

# Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich "Rat Bastard"

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F/ Psycho Les

(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard  
Come on up face to face  
And I'll meet you at the bar  
Hey!  
I'll cut your belly up  
You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)  
(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)  
(You dirty, rotten, rat bastard)

(It rubs the lotion on it's skin and does whatever it's  
told)  
(Rubs the lotion on the skin  
[ ] gets the hoes again)  
(What you fuckin want)  
(Muthafucka duck)

[ VERSE 1 ]

[I hear] you puff and swig on a bottle  
Rode on your hoe, now she's a role model  
I hit ya up, mix ya up in my decks of cards  
[ ] the deck [ ] times is hard  
Diggedy you remember the night that I met cha?  
I dismembered your limbs and fed cha  
Apple sauce, pork chops, and beans  
No cigarettes, know what I mean?  
Wind it up, wind it up on the binge  
You're readin my lips on a lunatic fringe  
Hinges swing, so I swing my cleaver  
Straight for the crotch, I leave ya to the beaver  
Latoya, I'm leaving ya on the next plane  
Sorry I left the ice pick in your brain  
Work and no play [ ]  
New jacks steal, and it's a nine to the skull  
Red-red-redbone, redbone, you run  
Rich, bring em back ([ ]) get some  
Of this, blow, make a wish  
If you're dead and you know it, the body bag drips

(Now you don't know what pain is)

[ VERSE 2: Psycho Les ]

The wiggedy-wicked Psycho runnin through the woods  
Stickin up picnics, and robbin all goods  
Prrr - stick em, hah, nobody move  
I got a ten inch blade, check it out, it cut smooth  
Smooth - yo, I don't get upset  
I dig a hole in your stomach, pull it out, then I jet  
Back and goin way back like a blessin  
Psycho Les on the loose passin  
Through your turf, knockin ducks off the earth  
They got nerve, fuckin shit is what they're worth  
Yo, I'm fuckin [ ] from each burrough  
Since I'm not Annie, don't expect me to love you  
tomorrow  
I shot my bow and arrow through hearts and butt  
Caught your girl, I knocked her Doc Martins off  
(laah) that's all you heard  
Donkey style's the style she preferred  
After I nut, she called her friends ([ ])  
Came to my hut and tried to gas me for months  
Three buffalo gals I kicked round the outside  
My mama said [ ] three buffalo heads I flied

[ VERSE 3 ]

I bring the bats in my belt, [ ] you on your knees  
Some want my g's, please, baby, please  
Prostitute yourself for the liznoot  
Give up the bizznoot, then let em shoot  
If i was a rich man, then I'd dick you  
If i was a derelict, then I'd stick you  
Mister Softie, you don't even know me  
Is that shit in your pants? (Oh man, oh man)  
Fear in heart, shit on yourself  
Your shit is wack, your shit stays on the shelf  
I make ya an offer you can't but refuse it  
Shoes in cement, I do ya, you lose it  
The Rat Bastard, that's what they call me  
The Rat Bastard don't give a fuck, blow me  
Up like a platinum act that know how to act  
No gas face, just hear the heads crack  
You say, "Don't - don't hurt me again"  
You shoulda brought an automatic weapon, my man  
Pop goes the weasel, I stuff you in a trunk of a Cutlass  
Supreme  
To the river, and the end of the scheme

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