

Mareko

"Oh Shit!"

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Oh shit!
Oh shit!
Oh shit!

[Phsyco Les]

Ayo I'm sipping on some cognac
With a baseball hat to match the throwbacks
And when you see me fall back or bounce splat
Hold that, stop procrastinating nigga and roll that
Get the waste basket crackin out
Get the cock outta your ass and snap outta that fagets
spell
The industry got you under
Believe in the hype, then you wonder
Why the singles hot but the LP sucks
Now your like "damn I shoulda got Beatnuts"
Guaranteed satisfaction
Every track is programmed to bounce asses
Across the global you can hear my vocal
Echo over the mountains like a yodel
It's big Phsync straight from the kartel
With more flavours than carvel
I'm able to fill tall buildings to the capacity
And pack guns like Butch Cassidy
Open fire rapidly and rob banks
Then change my looks shave my face now I'm Tom
Hanks
A cast away any body getting away
I'm a blast away and end the fuckin masquerade

[Chorus]

Deceptikons, Beatnuts make em say
Oh shit, Oh shit, Oh shit!
From New York to South Aucks make em say
Oh shit, Oh shit, Oh shit!
Deceptikons, Beatnuts make em say
Oh shit, Oh shit, Oh shit!
From New York to South Aucks make em say
Oh shit, Oh shit, Oh shit!

[Mareko]

It's finally on yeah we at it again
Back coz these whack rappers are fulla more shit than
a catheter is
And drinking games are my national rap
Plus you dogs are throwing up W's those are capital M's
(Mareko Siiiide)
Mareko dropping lines like a fisherman
You'd swear my pads are possessed by the mind of
Spike Milligan
Bad jelly and withes and shit
I'd eat a watermelon and shoot your crew up with the
pips
My syllabus is definitely hands on
Mareko beats nuts you cats just jack off (fuckin jack
offs)
I stand my ground like I'm standing out your building
Chillin with a group of chubby samoan children
Oh shit!, yeah this is that dope shit
That parents just tell your kids to just say no shit
And if your doubting these lines
then you crazy cats must've lost the plot like a clumsy
screen writer

[Devol]

The chordless mic snatcher creep stalking your
fortress
From out of orbit so knowing this proceed with pure
caution
Musical massacre Elimination killed many
Now I'm mourning the dead White Sunday in New York
City
Kiwi civilians with weapons causing mass concussion
Microphone check check explosive dialect
Oh shit this is definitely that hot shit
From another planet that typical UFO shit
A tongue and horse man galloping on a stallion
Brushing aside beef like a serious vegetarian
Devol my names stuck on you like a tattoo
A permanent impression engraved on you whack ass
fools

[Chorus]

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