

Goats

"Ru down wit da goats"

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Madd]

I've got nap shit, I keep the fro way down my back

Clippity clippity claps when brothers talking pro-black

Fried chicken eatin' vicin', crack vial kickin'

Pay attention never missin' back alley pissin'

Apple pies, never, sweet potatoes, better

Keep \$2.50 and a hotie just in case a rainy weather

North side dweller, can't ya tell by the way I stroll

In case it gets cold keep the Gerry down on hold

Bold controlled BHP will never fold

Been fought and sought but ain't never been like sold

On outs, no hope, typical I be like Goat

Even had big hopes way back when chillin' broke

"Politicians and bigots and pigs, oh my!"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs, oh my!"

"Politicians and bigots and pigs"

[OaTie]

Well before ya start ta pass out from this verbal lash
out

Ya better get ya cash out so the pigs'll throw my ass out

There's no way for ya ta understand

Playin' Mr. 50 Grand, got ya bitties bootie tanned

Heads gettin' bigger, swiggin' money swiggers

Livin' in OZ with no dagos or no niggers

Pigs are pulling trigger and ya paying the fees

Columbus is ya hero but he's my fucking disease

Chorus: [All]

Oooh!!, Ru Down with the Goats

Oooh!!, And we're gonna cut throats, oooh!!

[Swayzack]

Swayzack's gonna react like Jack-in-the-box

My hair's in plats I likes em wrapped up in lox

I'm not no chip, I wasn't chopped off no block

But I smoke chunks of the skunk kinds of crop

And just like the hats I got in a pack inside my wallet

Waiting to get put on the rack in the back of that girl's closet

So turn on the faucet it will allow me to release a little better

Love and OaTie think I lost it but I betcha

I'll still get her and not with a letter, a Jetta, or a poinsettia

Gets it all on merit, not with a parrot like Baretta

Then she goes "Jack, but I like Feta cheese"

Said "ya can't make whiz outta that baby, please"

[OaTie]

I pledge allegiance to the flag but that's a wack ass drag

I'd rather Billy Bragg, eyeballing natty rags

And lag behind on those patriotic ditties

Peace! ta the coffee cream I dig multicolored bitties

Titties and booties, slitin' throats is my duty

Bushsaid "no taxes" but he meant "tutti frutti"

Brothers with the gats here's where ya gotta tat

Rat a tat tat Bush's head will splitter splat

Cause he's vicin' up the various, playing real
gregarious

Frontin' it's hilarious but hus it's precarious

If the CIA's got a blacklist well sign me right on up

If I ain't ya cup of tea then ya better clean ya up

Chorus

[Madd]

No slippity slippity slide, never been free ride

Welfare receiver, my my so was I

Use ta get a fade back when the price was heavy

Never had a Chevy, SEPTA was my leeve

Ta get from here ta there like a young buckscared

Learned by trial and error ta never ever brake my stare

The typical American male he's not me and

I'd rather squat on the stoops and the corners making
G's and

Money cause I got ta feed my honey

Funny, not a bit cause I got starving tummy

Sunny, never on my street side

Rides defied I slip side on the mind

[Swayzack]

"Jack-in-the-box ain't no flop or Child's Play"

"Cause Chuckie got dropped like the cid I did today"

Enough of that let me tell ya about this uh

Buddah blessed the spliffs that I twista

Let me tell ya 'bout the hype and the hoopla

Kid Shipe's gonna throw ya trough the loop a

Get it done with a mic and a drum

Pound it down and round it to sum one

Now ya tell me that's hard way ta come off a

Cause I'll put ya in a ditch like Jimmy Hoffa

So you five dollar sheep on the range

Better call Bo Peep before the Goats make change

Chorus

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