

# Fulla Shit (feat. Yelawolf & Big K.r.i.t.)

Rittz

Yeah, uh... yeah! So I guess I  
Just really don't know how to talk no more, man  
Don't know how to tell you the truth, bitch  
(Juh-uh-JEAH!) Truth is gonna hurt you  
And the truth might stop me from gettin some p\*ssy  
.So I'mma lie to you  
I'm fulla shit though, you know?  
{Burn One, Burn One}

I guess I'm, I guess I'm, fulla shit  
I don't know, how to, treat a bitch  
My momma said, I shoulda had, brown eyes  
Cause why? Because I'm, fulla shit  
I'm fulla shit, I guess I'm, fulla shit  
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Bitch ask me my name, I'll lie to ya  
Take it that I'm really incitin' up  
Me just sayin you're a dimepiece, when you're really a 5  
But I still run up inside of ya  
And sayin' bye to ya, my girl she's so proud of the  
New Prada stuff, I just bought her but  
She can't tell it's a knockoff from the flea market  
I'm a piece of garbage, huh?  
But truth be told, I always was  
Tell a bitch whatever, make her fall in love  
Tell her that I hate her best friend, then I call her slut  
But when she ain't around, I call her up  
We got high, drunk a buncha alcohol and f\*cked  
Bitch found out and her heart was crushed  
Cryin to me but I told her it never meant nothin  
It was innocent f\*ckin, that was all it was  
Swear on everything and to God above  
That I love you and I made a mistake  
Lyin' to her, sayin' shit like her friend  
Couldn't even give head and her p\*ssy just stank  
Like it's all about you girl, what I gotta do girl?  
Tell me and I'll make it okay  
So I bought the bitch a ring from the stall in the mall  
And the bitch couldn't tell that was diamonds is fake  
Shit, just the other day, I was ridin with a chick  
In my Cutlass, blazin dat herb (dat herb)  
We was snortin that white girl, with a liquor bottle  
In the console, wait it gets worse (worse)  
Some cop pulled me over, I'm not really sober  
I know I'm goin' to jail if they search  
So I threw the coke into in her purse  
When they ask about it, I'mma say that it's hers  
I'm fulla shit!

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Now when I say that I love you shawty, that really mean "Let's f\*ck!"  
I can't see pass yo' lipgloss, prayin you down to suck  
Don't confuse me on no day, for a good guy that don't stray  
For a bitch with a fat ass and mouth, how the world the devil stay?  
Now don't play like you ain't down for beatin'  
p\*ssy juice is secretin all on the table you eat at

Don't get shocked shit was did, if I bust you can keep it  
Grab my clothes and some food up off in yo' stove  
I sneak out the do', that's why you sleepin  
Sayin', "Krizzle, that's too cold," my momma said, "Sew ya oats"  
I plow fields of blue pills and jump down a bitch's throat  
And summa y'all like dem picket fences with the matchin' shirts with the wed  
ding bells (naw)  
Ran off with the bride, interception behind the building, cum in her wedding  
veil  
Maybe that's somewhat out of line, but WHO am I not to hit one mo' time?  
'Specially only lovin you and only f\*ckin you, shit she was prob'ly lyin  
Didn't get caught f\*ckin off with a nigga like me for fun, she was prob'ly t  
ryin'  
Ho know I'm fulla shit, but that ain't never stop me from pullin' a bitch  
I guess I'm..

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I'm fulla shit, man I got more dirt than a dump truck (dump truck)  
Give a bitch a middle finger, make it up like thumbs up (thumbs up)  
It's about my execution, lookin for that next-to-boo shit  
Holdin' my cell phone, thinkin' how do I make this text confusing (text conf  
usion)  
(Yaaaaaaaah!) Yeah, I'm an artist!  
You see a Georgia Peach and see an orange  
Squeeze her dry, dry heavin' starvin'  
Thirsty hurry, see the garden  
Grow the flower, cut the pedals  
Give her the bulb because I'm heavy metal  
The President a-fulla shit  
I pull the shit to make you think I got a vote to settle  
Yelawolf is on a whole 'nother level  
That motherf\*cker's hot, don't hold the kettle  
Don't put ya finger on the trigger, baby be careful  
Shoulda backfired like an armed Beretta  
(Chk-BANG!!) Now you done shot ya face off  
Rittz I don't really know what to say, y'all  
I got so many bodies up under my belt  
That I'm runnin out of room, I don't know where to lay y'all  
I guess I'm a man yeah, I'm a man head, I'm a man, I'mma run 'til I'm done  
I guess I get a kick when I hear a bitch say, "Hey look bitch, here Yelawolf  
comes!"  
My ego's gettin' bigger though, watchin' my CD go in Best Buy  
One of these girls gonna do me like Left Eye

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