

## Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "Still Grimey"

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Yo, rated x, smack you off the stage when I'm vexed  
No sweat, I crack a cold case of Beck's  
Guess whose back, the jack of all trades is next  
The rap cuisine, I crack a raw egg and flex  
I cave in your chest, this one came from the jets  
Yeah, the cause and effect, make innocent blood pour  
The streets is like the rap game, a daily tug of war  
For rich or for poor, or death do us part, niggaz come  
for test

Still grimey (grimey, grimey)  
Still slimey (slimey, slimey)  
Don't try me (try me, try me)  
It's been ten long years, you can't untie me

Bring fire and Ruck let the heat pour  
Niggaz like Ruck 'Fuck you rhyming to this beat for?'  
Listen, life is like a muthafuckin' seesaw  
One minute you're hot, the next, your rep drops  
None of your biz, fuck around, and run in your crib  
Wife like 'He ain't here', throw some to your wiz  
Niggaz running up on me, til the tre' pound click  
Talking 'bout 'Ruck, let's battle' on some 8 Mile shit  
I'm like; nigga, my name ain't B. Rabbit  
It's Sean Price, Big Ruckus from busting these ratchets  
Call me gay basher, for fucking up these faggots  
Ya'll niggaz ain't nothing, stop fronting, stay passive  
Yo, pass the dutch, on the left hand side  
Sean gone til November, stole Wyclef's ride  
Bob Backlund, car jacking, New Jersey driving  
Ya'll niggaz ain't think about rapping, til you hear me  
rhyming, oh

I keeps it real in the field, Navy feel on the drill  
Never stingy with my bills, plenty gravy I spilled  
Recorded in the history of rap, two inch reels  
Seven to ten mills, eleven to twenty hills  
Rest in peace to my brother Half-A-Mil  
Unnecessary blood spilt, another thug killed  
Move with the mass appeal, the blast still  
For the Cash Money Click, No Limits and no thrills

Mad cuz your hoe, feeling P. Sunzini, give you  
As sweet as a kiwi, face it, you not me, nigga  
Ladi dadi, the Gods like to party  
We don't cause trouble, but we can make you a body  
Ladi dadi, the Sunn likes to party  
I don't cause trouble, but I will make you a body  
Flowin' high in the Mazarati, two with my ninjas beside  
me  
Lively, floating on some Ducatti's  
With two gellati's, two hotties, we never sloppy  
Jewelry rocky, Spanish pieces, they call me papi  
Clear fire Bacardi, sobered up like Gotti  
Rest in peace to my dog, Shotti, Shotti

On the corner ready to bo', holding my nuts  
Standing by my building looking at myself in the truck  
My reflections... (still grimey)  
Oscar the Grouch's worms (still slimey)  
I got a jones for Miss Piggy's ham hiney  
I can be a bum in the slums, and slam shiny  
On every corner, I'm grams, you can find me  
The boss of the burners, I fire shots if your nine speak  
This is true Manchu, and who you, fams too?  
Better have they face in the game, like the Blue Man  
Group  
I heard you smell me, I make it funky  
Rock hard and kick ass like, I hate you donkeys  
My oatmeal lumpy like Johnson's Bumpy, Harlem  
humpty  
Hungry wolves, pain's hummer, harbor hungry  
Dumpty, blazing trees, now leave an O.E. present  
Know why the hood feel me, like police presence

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