

Thompson Square

"Shitty G"

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I'm a rapper, I'm a rebel.
Two middle fingers in the air.
I'm a wanna be, yeah a SHITTY G!
But I don't really care.

Ain't nobody quite like me.
'Cuz my name is SHITTY G.
Ain't nobody quite like me.
Shitty - Shitty - G - G.

Let me tell you about my main man SHITTY G.
He never lived in the city.
He's from the middle of Tennessee.
He's got a wife she's morbidly obese.
While Shitty sits at Danny's sipping 40's of OI'E.
No toilet in his trailer, he'll piss on the street.
SHITTY G would bite your style,
But he's missing some teeth.
Rockin' white beaters with pit stains.
SHITTY's so humble,
"yo, I'm the shit, man"

King of the trailer park, thinks he's hard as nails.
Front yard lookin' like a junk yard sale.
Rolling round on a riding mower, mouth full of chew.
Sipping on Jack Daniels mixed with Mountain Dew.
Always running from the cops getting charged with
Theft.
They want him behind bars but he's hard to catch.
Always hustling something, his hands are never clean.
Plus, he's got the worst tattoos... that you've ever
Seen.

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Catch his drinking cans of Busch Light, smoking new
Ports, bumping Toby Keith and Too Short
He grows his own reefer, steals cables from his
Neighbors.
You can always smell the vapors from the meth lab in
His trailer.
He thinks he's bad just like his credit.

He's got a sugar Mama, but SHITTY is diabetic.
He's got a poster of Federline, his hero.
He'll drink a box of wine and say, "What up my negro!"

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Alright man here I go.
Ya'll ain't never heard rhymes like these.
I'm about to spit more fire than illegal Chinese
Fireworks.
Alright here we go.
Why you missing with me?
I'm freaking awesome.
I got so many hoes but I can't exactly call them.
'Cuz I didn't pay my phone bill.
Instead I bought some reefer.
When my album drops you homos will be believers.
And I will build a studio when I get my settlement from
An ol'car wreck, and I'm going to buy a Confederate
Flag for my bedroom.
That shit is stupid cool.
And ya'll laugh when I graduated from computer
school.
I'm freaking embarrassing when I tell my Mexican
Friends they need to speak American.
I got speakers for my beats.
They're in my car propped up against my baby seat.
And I'm gonna make it crack this year.
Drinking 30 packs working on my rap career.
You laugh, but this ain't no joke.
I'm out here repping on the streets for all the country
Folks.

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