

Rucka Rucka Ali

"Hippies Always Smell Like Balls"

Visit "[Hippies Always Smell Like Balls](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All hippies
Are dirty and ugly
They're all covered in fleas
We should hang 'em from trees
Round 'em up with me
Shoot 'em once in the knee
Drag 'em down the damn street
I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

First of all hippies always smell like balls
And they're all a bunch of free huggin' dumb fuckin'
buttfuckers
Run hippies run, I got 21 guns with me
Come around town, and you're done if you fuck with
me
Yeah, drum circle, ching chang chong
Get some goddamn balls in you're goddamn song
Get a goddamn jerb, you're a goddamn bum
I get drunk on rum, and kill hippies for fun

Now I'm a nice guy
But hippies are gay
They're always gettin' high
And spreading the AIDS
I'd love to find
Some hippies in my yard
Playing their guitar
They're gettin' sprayed

So listen up, hippies
Getting shot dead is the new green (yeah)
My name is Toby Queef
I was sent here by Rucka Rucka Ali

Yawl Hippies
Please stay away from me
You'll be dead if I see you
Hangin' round Tennessee
Better run, hippie
Eat your LSD
Tell your friends about me

Yeah I'm coming with a gun, I hate 'em!

All hippies
Are dirty and ugly
They're all covered in fleas
We should hang 'em from trees
Round 'em up with me
Shoot 'em once in the knee
Drag 'em down the damn street
I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

I have a farm
With plenty of grain
But hippies could starve
That's fine with me
God help you all
When I'm president
Y'all hippies will be slaves
And probably dead

Suck on my balls, hippies
Get your ass fucked in the booty (yeah)
Lick on my nuts, if you please
Go read a book for vegan revolutionaries

All hippies
Are some vegan pussies
Eatin' dog feces
You should eat a little meat
Always pretending
To like Bob Marley
He sucks a big D
You should grow a couple nuts, I hate 'em!

All hippies
Are dirty and ugly
They're all covered in fleas
We should hang 'em from trees
Round 'em up with me
Shoot 'em once in the knee
Drag 'em down the damn street
I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

Where were you september 12th?
I was shootin' me some hippies real good in the chest
If you don't like this darn country
You sure as hell ain't Toby Queef

I'm a little bit of country
With a little bit of fist in your mug, homie
I'm a female bangin', racecar wagin'

Jesus, save me
I got no teeth
I'm a decent man
I just don't like asshole hippies dancin'
With no pants on
Reminds me of the first time i heard rap music
I was like: "Did he say nigga? I like this guy?"

Yawl Hippies
Please stay away from me
You'll be dead if I see you
Hangin' round Tennessee
Better run, hippie
Eat your LSD
Tell your friends about me
Yeah I'm coming with a gun, I hate 'em!

All hippies
Are dirty and ugly
They're all covered in fleas
We should hang 'em from trees
Round 'em up with me
Shoot 'em once in the knee
Drag 'em down the damn street
I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

(Thanks to Susan for these lyrics)

Visit [Rucka Rucka Ali](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.