

## The Album Leaf

### "Can't Tell Me Shit"

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Verse One: E-Swift

I stop by the club, cuz it ain't shit else to do it  
I'm on the guestlist, it's E-Swift plus two  
Stepped to the bar, cuz, it's a bad habit  
Open mic night, so, the Liks gots to grab it  
Check the mic, it sounds tight so  
I guess we might rock the motherfucker all night yo  
The niggaz went wild, the hoes went crazy  
We dropped the microphone than we Swayze

Verse Two: J-Ro

Oooh don't I sound great when I down a black eighth  
My style is much hotter than the enchilada plate  
My name is James but the girls call me God when I'm  
humpin  
I should get a gold medal for broad jumpin  
Rappers, talkin bout, back to the old school  
You never shoulda left in the first place fool  
Now everybody wants to be a prophet  
But I won't quit rhymin bout my dick so get off it  
You put a rhyme together but I only dismantle it  
So gimme a high-five cause you juts can't handle it  
If rap was a swimming pool I'd climb to the top  
Plus a triple-back, hand me the mic and watch the belly  
flop  
Dagnabit, I got a bad habit  
It don't matter where I'm at I seen a booty and I grab it  
So niggaz step back before you get lit  
I'm a grown motherfuckin man and you can't tell me  
shit

Chorus: repeat 2X

You can't tell me shit, you can't tell me a hot damn  
thing  
You can't tell me shit, you can't tell me shit

Verse Three: J-Ro

I rock you like Lenny Kravitz, or Nirvana  
I'm puttin suckers on pause like a comma  
I never ape crazy act but I got the yapes a superhero  
from the ghetto puttin creases in my capes  
(Up up up and away, J-Ro!!)  
I got more hoes than a canyon got echoes  
I'm rougher than Bluto, tougher than a callous  
My number one football team is Dallas  
Cowboys, now boys, can't you see I'm greater than  
Your grandpops is my number one fan  
You get ran on the court you dribble like Manute Bol  
You try to take it to the hole \*crowd roars\* get that shit  
outta here  
I'm more gifted than Christmas morning  
I pull out a pen and write a rhyme when I'm boning  
Me I'm tripping, let me light my Phillie blunt  
Oh there goes my beeper, what the hell do Billy want  
[Yo whassup J?] Man I quit selling weed  
[No I need a funky break] Well I got what you need

Chorus

Verse Four: J-Ro

You hittin corners with the Alkies seen you pull-out cuz  
you great  
The crew who got another tape that's bumpin harder,  
save it!  
Rhythm and blues blew a fuse, and now it ain't the  
same  
They put a lot of Funky Drummers out the game  
They samplin the fresh hip-hop breaks, just to make a  
hit  
That's why to me, R&B, really ain't shit  
So peace to all the real hip-hop niggyroles  
The ones who knows about flows and rockin shows  
I wanna say whassup to the ladies  
I gotsta say whassup to the ladies  
From the Atlantic, to the Pacific  
I gotsta be specific, they know I'm terrific  
I'm pushin up to the bars, got em screamin Alkahols  
Ohh gosh call me Josh cause I'm bringin down the walls  
MC extrordinaire, J-Ro came to set it straight  
I never hesitate to grab the mic and meditate  
In LA, most niggaz walk the same  
Act the same, talk the same, drive the same  
Dress the same, shoot the same, fuck the same  
But this is Ro and I got my own game  
I drive through lyrics like I'm riding on the freeway  
And I don't give rappers, no kind of leeway  
Chumps be hittin ejects cause I break necks when I flex

I be housin mo niggaz than the projects

Chorus

Outro: J-Ro

Yeah, this goes out to King Tee  
DJ Pooh, yo the whole crew  
Yo D-Pimp for makin the track  
That nigga Tash  
Deadly Threat  
This is J-Ro and E-Swift  
Tha Alkaholiks, and it's like that

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