

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