

## 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