

Chappo

"They Shit Don't Stink"

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[Ice Cube:]

You got to know what time it is on my homegirl Yo-Yo
Trick-ass muthafucka
Yo, it's on deck
Nine-Trey
And that's how we doin this shit
Yo, Yo-Yo, won't you kick that shit...

[VERSE 1]

Flashlight, red light
We don't like stop lights
All I wanna do is gizzo with the flizzo
Wam-bam, I slam
Fat-ass beats with the fat-ass lingo
I catch wreck with the fat-ass single
Gettin them devils in headlocks
Cause nigga, I'm blacker than your dreadlocks
And if you didn't know, I got the chronic, too
I smoke the shit down to the residue
I fell off, but now I'm back
Cause that 'Black Pearl' shit was wack
(Let em know)
Do you wanna go? (Do What?)
With Yo-Yo? (Do wha-diddy?)
Do my thing, baby, but not in the bedroom
Cause all you wanna do is zoom-a-zoom-zoom-zoom
Punks spread out, I put the head out
And the Lench Mob crew'll damn sure put the red out
This is dedicated to the one that won't drink
Cause they think they shit don't stink

(Shit, goddamn)
(Yo-Yo is in the house, fool)
I slam
(Yo-Yo is on deck, punk)
I slam

[VERSE 2]

I see your ass sittin in the nailshop
When I walked in all hell dropped
Loose, cause I'm in a deuce with the hard top

Car drop, sittin on Danas
No, I didn't try to hide it
Yup, bitch, my man let me drive it
But you're too cute to shoot the shit
With the girl makin hits
(Really doe) Turnin up your nose
But I heard you can suck a golf ball through a water
hose
But don't ask me, I tried to be nice
Trick, I even spoke twice

But you did say nothin
Miss Angel, girl, I know you're frontin
'Why must you be like that?'
With your flat ass along with your flat chest
Got your back tied to a mattress
Undercover hoe, but you're a good actress
Yeah, I'm talkin to the girl in pink
That one that thinks her shit don't stink

[B-Real] (I got sometin for the hoes that be schemin)

[VERSE 3]

Mister, Mister Sophisticated
You don't get along with every girl you faded
Met your ass dancin at a club
You tried to rodeo-do with your rubber-dub-dub
You don't like rap, but you like jazz
Go on, girl, with your punk-ass
Mister Macka-Frama-Lama
Wouldn't bust a grape with a sledgehammer
And you look about as sweet as a lemon drop
Try to act hard, just like a woman cop
I don't think your drawers fit
And like Michael J. you wanna keep it in the closet
But who cares that you wear Lee Nails
And act just like the females
Saw you at the skating rink
Stuck up as hell, like your shit don't stink

[Ice Cube:]

Trick-ass nigga, didn't you know
(I slam)
(Shit, goddamn)
You're a bitch
(I slam)
Yo, and that's how it's goin on
Youknowmsayin
Cause it's on like Donkey Kong
To the break of muthafuckin dawn
When Yo-Yo's in the house

For you trick-ass niggas out there
And you trick-ass bitches out there
That's how we doin it
Yo, this ain't that 'Black Pearl' shit
This's some new shit
You better ask somebody to act like you know,
muthafucka
That's how we doin it in the nine-trey

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