

Liquid Diet

Papa Roach

This time, I came to get mine
I saw this cat running with his hand on his nine millimetre
He's got a small peter, got two kids and a wife, plus he beats
her

Nod ya head as if my shit was the dog catcher, P-
Roach comin through sick
I'm gonna have to betcha my last dollar that you come on back
You getting weak in the knees while you smokin the cess
Oh yes, word to God, I know his son is the best
He helps me out when I'm down, or when I'm crazy ill stressed
I confess, I'm not as good as the rest
But I get down for my crown and I don't crack under stress
But I'll be careful though, cause the girl is memorizing
She takes off her clothes, and her body is mad surprising
Slangin, bangin, her two breasts was firm and not hangin
Listen to this rhyme that I'm slangin

Hooked up with this girl, her name is Kelly
For really, the hip hop body and a piercing through her belly
I knew she was mine when I saw her working on the line
Servin pasta and salad and she's still lookin fine
But enough of that though, I give a shot out to Happy
He's partying down and getting props in this rap
See, cause I'm the type of cracker that'll get straight down to
beat that you hear
It's the P-Roach sound

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Abused with forks, knives, cut with razor blades
That shit is absurd

His temper's flaring, now he's twice as mean

Now I am talking about this fool, beats his wife and then he th
inks he's cool
She cries so hard, she's trembling
This time he beats her and he's twice as mean

Abused with forks, knives, cut with razor blades
That shit is absurd

Silence in her rage, she should recognize
Next time he is gone, she should pack her bags and leave