

# NIKKA COSTA, Funkier Than A Mosquito's Tweeter

You're nothing but a dirty dirty old man  
You do your thinkin with a one track mind  
Keep talking 'bout heaven's glory  
But on your face is a different story

Clean up your act, your story's gettin dusty  
Wash out your mouth, your lies are getting rusty  
Can't believe nothin you say  
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do  
You know you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter  
You got a mouth like a herd of bowl weevers  
Same old thing same old game  
You never change  
Always rappin 'bout the same old thing

Blowing minds is a thing of the past  
You blew your chance, that's why you'll never last  
You wanna be a graduated lover  
But in reality you're just another brother  
You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of greasin'  
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'

crbt2('Nikka Costa','Funkier Than A Mosquitos Tweeter')

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