

Goats

"Cumin in ya ear"

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Chorus:

Comin' in ya ear with a mic and a drum (x3)

Comin' in ya ear with a mic

[Swayzack]

Ya better believe that I'll be dreamin' of a black
Christmas

And at the top of my list is a fatspliff

And ya know it's a hoota of the Buddah blessed

True to the blue cause I got sigma on my chest

And we rest because our cause speeds on its way

It's on our way, we're on our way, the S I G M A

So what do you say? What do you know? Where you like
to go?

To the step show with a pro or with a falsetto

And what I mean is a speaker who can't see the light

He cooks his rhymes in a breaker puts 'em in a pipe

I'm not the type, I'm not the type, I say it one more time

I'm not the type to be sublime in any rhyme of mine

[Madd]

I heard you wasn't down with these Philly
mutherfuckers

Instead of Welches Grape you used some shit called
Smuckers

Well knucker, I'm here ta let you know just what I think o'
that

To quote my man Chico "Smooth move Ex-Lax"

Ya slippin' tryin' ta keep pace with the driver

But you can't even catch my saliva

From drippin', I'm spittin', all over you like Pippin

Scottie beam me up cause all these lunatics are flippin'

Like a tumbler, I'm the rumbler, not Stevie but wonder

Not a stumbler or a blumbler over words that you can't
understand

My man, 50 grand, shakin' hands

If I had a bird brain last name... I'd be Dan

[OaTie]

While I get mine ya bitin' rhymes like a canine

Day nine in line welfare line time

A pro lifer is the piper that I'd like ta uh

Roll a rolla roll on {line style ala O. Konfusion}

If it is the early morning dawn, I'll sing that song like
Orlando

Tony, a white man, not a leader just a man too

Saying what ya can't do cause ya typed it in stereo

Like seeing a doughnut and calling it a Cheerio

Heroes and heroes and heroines

I'm here ta rectify all the comins and goins

This moment in time is defined by ambiguity

Plausible denial, no trials is the beauty

Chorus

[Swayzack]

Draw the line because ya know the Jack-in-the-box will
cross it

And just intime cause for your mind I think they said ya
lost it

I said ya lost it, one more time, ya lost it!

Ya paid the cost for tryin' to be somethin' that you're
not

A big shot but what ya got is a small spot

And you can get a lickety lick lick shot

Cause Jack-in-the-box is not drivin' Mrs. Daisy

I get what I got but not from old white ladies (damn!)

So save that shady shit for somebody's Uncle Tom

I ain't related, ya hate it when I drop a bomb

[Madd]

Coo Coo ca chew I'm the Goats who are you?

Grab the microphone and do that thing that you do

Ya call it rhymin', ha, that's so funny I forgot ta laugh

I made better sounds than that come out crack of my
ass

On my first day, on my worst day, and even in my
hearse day

You couldn't write a rhyme, if I gave you the first verse

Ta play with sorta sloppily but make sure you gives
props to me

I don't play games so damn I hates Monopoly

I'm the macho, hancha, nacho eatin'

Like Tanto, I'm yo, smooth as a motherfucker

[OaTie]

1 2 I'm gettin' ta be the who's who

Of the food for the thinkers I don't tinker with the
winkers

Like I, Hop, I drop props at all hours

Like Psycho, I might go stab Duke in the shower

Doobie Doo Doobie Doo Scoobie Doo Doobie Da Yaaa!

Rhyme sayer, not a mayor, I don't pretend to be a
player

Flava, I hope the dopes listen to Chief Seattle

He's not one for the battle or the paddle or the saddle

Like Lite Beer from Miller, it is and that's that

Like Rhyme beer from Killer, it's the shit and phat's
phat

Spelled with a "P" just like in tel-tel-telephone

Livin' in North Philly's a form of hell-hell-hell-hell a
home... not

Chorus

*Shoutouts

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