

# Bullshit

Tha Alkaholiks

(Whoo! ha hah!)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah we kickin' it  
Uh uh uh we kickin' it  
Yeah yeah we kickin' it  
(Whoo!) Yeah yeah we kickin' it  
Yeah, Cali in the house  
Huh, uh, Fred in the house  
Check it out, bullshit!

I'm J-Ro the man, I'm gettin' down  
I gets mo daps than H. Rap Brown  
I drive the hoes wild 'cause they love the way I talk  
You can't drive me crazy 'cause I'm close enough to walk  
I bust threes like Terry Tegall, get higher than a eagle  
You're just a dirty pigeon, BSn bout religion  
I don't give a damn if you don't eat ham  
You grab the microphone and reguse to slam  
I make a nigga scared to grab the mic behind me  
I kick shit so deep King Neptune couldn't fine me  
Yo, can I get a go J-Ro?  
(Go J-Ro!) To let me know if I can flow  
I probably be dooper if I smoked crack like you  
But Swift and Tash'll beat my ass until I'm black and blue  
Cause I ain't with, no way out shit  
I'm tired of this one-hittin' played out shit

Some niggas rock like the Liks bullshit!  
Uh, I hate big tits bullshit!  
We'll never make another hit bullshit!  
I don't drink 'cause I quit bullshit!

Come on  
(Whooo!) Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
We kickin' it (hold up) we kickin' it  
We kickin' it

Baby you'se my one and only bullshit!  
Baby that's a true fact bullshit!  
Uh, I never leave ya lonely bullshit!  
Yo, I'll call you right back bullshit!

Baby don't take the blame youse a real cool dame  
But now that I made you call my name you just don't look the same  
From the middle of the bed I bang your head like a rock 'n' roller  
On the way out, I smacked a nigga with my pistol-a  
When I met you I sure wishin aye tower  
You hopped on my dank like there was no tomorrow  
All I wanted was some sexin, now you want affection  
Damn I hate to see your ass comin' in my direction  
Wait here, I'll be right back, I'm goin' to get a spliff  
You know I'm goin' through your ass like Emmitt Smith

Well oh snap! Here goes a fashion  
That's incredible, with the style  
That I learned back as a youngin', where's the beef  
Don't sleep, I used to run around with the creeps  
Ain't no tellin', Jack told Helen

About a lot of people so I'm runnin' for the border  
And get me a taco, gin and sako  
Mom and pop yo, I'm rockin this shit!  
It's not a plan I wrote the book called style  
Taught the child how to stand when he piss  
Be a man, go fuck Jan  
The white man's tan, bring back MC Shan

And I rhymed every word bullshit!  
Wackest style you ever heard bullshit!

For the beats sake, rock on rock on  
For the beats sake, rock on rock on  
And you go whoo! Grand groove, grand groove  
(Alkaholiks y'all, alkaholiks y'all) uh, take it back now  
Cause it's fat now, that's how I bring it back now  
Whoo! Grand groove grand groove  
This one dedicated, to all the motherfuckers out there  
Bullshittin'  
This wonderful bullshit how would you make a record  
Bullshit!  
I don't smoke no bullshit!  
I don't drink no bullshit!  
I don't fuck no bullshit!  
This one goes out to the P-Town  
And all over, yeah baby, yeah baby, Compton baby  
Everybody in the house  
And we out Alkaholiks