

Da Lench Mob

"Ain't Got No Class"

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(feat. B-Real)

"We'll shut this motherfucker DOWN!" [x2]

[B-Real]

Yo, this is B-Real from Cypress Hill
kickin it with the motherfuckin Lench Mob
Showin yo' ass, that you ain't got no class

[J-Dee]

Everytime I see you (whassup) you always on a mission
You're up too early in the mornin to go fishin
Wishin you can catch you somebody slippin
so you can sell his shit, and go get you a hit
when you need to be at home with your god damn
children
That's why your landlord wants you out the buildin
cause you haven't paid your rent in six months
You got rats and roaches and your kids've got the
mumps
cause you like to spend your checks on bumps
I saw your little boys eatin oatmeal lumps
My oh my, I wish you was my father
cause I'd take your ass out and wouldn't even bother
tellin them I did it - yeah fool I did it
Pops kept smokin so I had to end that bullshit
This ain't a story bout a kid from a broken home
It's all about a son, who father that was gone
So if you're out there and you're lookin for a blast

I'ma blast cause you ain't got no class

[Chorus: B-Real]

Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stuck-y-Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stuck-y-Mack)

[J-Dee]

In my neighborhood, there's a girl named Sonya

For a hit and some (??) you're guaranteed to bone her
The funky-ass aroma, comin from her crouch
I see why +Mama Said Knock You Out+
Now this is a shame, to seen a girl look this way
I been everywhere, ain't it only in, L.A.
Not only do I see 'em, I always try to greet 'em
I say do you have some kids? (Hell yeah!) Feed 'em
Cause I remember one thing that Mom Duke told me
"Never let a motherfuckin kid be, hongry"
Went into my pockets, and got a twenty dollar bill
I said, "Go buy your motherfuckin kids a Happy Meal"
and followed her to Mickey D's and made sure she
bought the shit
And if she wouldn'ta man I swear to God I woulda hurt
the bitch
Threw her ass in the ditch where the crackhead at
cause the bitch, ain't got no class

[Chorus: B-Real]

Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stuck-y-Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
No the bitch ain't got no class (Stucky-fuckin-Mack)

[J-Dee talking over chorus]
It's a damn shame
Smoked up her kid's money
Boy can't even eat

[J-Dee]
You come home fucked up, with the basshead calls
Kids got no lunch money cause you smoked it all up
You get your first period, stomach just growlin
Look outside, the teacher think that it's thunderin
but it's not thunder it's your little boy's tummy
Now don't it make you feel like a motherfuckin dummy?
He can't feed hisself, and his moms can't either
Basehead parents; man we don't really need 'em
Especially if they smokin and the home is broken
at nutrition time, my niggaz be like jokin
Sayin that I'm bummy, I'm thinkin bout my tummy
I'm hungry as FUCK and moms smoked up our bucks
Now I gotta do her with a slug (Stucky Mack)
Now I gotta do her like a thug (buck buck buck!)
Now I gotta go, shoot up the drug spots
Mr. Police, could you please take my mug shot
Three hots in the cot for my ass
cause my moms, ain't got no class

[Chorus: B-Real]

Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stuck-y-Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
No moms ain't got no class
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky-fuckin-Mack)
Ain't got no class.. (Stucky Mack)
No moms ain't got no class

[B-Real]
Ain't that right J-Dee?
She need to get on with her sorry ass
Beitch!

"We'll shut this motherfucker DOWN!" [x4]

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