

You Ain\'t Shit Man

Wax

Yeah, yeah, yea- yeah, yeah
Homeboys make some noise
Home girls all around the world, ah let me hear you say "ow"
Now rub your clitori...

Check it out

Yo
Witness the "American Dream"
Big Wax, EOM, be-ware of the team
We got you motherfuckers nervous like a terrorist scheme
You twitchin', itchin' like a heroin feind, I'm saying

I spit fresh like I just ate a throat lozenge, and it rocks the boat like cr
osswinds
My rhymes, people quote often
Y'all plastic like them six pack rings that choke dolphins

And I can tell by how you spittin' that you wack
I'm sippin' on a Stellasone gettin' my crew back
And I could give a fuck about your clique or your crew, Jack
We rippin' this new rap, so bitch you should move back
We mixin' a new track like every damn day
Couldn't give a damn what any man say
We don't like y'all any damn way

Put 'em on the barbie another wack emcee flambé, hit it

I don't know what you're trying to prove, but somebody been lying to you, yo
u ain't shit man

I don't know what you're trying to prove but somebody been lying to you, you
suck dick fam

Your girl will tickle□ the dill pickle until spill trickles in her, giving h
er son like Phil Mickle
Or a daughter, she be offerin' ass like it's wine on the alter at mass, she'
s so nun like
Except celibate she sure ain't all day skeet on her face like war paint

Stuck to her like sap from a sycamore
Kick a whore out, then it's back to the liquor store
Pick up more Paps, Blue-Ribbon and sit back, brew
Sippin', bringin' back true
Spittin' is Wax's new mission
For the oh-nine
Got your girl going down like she workin' in a coal mine
My flow shine like a big ass wipe
Here's a pile of my shit take a big ass bite, mmm
It tastes like justice
This line here don't have any substance

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Damn
You sound shitty fool
I'm neck-and-neck with Michael Phelps, you chillin' in the kiddy pool
Wear water wings
Yo, my underlings
Songs in the key of life like Stevie Wonder sings
Flow greasy like onion rings, we do Paul Bunyan things, we think big y'all
And I hope you dig it
You a piglet in a pig pen, we Big Ben

Always knowin' the time
Me and E combined like Pacifico in the line
So when the sign the flow is divine so when I rhyme for a moment in time I'm
not in control of my mind

It's like I'm-
Po-sessed when spit so fresh
Put your GODAMN money up if you want to protest
I'm psycho like Alfred Hitch
Save the cock for your girl and I'm out this bitch, one

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You fuckin' piss ants
You fuckin' larvae, piglet, baby calf
You fuckin' guppies
You little fawn ass still in the egg ass
Little fuckin' baby, still nursery rhyme singin' FUCKS