

# The Sitcom Really Really Isn't All That Real

Weerd Science

Hey Mom, hey Dad, I'm home  
Look, Honey, it's our little mistake!  
Come give mommy a hug, but be careful, I'm on the rag!  
Mmm, cherry slushies for everyone!  
Haha, how was your day?\*

For starters it sucked ass 'cause my boss is a dickhead  
God handed out sticks and gave me the shit-end  
Ridden with hoes, no kiddin' like one's spittin'  
Got two right on my neck, three blister and on my dick-end  
Clock tickin', sickin' and stickin' these rhymes inside of a beat  
When really nobody's listen  
White trash, Johnny No-Cash  
Tried to sell weed but thugs slapped me and took my stash

Son, what's with the shitface?  
Golly fuck, Dad, heroin prices are through the roof  
And my allowance just won't cut it anymore. I'm jonesin' for a hit!  
Try whorin' your body, like Mom does!

The local outcast with a rash on my inner thigh  
Tryin' to outrun these bitches who all want me to die  
Waitin' for some rappers to die so maybe I can get a chance  
Without a song about makin' bitches dance  
I hope all the clubs close  
'Cause so many assholes trapped in one building  
Should burn like great white shows  
And all our hope is to pose a threat  
Try to change what rap music hopes and I forget

The sitcom ain't real, what it's about  
Money's for gangstas not high school dropouts  
My life never resembled an episode of Full House  
You stay stuck in this town you'll scream 'til your lungs come out  
The sitcom ain't real, what it's about  
Money's for gangstas not high school dropouts  
I get so frustrated the vein in my forehead pops out  
I'm more dead than dead people buried and forgotten about

Dad? I need to borrow \$300  
\$300? What for, son?  
Well, I got Jenny knocked up again!  
Son, did I ever tell you about your mother and the wire-hanger?

Clout? Nope, none of that  
America hates me like Yasser Arafat  
You fuckers remember that  
I feel obligated to tell you that in the past  
Oh yes, I playa-hated  
Now shit is different, now I'm playa-jaded  
Most of these so called MCs is overrated and outdated  
New dawn, and it's a red one  
The only good rapper to me is a dead one

Golly, Dad, is it ever O.K. to hit a woman?  
Son, in my day, it wasn't right to hit a woman.  
But now that equal rights have been established, you wallop that cunt!

And kick her while she's down!

Nah, I'm just fuckin' around, I know I sound bitter  
I grew up in a town where white kids say "What up, nigga?"  
When they all wanna be, it's ironic to me that that's what I get called  
Just 'cause I wanna jump up on a beat  
So fuck all you assholes, past present and future  
Hope a young thug fires at me, misses and shoots ya  
I wouldn't lie, man, I tell the truth to ya  
There's no tellin' what this fuckin' town'll do to ya

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Most of you assholes all think you gangstas  
99% of you's are fuckin' fake, ain't ya's?  
That's why I hate ya's  
Verbal Heaven's gate knock a fuckin' hole in my head, insert a metal plate  
I feel empty, kinda plastic  
When this shit drops I'ma get my fuckin' ass kicked  
But that's O.K. with me, I'd die for the cause  
'Cause my only purpose in life is to fuck with ya'lls  
I hate your fuckin' guts 'cause my record got bumped back  
You went double-platinum, I went double-hubcap  
A rugrat, you'd be pissed too suckin' a freshly dubbed track  
What the fuck would you do?

Gee whillikers Dad, does it ever get any easier?  
Son, if there's one thing I've learned it's this:  
We're all gonna live and die in this shitty, shitty town (He's right)

And the funny thing is, he is right. I bid you farewell  
From Shit Town, America, folks. Get home safe,  
Ladies and gentlemen. Hold your girlfriends tight,  
And pretend not to notice their mouths taste like your best friends dick.  
'Cause in the end you're just a small town piece of shit. Smile!  
Until next time folks, it's Weerd Science. Fuck off.