

# RZA, Domestic Violence, Part 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, tryna 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 wanna be a man  
You Tinkerbell and your girlfriend is Peter Pan  
Strap on the KY Jelly, you wanna eat ya friend

(Big Gipp)

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  
Cuz, 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 accross seas, damn near done rapped the world  
And you qualify, my book here's a nasty girl

(Chorus: Big Gipp)

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

(Chorus: RZA)

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

(Big Gipp)

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

(RZA)

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 U, 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

(Chorus: RZA)

Cuz 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

(Chorus: Big Gipp)

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

(Outro: RZA)

Fuckin' around, nigga from Israel  
Bobby Digital, Big Gipp a/k/a Mute  
Straight from the underground, we gone