Hippies Always Smell Like Balls

Rucka Rucka ALI

All hippies Are dirty and ugly They're all covered in fleas We should hang 'em from trees Round 'em up with me Shoot 'em once in the knee Drag 'em down the damn street I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

First of all hippies always smell like balls And they're all a bunch of tree huggin' dumb f**kin' buttf**kers Run hippies run, I got 21 guns with me Come around town, and you're done if you f**k with me Yeah, drum circle, ching chang chong Get some goddamn balls in you're goddamn song Get a goddamn jerb, you're a goddamn bum I get drunk on rum, and kill hippies for fun

Now I'm a nice guy But hippies are gay They're always gettin' high And spreading the AIDS I'd love to find Some hippies in my yard Playing their guitar They're gettin' sprayed

So listen up, hippies Getting shot dead is the new green (yeah) My name is Toby Queef I was sent here by Rucka Rucka Ali

Yawl Hippies Please stay away from me You'll be dead if I see you Hangin' round Tennessee Better run, hippie Eat your LSD Tell your friends about me Yeah I'm coming with a gun, I hate 'em!

All hippies Are dirty and ugly They're all covered in fleas We should hang 'em from trees Round 'em up with me Shoot 'em once in the knee Drag 'em down the damn street I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

I have a farm With plenty of grain But hippies could starve That's fine with me God help you all When I'm president

Y'all hippies will be slaves And probably dead Suck on my balls, hippies Get your ass f**ked in the booty (yeah) Lick on my nuts, if you please Go read a book for vegan revolutionaries All hippies Are some vegan pussies Eatin' dog feces You should eat a little meat Always pretending To like Bob Marley He sucks a big D You should grow a couple nuts, I hate 'em! All hippies Are dirty and ugly They're all covered in fleas We should hang 'em from trees Round 'em up with me Shoot 'em once in the knee Drag 'em down the damn street I got two under my truck, I hate 'em! Where were you september 12th? I was shootin' me some hippies real good in the chest If you don't like this darn country You sure as hell ain't Toby Queef I'm a little bit of country With a little bit of fist in your mug, homie I'm a female bangin', racecar wagin' Jesus, save me I got no teeth I'm a decent man I just don't like asshole hippies dancin' With no pants on Reminds me of the first time I heard rap music I was like: "Did he say nigga? I like this guy? " Yawl Hippies Please stay away from me You'll be dead if I see you Hangin' round Tennessee Better run, hippie Eat your LSD Tell your friends about me Yeah I'm coming with a gun, I hate 'em! All hippies Are dirty and ugly They're all covered in fleas We should hang 'em from trees Round 'em up with me Shoot 'em once in the knee Drag 'em down the damn street I got two under my truck, I hate 'em!

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