

Allfrumthai

"Parental Discretion Iz Advised"

Visit "[Parental Discretion Iz Advised](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Boo Kapone] Aiy yo, aiy yo Banks Aiy yo, what's crackin? Aiy what y'all niggaz gonna do for this whoop? Aiy, y'all want Boo Kapone to do the intro? [Verse 1: Boo Kapone] Parental discretion is advised for the moment While I'm gettin' candid, now understand it This ain't too typical in anyway, though The pro is on the Mic, it's B-Double-O I know the Banks makes you want to take a valium So buy a bucket cause upcomin' is my album And for the record, meanin' this record, now check it Now, listen to the single and you'll be like, yo, I gotta get it But in the meantime, listen to the rhyme By the Comrads, Allfrumtha I, and Mack Dime Bido's on the drum roll, rockin' the beat Aiy yo Binky, where's you gonna take this shit man? [Verse 2: Binky Mack] Aiy yo, let's take it to the street Let them understand perfection Let knowledge be the tool for suckers to stop guessin' Cause I don't give a fuck about no Radio play Observed the gangster shit I display Lyrics for the adults, children have been barred Scarred from listenin' to suckers so motherfuckin' hard Dope, pumpin' that's all our shit will never falter It's Binky Mack, fuck the Mind of Minolta Psycho, like no, other motherfucker So step to me wrong, G-O for what you N-O But be warned, never will I leave like a regular Cause I'm a little better than the regular competitor I used to see them on stage Earnin' money like a thief, but without a guage Until I got full, of clockin the lame gettin' pull (Aiy Binky, they said you ain't gon' get paid) Nah, that's bullshit! They like it stylistic And I enchant the crowd like I'm a mystic (C-C-C-C) C-C-C-cameras are flashin, when I'm in action A photo, or fresh with a flair for fashion Pure simplicity, see, it's elementary You hear one of the hardest motherfuckers this century Tryin' to comply a word to the wise and the guys Parental discretion is advised [Verse 3: Squeak Ru] Squeak is must be straight high performance My dick is an enormous for you bitches that's horrorin' Shit I don't take it, not even in a toliet My niggaz don't fake shit, cause we're ballin' Turn up the pilot as it burns And maybe, you motherfuckers will learn I'm not a Dub, yeah, I speak sensible I smoke bud, the number one

principal I'm engineerin; the shit that you're hearin'
Cause when it comes to power, I'm power steerin' Silly
you say, I say you're silly when you say it Rush my tape
to the deck, and shake your ass when you play it Like
Apollo, but I'm not an amateur And I'm not givin' a fuck,
when I damage you For the record, here Squeak, he's
gonna spin it And if there was a trophy involved, I'll win
it Possession is mine cause I'm the holder And a nigga
like Squeak don't give a fuck when I fold ya So you best
to step off and be wise Fuck it, ha ha, parental
discretion is advised [Verse 4: The Comards] I be well
as known as a bandit You gotta break bread cause you
know the nigga's scandalous And if you fail to see,
read it in braile It'll still be dumpin' chickens Now,
what's next is the flex of the genius My rapid-stutter-
steppin' if you seen this Dope, you know, I got your
whore on my pennies Bitch made, niggaz fought the
high-top faze It's not my trademark, when I get loose in
the dark I guess, you wasn't stress for the crack pipe
But it's just another motherfucker on the pile That's
drivin' your ass with the flow of the tongue You hung
yourself short The after-knowledge was brought to you
attention By the hardest motherfuckin' artist that is
known for lynchin' Any buster in a minute, stagger
them all When I start dumpin' better check your
drawers Gang Spine is a no doubt whip in a battle Move
like a snake when I'm mad; and then my tail rattle I get
low, take your whore and let your kids go When I bust,
parental discretion is a must [Verse 5: K-Mac] Little did
they know, that I would be arrivin' I know these busters
been wonderin' where the fuck I been But it's the K here
to make more money It's funny, how we're gettin' paid
when our record be played You're fuckin' regular, yo,
as I get bitches the Bitches wanna lay me and start
suckin' up on the dick So I get them hot, thinkin' that
I'ma fuck them As they sit, bumpin' their legs like a
cricket To you it may be funny But the bitch can't get no
dick, without money So slip your C-note And she can
suck on this wing-ding-ding-a-ling down her throat
Foreplay; to me ain't shit Whenever she spread them,
then you can get the dick Of Mr. K-Mac, if she can deal
with the size But if she can't, parental discretion's
advised (*echoes*) (*bass guitar and piano solo for a
minute*) [Outro: Unknown voice at the end after band
breaks down] Shut the fuck up!!

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