infliction  
Vicious condition, that causes me to cook in the  
bathroom and shit in the kitchen  
I fir the description, I'm sick, twisted, I'm strange  
A kid that's deranged, lobotomized and missing a  
brain  
Sodomized with a liquor bottle and few cool brews  
A silly coo-coo with a few screws loose

[Chorus: 2x]

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Loud Mouth and I

[Louis Logic]

I practice peer pressure and promote unsafe sex  
On my tour of beer lectures, with one day left  
I'm one stray head who corrupts the youth, fuck the  
truth  
I plug drugs as a substitute  
I'm a teacher in your district, leading you to mischief  
Feeding you linguistics that's featured on my discus  
I need to be enlisted in clinics, for exhibiting sickness  
And eating cat until the clitoris twitches  
Beating rap and leave it in stitches and wounds  
The deepest that I get is when my dicks in the wombs  
I put my fist to buffoons, and on the rare occasion  
When I'm drunk for days in put my lips to balloons  
Spaced out like I live on the moon, Randy Kaufman  
You're line and some vodka, yeah and it's often  
And I'm not just standing sportsmen, a hundred MCs  
I'm unfriendly, spitting until my tongues empty

[Chorus: 2x]

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