

## **Chumbawamba**

### **"Hear No Bullshit (on Fire Mix)"**

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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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