

# 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 Degrassi 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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