

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort "Bran"

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{*a parody of the Onyx song "Slam"*}

[chorus]

Bran! Duh-duh-duh, duh-duh-duh
For when you're stuck!
Bran! Duh-duh-duh, duh-duh-duh
Diarrhea!!

C'mon have another one, then another one, eat all of
'em
Choose one from the supermarket, there's a whole wall
of 'em
Cereals with bran and fiber in 'em make you crap a lot
It makes your butt feel all slimy
I'm-a show you how, c'mon all together now
Yeah, that's how it's gotta be
Cereals with bran and a lot of fiber in it
In your mouth out your rear, in a span of three minutes
Prune juice, wash it down, clean you out fast
Pant's droppin', the floppin' and ploppin' splashin' your
ass
Once it gets started, it just won't quit
And then ulllgghhh, to big to fit
98% of constipated people couldn't give a shit
Little bit problem isn't it what's fixin' it
I got a plan, I'm the man sittin' on the can
All because I eat a lot of bran

[chorus]

I'm-a sit here sittin' on the shitter in pain, oh
The only thing that cleans you out better is Drano
But you can't beat bran for it's raz-a-ma-taz
Makes you "ullgh-raptha-thbbb" like my main man Taz
If one bowl doesn't work have one more
And you won't be constipated any more
Bloated, loaded, you better be prepared
If not it'll feel like your lungs have imploded
The smell it makes me high, I desecrate the air
Be there for a week and never come up for air
My crew, yup, my fans, yup, we all got plans

To be sittin' on the john with the tidy bowl man
The smell, the sound, it gets all around you.
We got enough toilet paper? I'm goin' for Round 2
Fill it to the brim, I lost ten pounds
You run for your life before the smell tracks you down

[chorus]

I'm the new king, sittin' on the porcelain throne
Hurry up and give me the damn plunger before this
thing overflows
Tons of it in the potty, my body created
Give some to the White House, they're all constipated
Stuff comes out my ass like it was Niagara Falls
So much of it falls that it splashes my balls
And I, let it go so I [fart] um excuse me
I started this nasty caper to create a toxic vapor
For that I give praise to the maker
'Cause cereals now come with a free roll of toilet paper
But but but wait I see stars
I'm so full of gas I could drive to Mars
When I'm not on the can, I'm shoppin with my man
Buyin' some cereals with fiber and, and

[chorus]

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