

99 Bottles

Slaine

Get your booze
Light your blunts up
Get your high drugs
And we doin it

I'll serve your ass like John McEnroe
Put a .45 Colt to the back of your skull
Cut my finger on a razorblade baggin up blow
Hit the back do' with a little strag and a ho
Ho, oh, yeah you heard the news
But I'm back from the grave just to murder youse
And I've been up in the streets kickin curbs in shoes
Number one draft pick with the vertical
Bleep! Bleep! White men can't jump, nah
But I can dump slugs from a shotgun pump
I come from a hood you do not come from
If you think I'm no good take a shot dumb dumb
Dummy - come and try to take shit from me
Little rookie, looky how the cookie's so crumby
I ain't owe the dealer or the bookie no money
I just owe it to the world cause I'm lookin so funny

99 bottles of beer on the wall
99 problems and you're hearin them all
99 ways, 99 lines
99 rhymes fit 99 times
Drink that, sip that
Smoke that, sniff that
Break that, take that
99 bottles of beer on the wall

She asked 99 times for a sixty-nine
And loves how I rhyme with a shifty mind
I told her 99 times that the shit was mine
Back in ninety-eight the bitch was one sip behind
And if I don't make it I'm a switch to crime
But I'm leanin real hard on this gift of mine
Wouldn't you if you were, spittin so sewer?
Strawberry blunts with the milk and Kahlua
You're like "What's he think? "
Cause a milk and Kahlua is a pussy drink
Cause a milk and Kahlua is a pussy drink
What's a dime piece worth if her pussy stinks?
I have been knocked down and pushed to the brink
I stick with the reek cause I reek of the stink
So come and take a whiff when I speak what I think
I roll up in the club, take a leak in the sink
Then I bounce from the spot with a freak in a mink

I'm the cream of the crop with the scheminist plot
He's back from Hell and the demon is hot
I'm a nightmare now, are you dreamin or not?
Jumpin out the whip drunk and I scream at a cop
Oh~! I don't know what you take me as
A snake in the grass or maybe I'm an atheist
But you motherfuckers scared of my crazy ass
I'll cut you up and put you in a Macy's bag

And fuck what the media thinks
I translate Sally Wong just to read to the chinks
If you don't get I'm fooling around
I'll hold your head under the water in a pool 'til you drown
Clutching the uzi, shoot it around
Poppin your top off, a beautiful sound
So when the city burns down all the looters around
Stay stuck in the fuckin dirt like a root in the ground