

Mblaq

"4 Da Shoteez"

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4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!
(Doin' it 4 Da Shoteez)
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4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!
(4 Da Shoteez)

4 Da Shoteez-
Gather 'round and let me tell ya somethin'.
4 Da Shoteez-
Can't you hear them little stomachs rumblin'?
4 Da Shoteez-
Yo, ya gonna eat that raggamuffin?
4 Da Shoteez-
Let's show the shoteez some lovin'.
C'mon, my name is Sir Loin, bad ass bovine.
I got four stomachs, but only one stomach in mind.
That's a little empty belly with a vacancy sign.
Kinda like close encounters of the charity kind.
Ya got canned goods just collectin' dust.
Ya got meat, got fruit, got vegetables.
Only prerequisite is that it's edible,
Get ya freak on at my freaky food festival.
Cold cuts a must, I'll even take bread crust.
'cause the shoteez be beggin', so begga's don't give a
fuck
They's hungry, let's face facts, they starve.
Fill a void in your heart, fill ya shoppin' cart, 4 Da
Shoteez.

4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!
(4 Da Shoteez, y'all)
4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!
(4 Da Shoteez)

Think at what's at stake, look upon your plate.
If it's a slab o' steak, time to regurgitate.
Ya got a double chin, while little jim's too slim.
Ya little fingers could fit in
That little kid's exposed ribs.
Just think of all da shoteez, can't ya hear 'em cry?

Time to cough up that burger and fries.
Hand over left overs, cans piled sky high
Give to the hungry shorteez, so the shorteez won't die.
Stop the famine, please, instead of eatin' ham and
cheese.
Throw away your greens, you be pissin' on a dream.
Gimme all your onion rings, it's a'ight, listen.
A slice a pizza, it don't matter if a bite's missin'.
Prime rib, porkchop, porterhouse, it don't stop.
It might seem like hog slop, to the shorteez it's alot.
They been hungry since birth, so hand over your
desert.
Open up your mouth, stick a finger down, it could be
worse.
Listen closely, gimme all your groceries.
'cause a little baby's screamin' "Man, I need a hoagie!"
"Somebody hold me, somebody console me,
somebody boil me up a pot o' perogies!"
Think of what we're facin', all those little faces, c'mon
it's a racist...4 Da Shorteez.

(Check it out)
Doin' it 4 Da Shorteez.
Doin' it 4 Da Shorteez.
Doin' it 4 Da Shorteez.
(Doin' it 4 Da Shorteez, y'all!)

4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!

Got crackers, got chips, got puddin' cups.
You'd be surprised what little shorteez like to munch.
Could be trash, could be mold, could be excrement.
Could be a bag o' old diapers, they'd call that lunch.

Mayonaise been out for a couple o' days.
Li'l kid corpses, scabs and eggs.
Sweet bread, pig heads, horses, too.
Wanna drop it like it hot?
Here's what ya do!

(4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!)
6-1-2 Wharf Avenue, what?
6-1-2 Wharf Avenue, what?!
(4 Da Shorteeeeeeeeez!)
6-1-2 Wharf Avenue, what?!!
6-1-2 WHARF AVENUE!

But, please, no more canned yams, seriously man.
We got more canned yams than we know what to do
with.
MC Pee Pants in the h--l mean...uh, Sir Loin's in the

house!
And I'm out!

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