

Domestic Violence Pt. 2

RZA

You ain't shhh
Ya momma ain't shhh
Your daddy ain't shit
Your pussy ain't shhh
Bitch, you ain't shhh
Your friends ain't shh
Your whip ain't shhh
Pocketbook ain't shhh
You talk that shhh
But girl you ain't shhh
Your momma ain't shhh, your daddy ain't shhh
You talkin' shit girl, your pussy ain't shit
Your friends ain't shit, your whip ain't shhh
You see these wizards out here, trynna floss like
I wear the pants dada, I'm the boss papa
I'm a Survivor! I play the course dada
They got the little toy vibrators on there speed, chacha
See I don't need a man, don't need to see a man
But it seems to me ho, you want to be a man
You Tinkerbell and your girlfriend is Peter Pan
Strap on the KY Jelly, you want to eat ya friend
I know the type, come down and take a little pipe
Then run up and call me cupcakes, say "I didn't fuck you right"
Shit, call me now, like that bitch on the tube with the tarot cards
'cause, mushy gushy still goin for sale on the Boulevard
Now I didn't I see, didn't I see you walk on the porno flicks
Givin' brain at the same, give no bumper hit
Get them bent across seas, damn near done rapped the world
And you qualify, my book here's a nasty girl
You ain't shit, yo mama ain't shit
Yo daddy ain't shit, yo pussy ain't shit, bitch
You ain't shit, your friends ain't shit
Your whip ain't shit, pocketbook ain't shit
You ain't shit, yo daddy ain't shit
Yo mama ain't shit, and yo pussy ain't shit, bitch
You ain't shit, your friends ain't shit
Your whip ain't shit, pocketbook ain't shit, bitch
Hey Bobby, I know this loot gobbler, hard knobber
More peaches than cobbler, corner store soliciter
Drawers up her ass wipe, what you want
and what you need, and what you get is two different things
Pulled over, Pea Street, and put the bitch out in the rain
Lost your mind, ya 409, riding the short yellow bus
Gipp ain't never been touched, left insane, drunk off of (?) lush
Hush, shit-kicker licker, stronger than Wild Turkey liquor
Tryin to entice her, movin to hit her, but I'd rather forget her nigga
Bodododo, plus her knees be purple, Gipp, she like to gurgle gurgle
And goggle, goggle, slurpy slurp and she swallow swallow
I met this Caramel Sundae, her name was Betty Boo
She put her period blood in her spaghetti stew (fuck no! fuck no!)
I knew her mama, her papa, plus her naughty daughter
She filled her baby's ba-ba up with toilet water
And Sun Dew, the whole Clan used to run threw
Her Power you, then just bless her wit the hair doo
Bitch, I pack a horse dick, plus you know my chain is frosted
One fuck from the apple head and shorty lost it
'cause you ain't shit, yo mama ain't shit

Yo daddy ain't shit, yo cousins ain't shit, bitch
You ain't shit, yo whip ain't shit
Pocketbook ain't shit and yo friends ain't shit, bitch
You ain't shit, yo folks ain't shit
Yo lawyer ain't shit, yo bumper car ain't shit, bitch
You ain't shit, yo boyfriend ain't shit
Your last name ain't shit, your whole family ain't shit, bitch
Fuckin' around, nigga from Israel
Bobby Digital, Big Gipp a/k/a Mute
Straight from the underground, we gone