

# Nuts Can Surf, Cysco

Well the mic goes crazy when I step to the plate,  
I got the kinda rhymes that'll make your period late.  
When you beat the Bible with the broken brick,  
the shit gets thick, I'll give it a kick.  
When my propane shoes will get you smokin' -  
the hotter it gets, the deeper the shit.  
When the pirates hook gets replaced with the hand,  
you'll be runnin' for power pellets like you was pac-man.  
In the dragon's layer, A.C. Slater,  
a rubber-duckie duckin' underneath the mastabator.  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral  
sex,  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex.  
Tearin' at your face with the tase of my waste,  
while you're acting like a kindegardner eatin' your paste.  
Because my rhymes are like a name drawn in the sand,  
while you're rockin' with the leprechauns in the band.  
my style's like thunder,  
I got you're number.  
Obsceney harassing girls that are under the age of 13,  
I get on the on the scene,  
I'll make you feel like you're in an erotic dream.  
Over & over, over 50 times,  
shut the curtains & close the blinds.  
Just get relax, sit back or lay,  
And let the wild horses take you away.  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex.  
Now, I can through down with any ya'll shit,  
'cause I got the shit that'll split your lip.  
You may got the flava,  
you may got the rhyme,  
and you may got the beat's that'll blow your mind...  
But I got it all and it's standing like a wall,  
and you'll be bouncing all over the place like you was a basketball.  
When I deflate the rate, I wear it down  
but you'll be standing in the corner without a sound  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex,  
I am the oral sex.  
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