## Tha Alkaholiks "Can't Tell Me Shit"

Visit "Can't Tell Me Shit" on MotoLyrics.com

I stop by the club, 'cuz it ain't shit else to do it I'm on the guest list, it's E-Swift plus two Stepped to the bar, 'cuz, it's a bad habit Open mic night, so, the Liks gots to grab it

Check the mic, it sounds tight so
I guess we might rock the motherfucker all night yo
The niggaz went wild, the hoes went crazy
We dropped the microphone than we Swayze

Ooh don't I sound great when I down a black eighth My style is much hotter than the enchilada plate My name is James but the girls call me God when I'm humpin'
I should get a gold medal for broad jumpin'

Rappers, talkin' 'bout, back to the old school

You never should a left in the first place fool Now everybody wants to be a prophet But I won't quit rhymin' 'bout my dick so get off it

You put a rhyme together but I only dismantle it So gimme a high-five 'cause you juts can't handle it If rap was a swimming pool I'd climb to the top Plus a triple-back, hand me the mic and watch the belly flop

Dagnabit, I got a bad habit It don't matter where I'm at I seen a booty and I grab it So niggaz step back before you get lit I'm a grown motherfuckin' man and you can't tell me shit

You can't tell me shit You can't tell me a hot damn thing You can't tell me shit You can't tell me shit

You can't tell me shit You can't tell me a hot damn thing You can't tell me shit You can't tell me shit I rock you like Lenny Kravitz, or Nirvana I'm puttin' suckers on pause like a comma I never ape crazy act but I got the apes a superhero From the ghetto puttin' creases in my capes (Up up up and away, J-Ro)

I got more hoes than a canyon got echoes I'm rougher than Bluto, tougher than a callous My number one football team is Dallas Cowboys, now boys, can't you see I'm greater than?

Your grand pops is my number one fan You get ran on the court you dribble like Manute Bol You try to take it to the hole get that shit outta here I'm more gifted than Christmas morning

I pull out a pen and write a rhyme when I'm boning Me I'm tripping, let me light my Phillie blunt Oh there goes my beeper, what the hell do Billy want

(Yo whassup J?)
Man I quit selling weed
(No I need a funky break)
Well I got what you need

You can't tell me shit You can't tell me a hot damn thing You can't tell me shit You can't tell me shit

You hittin' corners with the Alkies seen you pull-out 'cuz you great

The crew who got another tape that's bumpin' harder, save it

Rhythm and blues blew a fuse, and now it ain't the same

They put a lot of Funky Drummers out the game

They samplin' the fresh hip-hop breaks, just to make a hit

That's why to me, R&B, really ain't shit So peace to all the real hip-hop niggy roles The ones who knows about flows and rockin' shows

I wanna say, whassup to the ladies? I gotsta say whassup to the ladies? From the Atlantic, to the Pacific I gotsta be specific, they know I'm terrific

I'm pushin' up to the bars, got 'em screamin' Alkahols

Oh gosh call me Josh 'cause I'm bringin' down the walls MC extraordinary, J-Ro came to set it straight I never hesitate to grab the mic and meditate

In LA, most niggaz walk the same Act the same, talk the same, drive the same Dress the same, shoot the same, fuck the same But this is Ro and I got my own game

I drive through lyrics like I'm riding on the freeway
And I don't give rappers, no kind of leeway
Chumps be hittin' ejects 'cause I break necks when I
flex
I be housin' mo niggaz than the projects

You can't tell me shit You can't tell me a hot damn thing You can't tell me shit You can't tell me shit

Yeah, this goes out to King Tee, DJ Pooh, yo the whole crew
Yo D-Pimp for makin' the track, that nigga Tash
Deadly Threat, this is J-Ro and E-Swift
Tha Alkaholiks, and it's like that

Visit Tha Alkaholiks page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.