

Chumbawamba "Hear No Bullshit"

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Ahhh, hear! Ahhh, hear!
It's a figure of speech when some artists start to teach
But when I start I teach and reach
The hearts of people who really truly give a damn
about music
Whether that is a man or woman
Book book book book book I could write a book about
Wife who don't know where to teach like chalk (?)
Or Tu Pac or Paris or the Rebel MC rapping stupid
Just listen to me
You may say that's another brother out to get money
Well you're right
I need money like honey
But for the right thing when I rap and sing
Not for jumping around the stage and showing the girls
my black ding-a-ling
Your image is based on your bodies
Why you doing music? Is it just a hobby?
These things are going on in the music industry
Money, brain insane, fame fame, endlessly
I can't take it no more, it's getting worse
I'm getting well vexed listening to the second verse
This song, you have to stop, look, and listen
Hear no bullshit, see no bullshit, say no bullshit, diss
'em
You think you're god's gift, you're a liar
I wouldn't piss on you, if you were on fire
(Repeat)
You say Fusion, why you always like to cuss
'Cause I can't change the world if I miss the bus
Sorry, sorry, sorry, for the flavor of the month
Criss Cross, Vanilla, Markey Mark and the Funky Bunch
Markey Mark, surrounded by negroes
You don't need blackies to be rap heroes
Just brains and put 'em to the test
Not a fourth damn small and a muscle-bound chest
Criss Cross, what can I say?
I hope your beat matures then your beats will stay
Vanilla, huh! you sometimes ponder
Ice, ice, baby, now he's the one hit wonder
Credit, rough without a doubt
Make you jump and shout, make the idiots shut their

mouth
Who says people the conscious lyrics
And rappers the cats and evil spirits
Me, because it needs to be said
The plastic music has to drop down dead
MC Fusion on a hip hop mission
Hear no bullshit, see no bullshit, say no bullshit, diss
'em
You think you're god's gift, you're a liar
I wouldn't piss on you, if you were on fire
(Repeat)
Pom, pom, and the conscious woman
I say the woman first 'cause it's always the man
Respect due 'cause I said it before
That women are the same, we don't need a war
Mickety Mack this, Vanilla Ice that
Markey Mark this, pretending that he's black
Book book book book book it in your brain
For doing those lyrics you must be insane
And videos taking over MTV
Twenty women one man, ha ha, reality, please!
Don't even give me that crap
There must have been some reason why they give you
heart attack
Love songs come straight from your heart
Not from your ass, you liquor ass
Fobbing us up with that cliché crap
But the cliché crap is at the top of the map
Or the charts, or whatever you want call it
Stop it, before me drop it
Listen to the radio, watching television
The words that you speak, ha, diss 'em
You think you're god's gift, you're a liar
I wouldn't piss on you, if you were on fire
(Repeat)
Just a lizard tongue telling stories
Now fire in your lick-spittle mouth

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