

Conny Francis

"RU Down Wit Da Goats"

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[Madd]

I've got nap shit, I keep the fro way down my back
Clippity clippity claps when brothers talking pro-black
Fried chicken eatin' vicin', crack vial kickin'
Pay attention never missin' back alley pissin'
Apple pies, never, sweet potatoes, better
Keep \$2.50 and a hotie just in case a rainy weather
North side dweller, can't ya tell by the way I stroll
In case it gets cold keep the Gerry down on hold
Bold controlled BHP will never fold
Been fought and sought but ain't never been like sold
On outs, no hope, typical I be like Goat
Even had big hopes way back when chillin' broke

"Politicians and bigots and pigs, oh my!"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs, oh my!"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs"

[OaTie]

Well before ya start ta pass out from this verbal lash
out
Ya better get ya cash out so the pigs'll throw my ass out
There's no way for ya ta understand
Playin' Mr. 50 Grand, got ya bitties bootie tanned
Heads gettin' bigger, swiggin' money swiggers
Livin' in OZ with no dagos or no niggers
Pigs are pulling trigger and ya paying the fees
Columbus is ya hero but he's my fucking disease

Chorus: [All]

Oooh!!, Ru Down with the Goats

Oooh!!, And we're gonna cut throats, oooh!!

[Swayzack]

Swayzack's gonna react like Jack-in-the-box
My hair's in plats I likes em wrapped up in lox
I'm not no chip, I wasn't chopped off no block
But I smoke chunks of the skunk kinds of crop
And just like the hats I got in a pack inside my wallet

Waiting to get put on the rack in the back of that girl's closet
So turn on the faucet it will allow me to release a little better
Love and OaTie think I lost it but I betcha
I'll still get her and not with a letter, a Jetta, or a poinsettia
Gets it all on merit, not with a parrot like Baretta
Then she goes "Jack, but I like Feta cheese"
Said "ya can't make whiz outta that baby, please"

[OaTie]

I pledge allegiance to the flag but that's a wack ass drag
I'd rather Billy Bragg, eyeballing natty rags
And lag behind on those patriotic ditties
Peace! ta the coffee cream I dig multicolored bitties
Titties and booties, slitin' throats is my duty
Bushsaid "no taxes" but he meant "tutti frutti"
Brothers with the gats here's where ya gotta tat
Rat a tat tat Bush's head will splitter splat
Cause he's vicin' up the various, playing real gregarious
Frontin' it's hilarious but hus it's precarious
If the CIA's got a blacklist well sign me right on up
If I ain't ya cup of tea then ya better clean ya up

Chorus

[Madd]

No slippity slippity slide, never been free ride
Welfare receiver, my my so was I
Use ta get a fade back when the price was heavy
Never had a Chevy, SEPTA was my leeve
Ta get from here ta there like a young buckscared
Learned by trial and error ta never ever brake my stare
The typical American male he's not me and
I'd rather squat on the stoops and the corners making G's and
Money cause I got ta feed my honey
Funny, not a bit cause I got starving tummy
Sunny, never on my street side
Rides defied I slip side on the mind

[Swayzack]

"Jack-in-the-box ain't no flop or Child's Play"
"Cause Chuckie got dropped like the cid I did today"
Enough of that let me tell ya about this uh
Buddah blessed the spliffs that I twista
Let me tell ya 'bout the hype and the hoopla
Kid Shipe's gonna throw ya trough the loop a

Get it done with a mic and a drum
Pound it down and round it to sum one
Now ya tell me that's hard way ta come off a
Cause I'll put ya in a ditch like Jimmy Hoffa
So you five dollar sheep on the range
Better call Bo Peep before the Goats make change

Chorus

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