

# Black Sheep, H.A.A. (Here's Another Asshole)

[Mr. Lawnge]

Yo! This is a crazy shout out to that nigga MC Hammer  
We all know he went out and got a new style  
So we went out and got him a new asshole, you know what I'm saying?  
Cause we making examples out of bitch niggas for '94  
Word up, Black Sheep ain't hearing it no more

Now listen Hammer, I could slam ya with grammar you bama  
Diss you on camera, but then again goddamn I'd be  
Committing a crime and also wasting my time  
Yo that shit be worse than trying to battle rhyme a pantomime  
You can't say shit but dance and look like a dick  
Save it for your hair cause your rhymes ain't slick, bitch  
Come on now clown, you ain't down  
If we were having sex in a circle, you still couldn't fuck around  
You got some shit on your chest, what are you, nuts?  
Or could it be that you've been eating too many chicken butts?  
You popcorn ass rapper, oh, exqueeze me  
You admitted you couldn't rhyme when you dropped the MC  
Of your name, I laughed at your fame the minute you came  
And now you're like your racehorse, dead last, you're mad lame  
But now I got you like Wanda, I rock your world  
And have you pulling on my nuts like a fucking squirrel  
Begging me please, Lawnge stop tandering  
But it's too late, goddamn I can't stand you man  
That's why I'm up in your ass like a parasite  
For me to battle you, that's like you in the Tyson fight  
No wins, you know you have no friends  
Because the mic separates the boys from the mens, Hammer  
Have arrangements made, man eject respect  
I put your name down, fuck card, I pulled your deck  
Like Wu-Tang said, you'd best protect your neck  
Or get wrecked, and you can bet your endorsement check  
So renege nigga, you'd better repent  
And yo you couldn't look hard if Karl Kani gave you cement  
Instead of his clothes to rock in your videos  
Nigga you couldn't beat your dick as far as beef goes  
Hammer, you say you're coming from Oaktown and that's fine  
So nigga take your ass back like your hairline  
In any battle you don't want to get stuck with me  
If I was your bitch you still couldn't fuck me, bitch

[Dres]

No Stanley, no Stanley  
I don't give a fuck who you are or who your man be  
Huh, I'll snatch your capital without a 357, dig  
No class nigga, I'll kick your ass for two bit  
What are you stupid, troopid, couldn't be you if this was Balley  
Nigga, I'll park you quick and faster than your valet  
Hurt me, Stanley? You'd better hope for better days  
Chasing my balls like I was the fucking Oakland A's  
Nigga quit like your staff or feel the wrath  
Your punk ass couldn't bust a bubble in a bath  
Huh, I get this right, now you's a racketeer?  
But nigga you've been ??? you ain't a mackateer  
Ha, ho, no flow, so nigga won't you quit  
Shoot heroin on the toilet and still not drop dope shit  
Huh, it's all deception, I got your number mister  
You bought helicopters for the cops and tried to play my sister  
Ass out, your style is about as fly as Piedmont  
And yo stop claiming Oakland when you're stroking 'em from Friedmont  
In the dictionary under "sellout" that's where you'll be  
So roll with Audi for a fucking catastrophe  
You teenie weenie wearing geanie to bikini

Couldn't see me if gazelles came in motherfucking 3-D  
This is for the Hammer, you bama  
I'll bust your ass in Alabama, Savanna, Montana, Havana  
Goddamn, my often Lifestyles fuck you  
I bust you keep the pistol cause no one would fucking miss you  
You suck! I don't give a fuck who does or writes the track  
Whoever cameos, it's Hammer, it's all wac