

Lyrics by Curtis Catie

"\$85 Bucks an Hour"

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(Violent J)

Chillin' at the studio...

Chillin at the studio, 85 bucks an hour so hurry up and
loop a

beat Mike. Come on!

(Music starts)

Uh, Uh, Uh

I'm Violent J but my homies call me Shithead

But that's my homies, to you I'm Violent J bitch

I put my boys on a track even though they suck

(Dave)

Yo dawg, I'm Dave and I don't give a fuck

(Violent J)

I did a record deal, I signed a contract

Technically, for Island I can only rap

Well fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit

Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit

What the fuck was that? Fuck it, leave it in, that shit is
phat

You heard this beat eighty times I'ma still freak it

And if you notice, my shit don't even rhyme...

Look at that. I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat

My shit went gold, I got fat knots

And you're still flyer'in parking lots

You might say my vocals are up too loud

So I'ma turn 'em up louder to piss you off!

Psychopathic records are geniuses, get off our penises

Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook

Instead I'll just fuck with the phone book

(Music cuts. Phone rings, a guy picks up)

Hello?

(Slim Anus)

Yeah uh, Harry Sacks Please?

(Guy)

Who is this?

(Slim Anus)

Uh Harry, hey this is Slim Anus down at the cannery,
uh, Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about, uh,
you filling in his slot tonight down at the, uh, garage.
We got a casement of fudge. We need as many
packers as we
can get, uh uh Sacks.

(Guy)

...Hello?

(Music Starts)

Uh Uh

(Jamie Maddrox)

My name is Jamie Maddrox and I got fat balls
I'm always urinating in the motel halls
I got a big head that never fits a hat
So you ain't see me wearing a damn thing green bitch
I'm far from rich, I gotta hoopty
With a smash in the fender, and in the back too
I gotta a broken tail light and I'll smash you
Bitch, get outta my way. We got clown love
Fat props to the lyrical Tom Dove

(Monoxide Child)

It's the M-O-N-O, and I can't even spell the rest
It takes too long and I need a fuckin' cigarette
I can't hear, my right ear's mad wack
So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kickin'
I slap hoes and call them bitches to thier face
And scream "Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place"
So back up, recognize and check nuts
'Cause simply my dear, I don't give a fuck!

(Music cuts. Phone rings, a guy picks up)

?????????

(Mo' Styles)

Yo, this is Mo' Styles in this piece, what's up son?

(Guy)

Hello?

(Mo' Styles)

Yeah, what's up son? I'm lookin' fo this deal,
you know what I'm sayin'? I
got raps to bust fo y'all. Y'all ready fo Mo' Styles?
I'm 'bout to kick this flow, y'all ready fo this shit or
what?

(Guy)
Who's this?

(Mo' Styles)
Word up son. I'm Mo' Styles, I'm straight from the hood.
I got all my peoples on 1-800 Crenshaw. We comin'
hard.

(Music Starts)
Bring it, bring it, bring it

(Shaggy 2 Dope)
My names 2 Dope, and sometimes Shaggy
Sometimes Shags, and sometimes Greedy
I get mad stupid, I gets mad ill
Locked down in all five, fuck it, I do this still
Stretch my nuts back like a slingshot and plant 'em in
your mouth
Shake my hips like Elvis, wiggling my pelvis
Last kid that stepped,
I applied a Camel Clutch and stretched his back like
motherfuckin' bungee jump
WAAAAAAH!

(Music Cuts to Violent J)
I'm Violent J back to make you smile more
I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor
I kick free styles, for miles
My gold comes in piles, I worked on Bell Isle...
I picked up deer shit, and now I spit raps...
I snap your neck...
'Cause my freestyles are fresh...

(Door Opens, closes)

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