

Rick Guard

"Conceited Bastard"

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Verse 1:

I created verb-noun ??? (The most beautifullest shit)
I make up like foundation, now who you facing?
The waterproof emcee,
Ras blessed the mic faster than Ramadan in mach 3
Get off my dick, nigga
And tell your bitch to come here
And stick your dick in your eardrum and fuck what you
heard (Yeah)
Fa sheezy, articulate drama
Multiple lacerations between consecutive commas
I like my ill nana wet, my martini dry
Whippin' a BMW 540-I (drunk driving Miss Daisy)
Devil in a blue dress packing heat
While I'm doing doughnuts in the middle of the street
My middle east metaphors motivate religious wars
Jah-hah (plus some other middle east dialect)
Get it popping like Felicia and Amhad Rashad
Keep my game face on like a goalie
So stick yourself, Pretty Tony

Chorus:

You, you are, you conceited bastard (8x)

Verse 2:

(We still got some non-believers) So I'ma drop the
bomb
Like the one-armed wide reciever
See we be off the hook like (busy signal from phone)
Criminally insana, my brain do the Macarena
Attack the varicose vanity who spin cancer
Rhetorical question, a hypothetical answer
Wouldn't swallow my tongue at a seizure
Speak my mind at my leisure
Living singe with more hoes than Khadijah
And when I'm bent, it's the circus without a tent
Clowning all baby-face ass niggas who love hoes and
pay rent
Give a chicken six cents for Gucci boots (Hell no!)

I rather mop the floor at a peep show
What part of "I'm the shit?" don't you understand?
(Gooby bitch)
Your favorite rapper is a Ras Kass fan
So, how many dykes do I flip on the daily?
Many money, just give me plenty Henny Remmy

Chorus: 8x again

Verse 3:

(Well, that's true) Damn, skippy
I put that on everything I love
Like when Lucy was fucking Ricky
Got more stripes than Adidas
I'm cavy like fish fetus
See money snit and bullshit out-run cheetahs
Too much perputrating, not enough lyricism
Indo got you believing what your pen do
Faking pugilism, the evil you claim you and your man
do
With a gloc, when you least likely to red dot a 7-up can
My man, understand, I got connections
So much doe in my pocket, I give my girl a yeast
infection
I'm big-headed like babies with down syndrome
Is you a playa from the Himalyas with Jerome-rome
This one girl tried to Billy Jean me
But I was wearing two rubbers
So name that nigga, Whodini (laughing)
Controversal reversal, this is my planet
You just a Reebok commercial

Chorus

What, nigga, check, check, yeah
Uh, huh, yeah, yeah
This goes out to all the critics
You can suck the didick
Check this out for all the bitches to the radio
Don't hate me though, you don't know me

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