

# Get Off That Bullshit

Large Professor

It's getting harder in the streets to survive in '95  
It's snakes alive, so black prepare to drive  
In the outside lane and bounce on all traffic  
Niggas in my midst only make me get graphic  
Detailed description, funk overdose  
Niggas from coast to coast get that ass ready for the roast  
Fuck the barbecue  
If you're asking how many members is missing it's probably two  
I came inside the party to,  
Help you recognise, how every second flys  
So the way i'ma sum it up it's time to organise  
But before we do that part, some of us got to get  
Our minds together and get off the bullshit

I watch the white watch the red and blue fight all night  
On the American flag another gang banger bag  
We're loosing at a rate that's tragic, peace to my man ryan o,  
As round the way we called him magic  
A brother who just wanted to chill and play ball  
Light skin, was ye tall, he used to say 'Paul',  
'You coming out with something?', I used to say 'No Doubt'  
He wasn't into dumbing out or fronting  
And to my other brother man who used to call me 'Yankee'  
I got enough problems with the people that don't thank me,  
When I hold the door, we in the same hall on the same side  
That's why some times I got to slide  
Cos my own be flipping  
Step up in my path and get hit by a mental ass whipping  
Get off that bullshit

When opportunity knocks you got to answer nowadays  
To make power plays we must change our ways  
And use all the resources that life has to offer  
Strong will survive, weak will get softer  
So get offa the bullshit is the name of the poem  
To the metronome, take it one time to the dome  
As the right type of hype kid, you know i'm legit  
With my new funk hit, get off the bullshit