

# Porn Theatre Ushers, We Don't Care

{&quot;Sticks and stone may break your bones  
but talk can't do you no harm  
now listen to this one good&quot;}

(Verse 1 - Nabo Rawk)

Yo I sit back, and watch most of ya'll slip  
Attack every track like He-man's whip  
Keep my shit tight, like them drums on D&D  
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind if you slept on NAB  
The beats about to blow yo, like TNT  
Or your hoe after the show cause she's in to me  
Got a beat like Nomar, dick like a crowbar  
Haven't found a hole to pass seed erupt so-far  
I'm in a court like arenas with no domes  
Your fans get off the bus, I make them go home  
Your girls a whore, I gave her counterfeit bills  
The sound of it kills; I'll pound her clit with my dills  
Sick with the skills, feel the name like Phil Da Ag  
Do shows weekly, I'm on your bill to brag  
Rather thrill a hag than ever feel a fag  
Moby Mag is a crustified Chromag  
See me throws jabs at your vocab  
While your girl circulates around my motherfuckin gonad's  
I'm so bad and yo the bitch don't know that  
She's strung-out on Prozac and loves Mr. Bozak  
To face the place with an abrasive hum  
Watch me smack 'em in the face, they just a waste of cum  
Ah fuck it, yo, I shouldn't even kick the rest dude  
Talk about your moms and you think of a test tube

(Hook) x 2

The Porn Theatre Ushers don't care  
See, we just tear  
And pull rappers out the atmosphere  
Listen to the style that I'm flappin' this year  
Make the party people say oh yeah (Oh Yeah!)

(Verse 2 - Nabo Rawk)

Who wanna talk fame, and waste my time?  
Kid I'll rip you on a wall, on the floor, or in a rhyme  
Like any time, any place, any race, any face, any beat... at any pace ya'll  
Give me this mic and then my flowin' starts  
See these rappers fall off, end up like Owen Hart  
I'm throwin' darts.. and fuckin' mic's at your podium  
Yo, you didn't know you'll get slimed like Nickelodeon  
Sodium man AKA the naturally  
Artistic, born original, fuckin' reality  
They'll laugh at you as I come after you to master you  
Dressed another, my fuckin style starts smackin' you  
Hackin' you, 'till your left with half a crew  
I'm laughin' at you, you're drunk off half a brew  
Half of you front large with fragile cocks  
And you talk more trash than the heap from Fragle Rock  
See these dips often laugh at your penile  
Pussy thought a rap room was a place to freestyle  
Ya'll must be senile thinkin' ya'll can F with this  
Nabo Rawk will make you my bitch receptionist  
It like Rick Sanders as you step to this  
Back off while I kick my fuckin' rep to this

(Hook) x 2

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