

Porn Theater Ushers

"We Don't Care"

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{"Sticks and stone may break your bones
but talk can't do you no harm
now listen to this one good"}

[Verse 1 - Nabo Rawk]

Yo I sit back, and watch most of ya'll slip
Attack every track like He-man's whip
Keep my shit tight, like them drums on D&D
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind if you slept on NAB
The beats about to blow yo, like TNT
Or your hoe after the show cause she's in to me
Got a beat like Nomar, dick like a crowbar
Haven't found a hole to pass seed erupt so-far
I'm in a court like arenas with no domes
Your fans get off the bus, I make them go home
Your girls a whore, I gave her counterfeit bills
The sound of it kills; I'll pound her clit with my dills
Sick with the skills, feel the name like Phil Da Ag
Do shows weekly, I'm on your bill to brag
Rather thrill a hag than ever feel a fag
Moby Mag is a crustified Chromag
See me throws jabs at your vocab
While your girl circulates around my motherfuckin
gonad's
I'm so bad and yo the bitch don't know that
She's strung-out on Prozac and loves Mr. Bozak
To face the place with an abrasive hum
Watch me smack 'em in the face, they just a waste of
cum
Ah fuck it, yo, I shouldn't even kick the rest dude
Talk about your moms and you think of a test tube

[Hook] x 2

The Porn Theatre Ushers don't care
See, we just tear
And pull rappers out the atmosphere
Listen to the style that I'm flappin' this year
Make the party people say oh yeah (Oh Yeah!)

[Verse 2 - Nabo Rawk]

Who wanna talk fame, and waste my time?

Kid I'll rip you on a wall, on the floor, or in a rhyme
Like any time, any place, any race, any face, any beat...
at any pace ya'll
Give me this mic and then my flowin' starts
See these rappers fall off, end up like Owen Hart
I'm throwin' darts.. and fuckin' mic's at your podium
Yo, you didn't know you'll get slimed like Nickelodeon
Sodium man AKA the naturally
Artistic, born original, fuckin' reality
They'll laugh at you as I come after you to master you
Dressed another, my fuckin style starts smackin' you
Hackin' you, 'till your left with half a crew
I'm laughin' at you, you're drunk off half a brew
Half of you front large with fragile cocks
And you talk more trash than the heap from Fragile
Rock
See these dips often laugh at your penile
Pussy thought a rap room was a place to freestyle
Ya'll must be senile thinkin' ya'll can F with this
Nabo Rawk will make you my bitch receptionist
It like Rick Sanders as you step to this
Back off while I kick my fuckin' rep to this

[Hook] x 2

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