

Scrilla Vic

"Who's The Shit?"

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Hey, I'm about to tell you... who's the shit runnin' this
So just kick back, grab your newspaper and relax while
I rip this up

Sheet, Main. Thought you knew, fool
That I'm the shit up in here, no shit!
Notice! Yep, y'all know who the shit
I got my shit together and y'all fools ain't shit
And won't amount to shit
Still you're think you're the shit
Stop talkin' shit or shit is gonna get thick
All you do is pop shit on the block.
I eat, sleep & shit this hip hop so get off my jock.

Check it. I got some hot shit for y'all
I'm all about this shit here so balls to the wall
Bang this shit Â– it's the crazy shit sound
This is how I get down cuz
I got the shit that you want, the shit that you need
And the V don't play. I've got some shit to say
I bring this shit on from dusk 'til dawn
And leave your favorite rapper tryin' Depends on

Don't even try me. My shit's sewn tightly.
And you'll be up shit creek and I don't give a shit
Laughin' at your shit while I'm takin' a shit.
Cuz I'm so fly that my shit don't stink.
Let me think? Know what? You're shit outta luck
Cuz you got shit for brains. It's time to explain.
I run this shit. I be the shit
So zip up your lip cuz you can't say shit

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Wack rappers ain't got shit on me
Rhymin' like they got the shits on the mic - That shit's
nasty
Get your ass in gear and clean that shit up
You're shit's bullshit and you can't back shit up
I defecate all over your style & smile
I could run this shit for miles & miles
This shit right here ain't as easy as peein'
I can't believe the shit that I'm seein' from another
human bein'

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Man, I ain't got time for your shit
It's obvious you ain't got a knack for this shit
That booty talk you're yappin', that's a load of shit
And let me tell 'ya, you ain't fakin' the funk
Cuz I drop bombs on the regular
And I'll smack you where the sun don't shine
Cuz even the sun shines sometimes on a donkey's ass,
man
And my shit will blow your colon & your mind!

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