

Bellyache

Arabesque

Shut your face homeboy, yo it's on
Quit your belly ache, your bitch and your moan
Hold your ground, hold your grudge hold your throne
It's Arabesque and he's officially blown
To all my headaches, I'm your Tylenol
Light years ahead of you ask the god
Thugs do the Debbie Gibson when they hear this
Backpackers pack there saddle on my penis
Best thing since sliced bread cut by Saukrates
Soul strut like Koreans with Bum Knees
Sy Wyld bring the beat like syameese
48 cali with those desert e's
Commisso count my bread count my dough count my biscuit
I'm the mob's official meal ticket
I'll send your ass home and that's an order
Like my pops with a 5 o'clock shadow at the border

Bellyache, wooooo that's that bellyache
I ain't goin no where
Bellyache, wooooo quit your bellyache
Ayo Get use to me
Bellyache, wooooo that's that bellyache
Quit your Belly Achin'
Bellyache, wooooo quit your bellyache
Motherfucker get used to me

Ya girl got them wanderin' eyes, and you wonderin why
Motherfucker I'm one hell of a guy
9-5 on the nag 9-5 on the rag 9-5 make me gag
Venus is a full time job stay flappin' they jaws
At Mars policies and laws
You like way I gassed you up
You fucking cocky cock
I'm Palestinian I was born to rock
It's all real to a brotha you feel
Hold down the club like my name is steering wheel
Aramaic on the tongue big Besque on the chest
Those who want it we can put it to rest
To all the fakes make no mistake
This ain't Degraasi High boy son, I don't run with the snakes
Don't get it twisted b
Ya mamma does dig me

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Sand nigga sensation
If it ain't Paula Abdul its Big Besque on your radio station
Ayo my people what's the haps
It's like good will handin' out mics we catchin us a bum rap
My fam doesn't own a 7-11

We hold down the bar with the southern and 7
For heaven sakes, been through all the pain and aches
Ayo son you know this wasn't a quick break

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