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, you 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