

# Preschool Tea Party Massacre

## "Almost As Cool As Stealing Prosthetic Legs"

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Talkin' about them Rollers, Talkin' about them strollers.  
My nuts are so big that I carry 'em in a stroller.  
Bitches like "What? Who's that over there?"  
Make that bitch act stupid,  
Make her shave her hair.  
Now she's got a baldy,  
Walkin' up beside me.  
Creepin' up on the left.  
I said "what you... ?"  
You ain't that major D,  
Major bitch, on a leash.  
That's how I handle mine.  
Comin'? We goan shine.  
What you talkin' 'bout, bitch?  
Talkin' 'bout them birds, bitch.  
Talkin' 'bout them birds, bitch.  
What you talkin' 'bout?  
Tryin' talk about some birds,  
She's thinkin' she's givin' me some herbs  
Suckin' on my dick,  
Try and make me feel like I'm goan be sick/  
I vomit when I see that hair.

Greasy faces every where.  
Let me see that hair.  
Bitch, I don't care, it's the Jesus gosple hour.  
Get your ass in the shower  
Get you clean, get you mean, get you on my team.  
Come on, girl, you don't have to show me that face.  
Black, white or asian, whatever the race.  
You can chill with me, you can be family.  
We can walk up the street m-m-merrily!  
Look at us, hand in hand.  
As soon as you turn away, fuck your sister, anyways,  
Next to the further, further on next.  
Get your ass to beaver, shave it quick then I get rest.  
Get you to sleep, put you in a car.  
Take your ass for a ride, don't worry, not too far.  
We can go down the street to see murder.  
Murder mo murder mo murder mo murder me.

Step up on some bird rap

Gonorrhea bird clap.  
Some birds are tight sick, while others got the clean  
snatch.  
Fat birds, good catch.  
They cook and clean my shit.  
If I abuse the clit, and not follow rules.  
She said "finish on my face"  
So, of course, the bitch I laced.  
With that other taste.  
Now I'm responsible.  
Take her home, drop her off, and get on with mine.  
'Cause I handle mine.  
Kickin' then tight rhymes.  
Dirty dirt to Jersey to Barry, whatchu work?  
Watch your face, watch your blood fall to the street.  
Everything I don't need is the thing I will eat.  
Bin Laden with the Al Queda in Pakistan(pakistan) goes  
to the streets and drinks crack as he eats.  
Those Niggas like MOB Deep, back in the day.  
PTPM, you know we all about hate.  
We can be together like family, like in Amytville.  
Get that bitch ass to slip her some little green pills.  
Besides the proof, why you gotta stand still in the  
house?  
To Bone Concubine, we the sickest Niggas out!  
That's right, all you posers can fuck yourself, bitch.  
Like I said before, "Blast you, straighten yo mouth".  
It's not a threat, it's a promise, you shall be never in  
doubt.  
Cutting right through, the back of your throat.  
I'm tripping space and ya'll niggas know just all about.  
You got the rag wrap on your face, chest like a Down  
South blue John piece. I will bury you far from where the  
cops will find you.  
Now your career is over, and no one will sign you.  
Ha, you trying to rhyme, you better rethink that idea.  
That's crazier than the Concubine drinking a beer.  
I'll stab you in the neck with an icepick, then  
empregnate your wifeyboo chick.  
PTPM, we own that other shit.  
PTPM, we own that other shit.  
Lemme see those titties, bitch, we own that other shit.  
Ice cream... bitch.

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