

## **Alkaholiks**

### **"Bullshit"**

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Intro: J-Ro

(Who!!! Hah hah!) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah we kickin it  
Uhh uhh uhh we kickin it  
Yeah yeah we kickin it  
(Who!!!) Yeah yeah we kickin it  
Yeah, Cali in the house  
Huh, uhh, Fred in the house  
Check it out, BULLSHIT!  
In your ass bitch  
that's what it iz, now you want this remix  
that ain't the dirty fuckin shit man

Verse One: J-Ro

I'm J-Ro the man, I'm gettin down  
I gets mo daps than H. Rap Brown  
I drive the hoes wild cause they love the way I talk  
You can't drive me crazy cause I'm close enough to  
walk  
I bust threes like Terry Tegall, get higher than a eagle  
You're just a dirty pigeon, BSn bout religion  
I don't give a damn if you don't eat ham  
You grab the microphone and reguse to slam  
I make a nigga scared to grab the mic behind me  
I kick shit so deep King Neptune couldn't fine me  
Yo, can I get a go J-Ro?  
(Go J-Ro!) To let me know if I can flow  
I probably be doper if I smoked crack like you  
But Swift and Tash'll beat my ass until I'm black and  
blue  
Cause I ain't with, no way out shit  
I'm tired of this one-hittin played out shit

Some niggaz rock like the Liks... BULLSHIT!  
Uhh, I hate big tits... BULLSHIT!  
We'll never make another hit... BULLSHIT!  
I don't drink cause I quit... BULLSHIT!

Come on

(Who!!!) Yeah yeah yeah yeah

We kickin it (hold up) we kickin it  
We kickin it

Baby youse my one and only... BULLSHIT!  
Baby that's a true fact... BULLSHIT!  
Uhh, I never leave ya lonely... BULLSHIT!  
Yo, I'll call you right back... BULLSHIT!

Verse Two: J-Ro, King Tee

Baby don't take the blame youse a real cool dame  
But now that I made you call my name you just don't  
look the same  
From the middle of the bed I bang your head like a rock  
n roller  
On the way out, I smacked a nigga with my pistol-a  
When I met you I sure wishin aye tower  
You hopped on my dank like there was no tomorrow  
All I wanted was some sexin, now you want affection  
Damn I hate to see your ass comin in my direction  
Wait here, I'll be right back, I'm goin to get a spliff  
You know I'm goin through your ass like Emmitt Smith

Well oh snap! Here goes a fashion  
That's incredible, with the style  
That I learned back as a younglin, where's the beef  
Don't sleep, I used to run around with the creeps  
Ain't no tellin, Jack told Helen  
About a lot of people so I'm runnin for the border  
And get me a taco, gin and sako  
Mom and pop yo, I'm rockin this shit!  
It's not a plan I wrote the book called style  
Taught the child how to stand when he piss  
Be a man, go fuck Jan  
The white man's tan, bring back MC Shan

And I rhymed every word... BULLSHIT!  
Wackest style you ever heard... BULLSHIT!

Outro:

For the beats sake, rock on rock on  
For the beats sake, rock on rock on  
And you go Whoooo! Grand groove, grand groove  
(Alkaholiks y'all, alkaholiks y'all) Uhh, take it back now  
Cause it's fat now, that's how I bring it back now  
Whoooo! Grand groove grand groove  
This one dedicated, to all the motherfuckers out there  
Bullshittin  
This wonderful bullshit how would you make a record  
BULLSHIT!

I don't smoke no BULLSHIT!  
I don't drink no BULLSHIT!  
I don't fuck no BULLSHIT!  
This one goes out to the P-Town  
And all over, yeah baby, yeah baby, Compton baby  
Everybody in the house  
And we out... Alkaholiks...

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